★

Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 4, 1943

HE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF
LIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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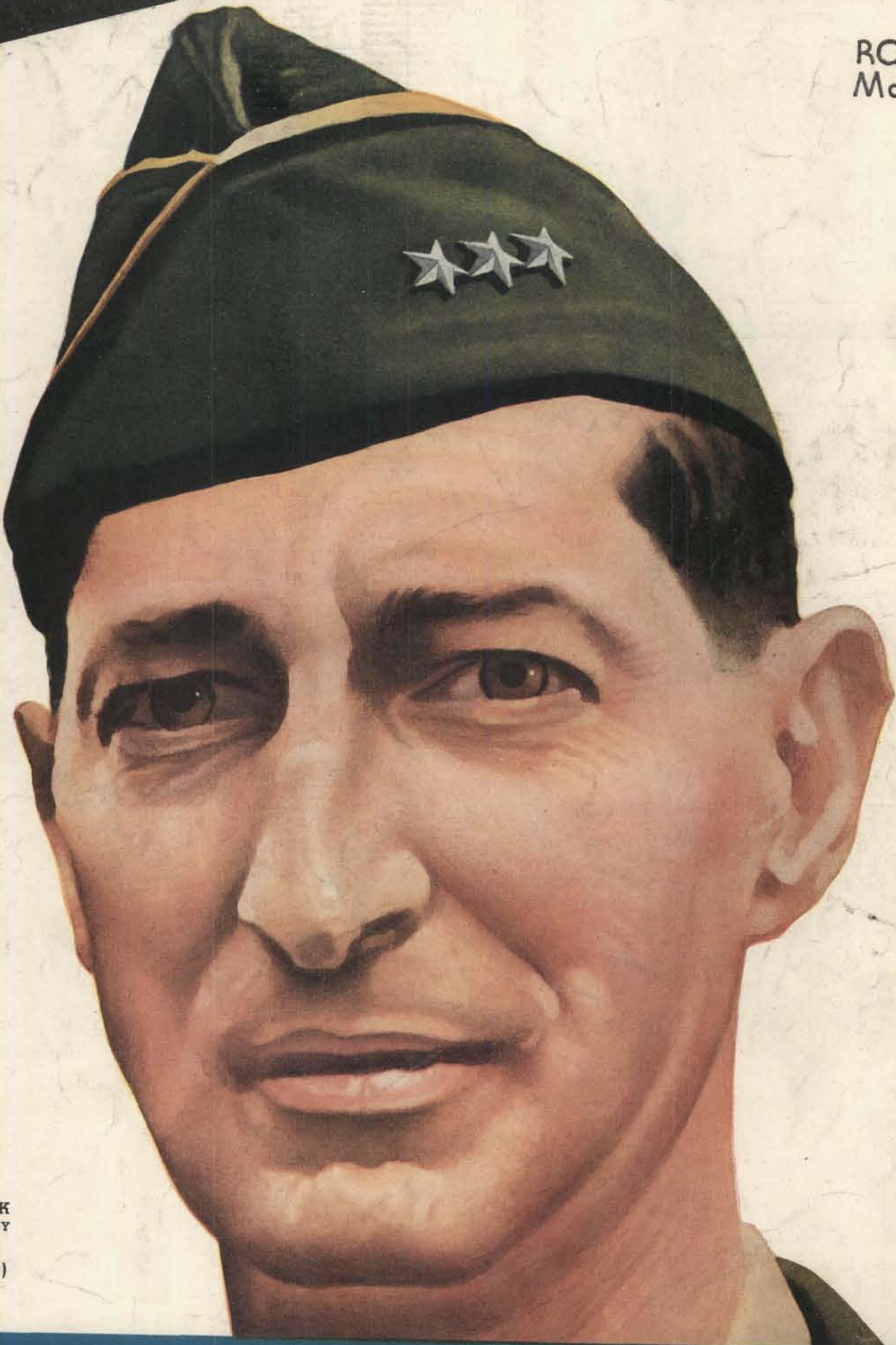
OIL FROM COAL — A "MUST" FOR AMERICA BY HAROLD L. ICKES



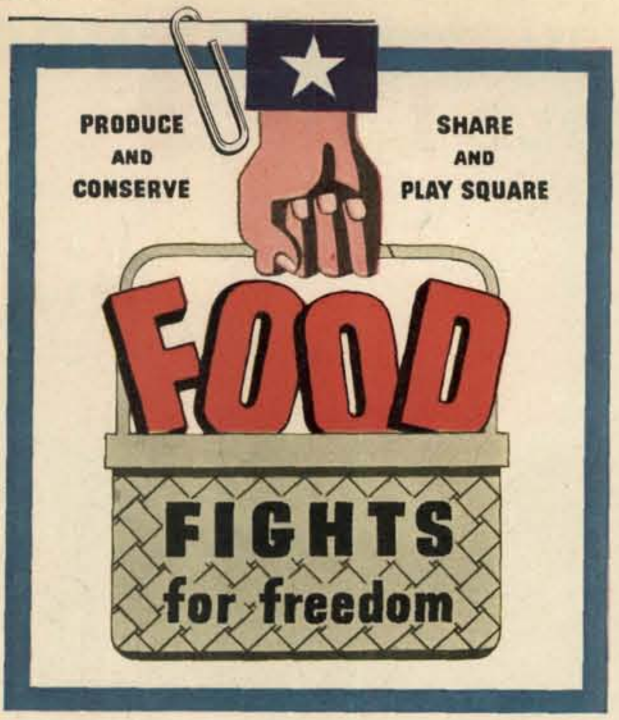
LIEUTENANT GENERAL MARK W. CLARK
COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE FIFTH ARMY

(LETTERS TO HIS WIFE — PAGE 14)

THE ARMY'S ARMY OF BABIES

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

Dec-4-1943


PRODUCE
AND
CONSERVE
SHARE
AND
PLAY SQUARE
FOOD
FIGHTS
for freedom

Milk... one of the most important Basic Foods

America's great dairy industry is producing milk for our armed forces and our allies overseas . . . *and enough to give us a fair share here at home.*

Milk is a basic food needed to preserve health of home-front workers as well. Rich in all vitamins, milk is also needed each day by our growing children . . . the sick . . . the undernourished.

It is up to each of us to be conservative in the amount of milk we buy, and to use it wisely.

with liberty and justice for all
buy more
WAR
BONDS
today
MILK—THE UNIVERSAL FOOD
Duraglas

Duraglas bottles are *convenient* containers for milk. Their shape and rigidity make them handy to hold, easy to pour from, trustworthy in your refrigerator. And glass shows what it holds —the cream line on whole milk . . . the unused quantity.

Glass has no taste or odor. That's why you prefer drinking from a glass tumbler . . . and getting milk in glass bottles. You enjoy the fine, fresh flavor of milk, safeguarded by its sterilized glass container.

Duraglas CONTAINERS

. . . TOMORROW'S PACKAGES

. . . HERE *Today!*

Please return all dairy bottles promptly. The more trips a bottle makes—the greater the saving in material, man hours and shipping.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

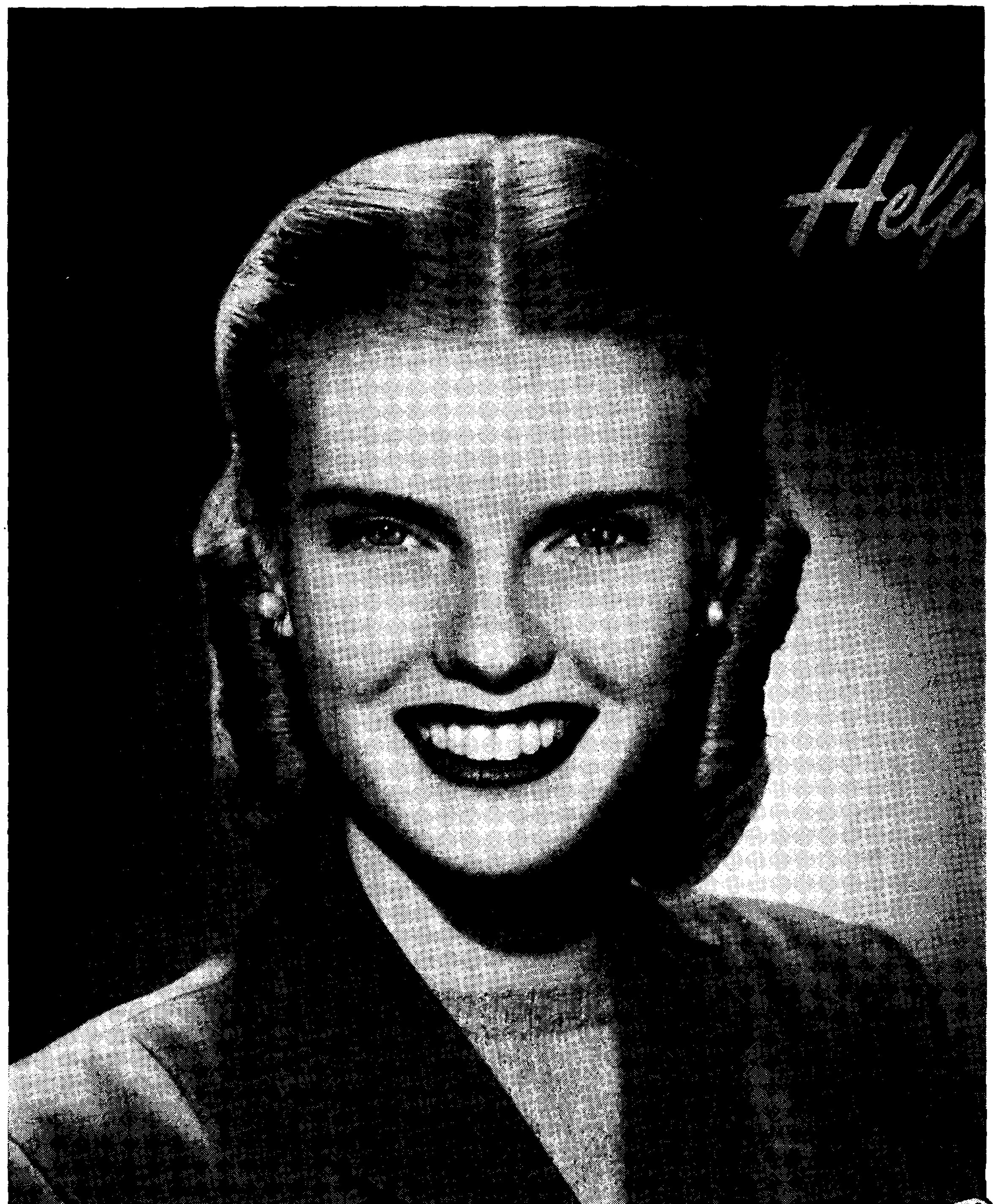
OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO—DEVELOPERS OF Duraglas THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE OF MAKING GLASS CONTAINERS

Help your Dentist—

EVERY MINUTE counts with your dentist. Working longer hours, treating extra patients, he is doing more than his share of guarding health on the home front—helping to carry on for the thousands of dentists who have gone to war.

And you can do your part to make your dentist's duties lighter—to help him give more of his time and skill to all his patients—by following these few simple rules:

1. Make appointments well in advance.
2. Keep your appointments.
3. If an appointment *must* be broken—do it promptly.
4. See your dentist regularly—don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.
5. Between visits—give your teeth and gums proper care at home.



Help your Smile!

Watch out for "Pink Tooth Brush". Help keep gums firmer and teeth more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

TODAY, more than ever before, proper home care of teeth and gums is most important. So in carefully choosing your dentifrice—consider Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the health of your gums.

And remember, regular care of your gums is as necessary as brushing your teeth. For sound, sparkling teeth—a smile of beauty—depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender because today's soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, when used with massage, speeds up circulation within the gum tissues—helping gums to better, firmer health. So every time you brush your teeth, remember to massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste onto your gums.

Start today to help your dentist help your smile, with modern care of your teeth and gums at home. See how Ipana and massage can help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more appealing smile!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MASSAGE YOUR GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Start today with **Ipana** and massage

VICTOR RECORD GUIDE
THIS YEAR—GIVE THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING—VICTOR RECORDS

For service men and women, you'll find ideal Christmas gifts in Victor Musical Smart Sets—colorful picture albums of the favorites of popular music . . . sweet and hot, orchestras and soloists, old hits and new ones. There's a whole section of them in the new Victor catalog, *The Music America Loves Best.*

For boys and girls, choose records from the special section titled "Entertainment for Children" in the new Victor catalog. It lists all kinds of music that children love, and nursery rhymes, fairy tales, gay bits from Disney films, singing games—fun for children of all ages!

For adults, the new Victor catalog offers a musical treasure—gifts even for those who "have everything." You can give symphonies, operatic music, old familiar tunes, band music, piano music—whatever they like best. And remember, in times like these, music is more welcome than ever!

See your Victor Dealer!

Check through the people on your Christmas list—don't most of them enjoy music? Give Victor Records! It's easy to find just the right kind of music in the new Victor catalog. Called *The Music America Loves Best,* it lists over 2,000 selections, arranged in a new way so that you can find what you want immediately. Get your copy today at your Victor dealer's.

To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer!

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

TUNE IN! RCA's "What's New?"
—a full hour of sparkling radio entertainment every Saturday 7 to 8 p.m., EWT, Blue Network

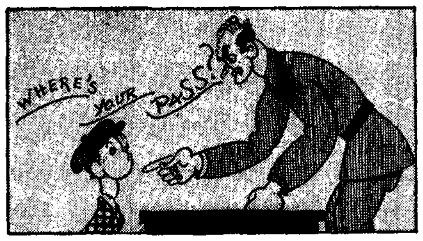
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
ROBERT DE VORE	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

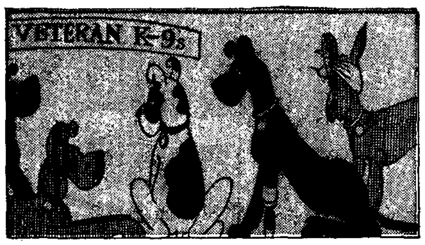
ANY WEEK

AMONG the little terrors that creep into our life are our occasional errands into the State Department in Washington. No other agency of government fills us with this apparently incurable dread. We don't know why it should be thus, but it is painfully thus nevertheless, and there's nothing we can do about it. We're okay until we enter the place. And then we're licked. Well, the other day while we were cringing on a chair in the waiting room, a lad of eight or nine clumped in. He spoke to the doorman, who asked him whether he had a pass. He did not. The doorman sent him to a desk presided over by a lady. And she discovered that he had no pass. She sent him over to the desk of the captain of the guard, who, after interrogating the lad in an international-incident manner, announced in a firm bass that the boy had come to see his father. Not only that, he had come to see his father on a mission of importance. He wanted twenty-five cents. "You'll have to have a pass," said the captain of the guard. The boy shrugged. After all, all he wanted was twenty-five cents. So the captain of the guard began to telephone people. The boy watched with cool indifference. He also surveyed the walls and ceiling and, clearly, he wasn't impressed. After two or three minutes of that he sighed deeply, spat loudly on the floor and clumped out. A moment later the telephone rang. It was all right for the boy to see his father, the pass was on its way. But the boy had gone, leaving behind him at least one caller who wished he could do likewise.


WHERE'S YOUR PASS?

BUT presently we got what we had come for and left the State Department. The moment we were on the street we were our own man again. At Anacostia Air Station we overheard one of the lady clerks telephoning for a motorcar to meet an arriving dignitary. It seems that the person on the other end of the wire had two kinds of car available—big Packards and little Packards. She asked for his rates, and when he had told her she replied: "Well just send a little one. It's for the Undersecretary of the Navy, Mr. James V. Forrestal."

A GREAT many newly hatched organizations are wedging themselves into Washington these days. For the most part they have to be content with desk room hired at husky rates from organizations already entrenched in office suites. Or some of them operate from a hotel room—when they can find a hotel room. Most of them seem to be aiming at ballyhooing some sort of postwar plan or scheme or racket. They solicit memberships—at a fee of course—or endorsements by important people. We were in the office of one of the latter. He had just been advised by letter that his was the golden opportunity to become a member of a society which was going to do something big in an ethnological way. As a seller, the letter was a work of art. Anyway, it so aroused the curiosity of our man that he telephoned to ask: "Just what does your organization wish to do?" A dignified voice answered: "That, sir, is an angle with which my department is not yet familiar."



THEN we met a Mrs. Gwillam of Brockton, Massachusetts. Like most people in Washington just now, she too has her eye on the war's end. Mrs. Gwillam's concern is for the K-9s—the dogs that the Army has trained for combat work. She is concerned with what's to happen to them after the war, particularly those whose previous owners have moved or otherwise vanished in the meantime. Mrs. Gwillam fears that such animals, coached in attack by the Army, will be regarded as dangerous and a public problem if not a menace. So she was on her way to Capitol Hill to see Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, whom she would ask to introduce legislation giving to the dogs of war complete veteran status with bonuses, grants, compensations, pensions and everything, including a government-run farm on which to spend the rest of their days. We signed her petition.

AND on our way down to Washington we got to talking with a gentleman who lives in Baltimore. He, too, is in the throes of organizing a society. But he's inviting none but Baltimoreans to join

(Continued on page 54)

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THIS WEE

DECEMBER 4, 194

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COVER RONALD McL

DODGE, TODAY, MEANS TOTAL WAR PRODUCTION

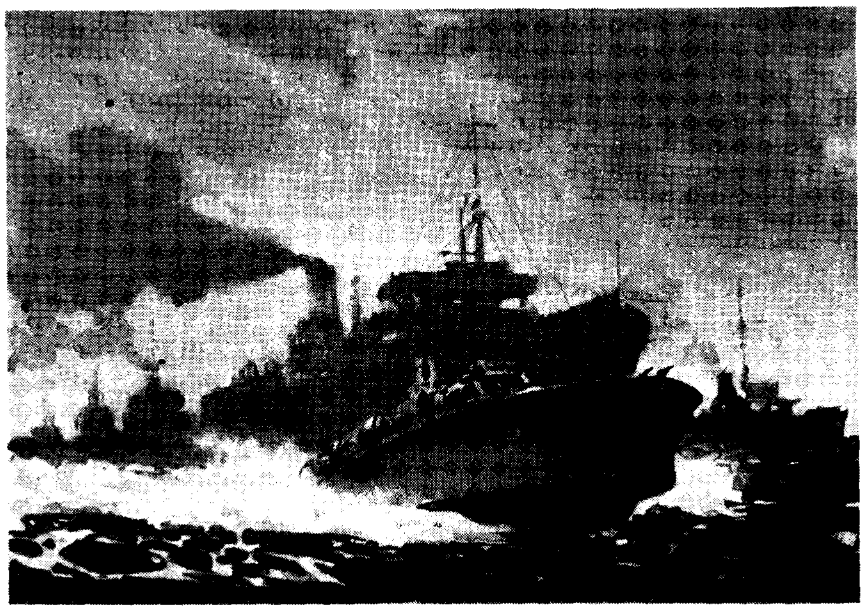
Never a dull moment in HAMTRAMCK

No American city is closer to the battles than Hamtramck.

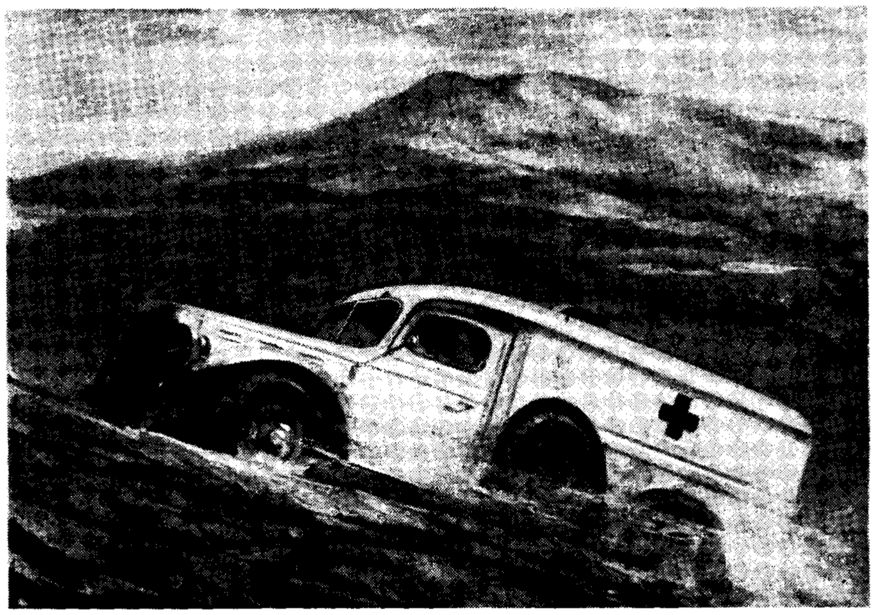
Its working citizens have made their mark upon the war. Its sons and daughters are in there fighting it.

Pictures coming home from invasion beaches and remote fields of action tell the story of Hamtramck—and of Dodge Dependability—as Allied ships, guns and fighting vehicles press home the attack.

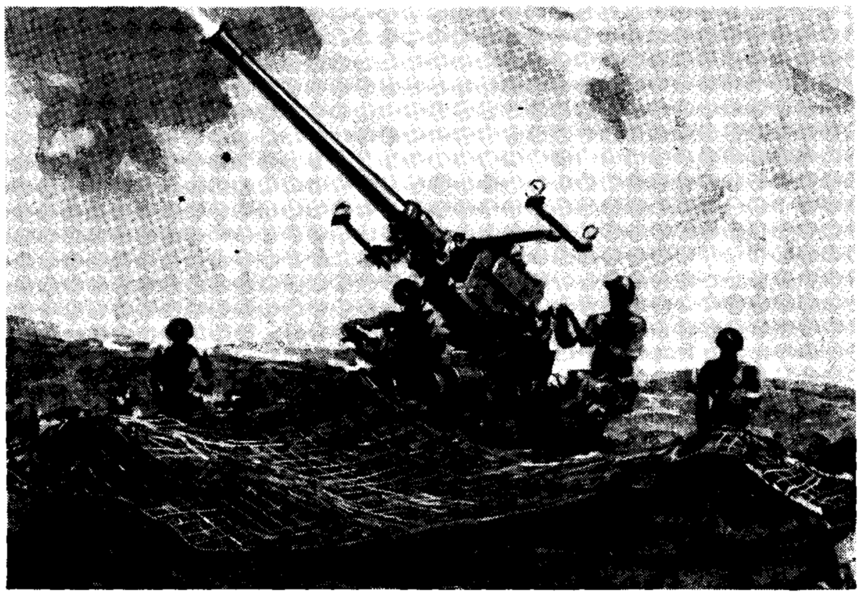
Note — Hamtramck is a big and independent city entirely within the boundaries of Detroit. Dodge plants, laboratories and offices comprise some of its major institutions, employing more than 20,000 men and women in war production work.



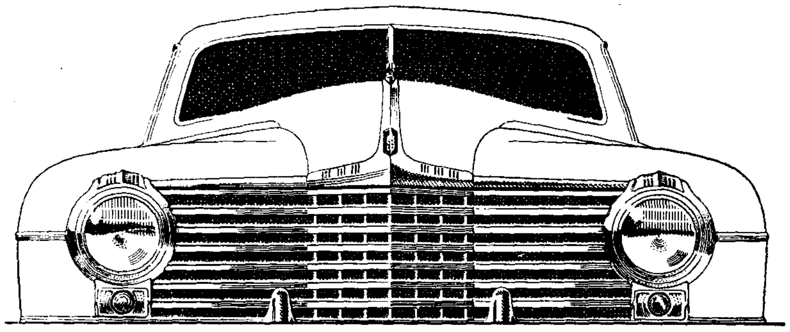
For the better navigation and the greater safety of both fighting and cargo ships—Dodge makes the famous Sperry Gyro-Compass in quantity production.



Dodge makes Ambulances for the U.S. Army. They are vehicles of mercy on every battle front, companions and team-mates to the Dodge fighting trucks.



Dodge makes basic parts for the famous Bofors Anti-Aircraft Cannon, used for land and sea defense in almost every Allied field of action.

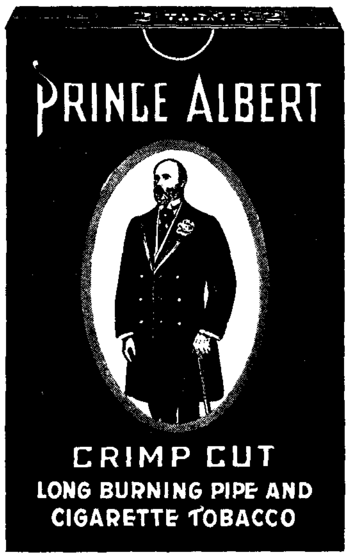


The millions of Dodge cars (and trucks) that give source and background to this enormous war production have, of course, been throttled down to the slower speeds and limited mileage of war-time. But their dependable qualities assert themselves, the world over, in this vital military form.

Dodge

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS



Movie Hero? No-no—it's his

***Pipe Appeal**

"*PRETTY SPECIAL!*" women say about the man who smokes a pipe. *Super*-special—when Prince Albert's in the bowl. They go for its ***delightful fragrance, aroma.*** You'll go for its ***rich, tobacco-y taste*** that comes through so ***mild*** and mellow, so easy on your tongue. Crimp cut for proper packing, smooth, even drawing—and such surprising ***coolness!*** Even helps a pipe cake up better. No other tobacco like P. A. for all-round PIPE APPEAL!

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO

BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

PRINCE *ALBERT

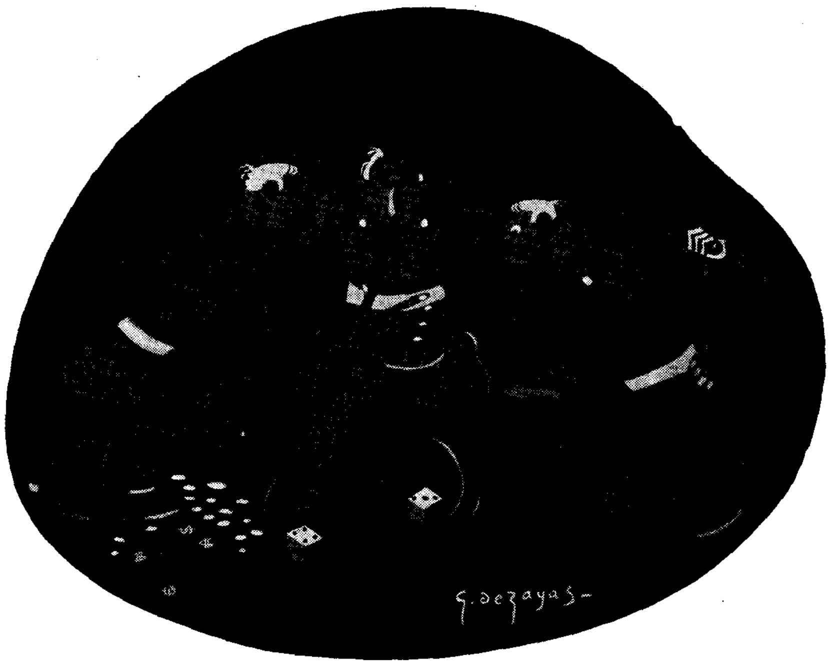
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

Tongue-tired? Try
P.A. for RICH TASTE
that's plenty
MILD, smooth!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Despite the lectures that have been given them on how to detect and avoid loaded dice, marked cards and similar crooked devices, a large number of American soldiers are still so credulous that they lose, to professional sharpers, at least one quarter of the $300,000,000 that changes hands among them monthly in gambling.

No American actor has appeared in as many stage parts as the mythical George Spelvin, a name first used in 1907 on the program of *Brewster's Millions* as a pseudonym for an actor who played two roles. Both play and player were so successful that producers have employed the name ever since in their playbills for men portraying two or more characters. By now, "George Spelvin" has probably played 1,500 parts and given 150,000 performances.

Recent studies of the differences between the loudest and faintest sounds that can be produced and heard by human beings disclose that a normal man can shout 1,000,000 times louder than he can whisper and that he can hear sounds having a range in intensity 10,000 times greater than that of his voice.

Since 1918, the Rev. Neal Dodd of Hollywood has served as rector of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels and has acted as the ecclesiastical adviser to or played the part of the minister in more than 200 films. He has married and buried many motion picture people in screen plays as well as in real life.

Saint Nicholas brings his Christmas gifts to the children of the Netherlands and Belgium on the eve of December 6, which is his feast day. As the Dutch boys and girls believe he makes his rounds astride a white horse, each leaves on the hearth a handful of hay as a present for the animal. As Belgian children think St. Nick rides a donkey, they likewise leave this beast a gift, usually a carrot, turnip or a lump of sugar.

Collectors have paid more for the U. S. cent of 1793, in relation to its face value, than for any other coin in history. In recent years, specimens in perfect condition have brought as much as $1,200 or 120,000 times their original value.—*By Edith Hauser, Jackson Heights, L. I.*

Several of the smallest mammals and birds possess a relatively larger and heavier brain than man. For instance, while the human brain averages 1.9 per cent of the weight of the body, the brain of a rat constitutes 3.6 per cent, that of the marmoset 4.5 per cent and that of the hummingbird 8.3 per cent.

Along 700 miles of the coast of Peru, volumes of hydrogen sulphide arise at times from the sea, a mysterious marine phenomenon that still defies scientific explanation. Not only does this gas kill much bird life and cause epidemics of headaches in coastal towns, but becomes so dense in and around the port of Callao that it tarnishes silverware and blackens boats and other objects painted in light colors, hence its name—"The Callao Painter."

Between Pearl Harbor and Nov. 1, 1943, the Veterans of Foreign Wars have increased their membership from 213,000 to 356,000, or 67 per cent; American Legion membership has increased from 1,105,000 to 1,169,000, or 6 per cent.—*By Louis DeBiasio, Newport, R. I.*

During the first eight months of 1943, the eight major aircraft factories on the Pacific Coast had a combined labor turnover of more than 91 per cent, hiring 194,500 workers and losing 178,500, most of whom quit their jobs for "personal" reasons.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

CHRISTMAS MUSIC IN "NATURAL COLOR"—YOURS, WITH AN FM RADIO!

It's the difference between color movies and ordinary movies — between a real sunset and a picture of one — between color and black and white!

It's the difference between FM (Frequency Modulation) and conventional radio!

Conventional radio brings you only 5000 tone cycles out of a possible 15,000 cycles that the human ear can hear. FM radio brings you all! . . . Conventional radio brings you the "middle tones," but loses the highest high notes, the lowest low notes. FM radio captures them all!

Conventional radio can reproduce only a part of the whole beauty of violin, piano, or the human voice — because of basic limitations of transmission. FM, a new kind of radio, transmits and receives sound in its original *"Natural Color."*

And even though winter's storms rage outside, or electrical disturbances rattle and rumble through conventional sets, there is virtually no static on your FM "Natural Color" radio. Music comes in against a velvety background of silence.

Production for war now claims all General Electric resources. After Victory, G.E. will build both kinds of radio receivers and transmitters. But G.E. heartily recommends for your first choice this bright invention in the history of radio—FM "Natural Color"!

FREE: A fascinating 32-page book, in full colors — "Electronics — a New Science for a New World." Write to *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

• *Tune in General Electric's* "The World Today" *and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E. W. T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E* "All Girl Orchestra" *at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.*

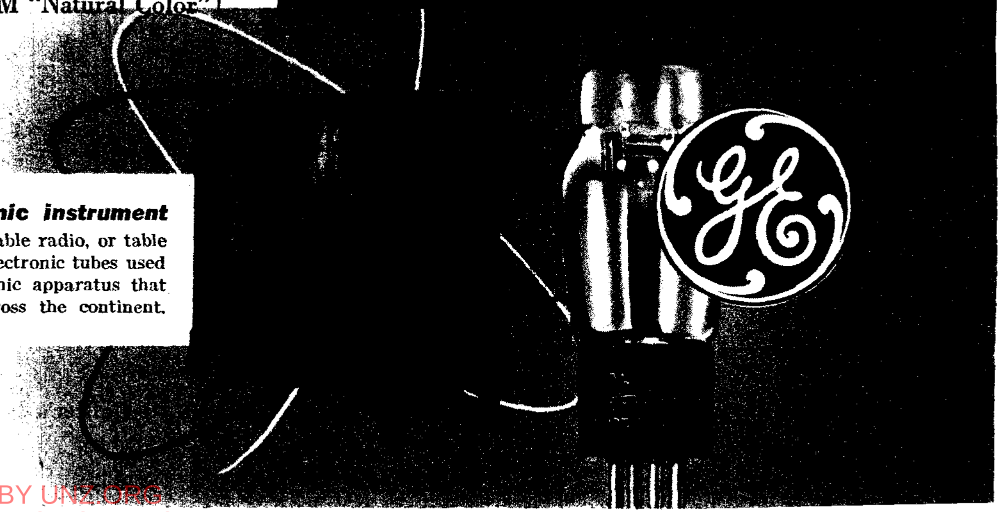
BACK THE ATTACK! BUY WAR BONDS

RADIO • TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.



IGNITED

BY CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS...

FROM U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO SHOWING DISPLAY OF FLAME THROWERS IN ARMY WAR SHOW

(Actual Size)

Spark plugs have some very unusual tasks assigned them, but none is quite so unique as their use in flame throwers.

The compressed gas discharged by this spectacular offensive weapon is ignited by a tiny Champion Spark Plug of the size and type used in model airplane engines. This miniature Champion stands up to strict Army requirements because it is constructed with the same exclusive materials and high precision standards as its larger counterparts and is accordingly just as dependable.

Sillimanite insulators and the Sillment seal are exclusive features of Champion Spark Plugs which have gained for them new laurels for long life and dependability. On the war front as on the home front, this traditional Champion dependability, at a time when dependability is most needed, has won grateful recognition.

Have your spark plugs inspected, tested and cleaned regularly. You not only prolong their life and efficiency, but likewise get more miles per ration coupon, and help to keep your engine performing well and economically.

GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG

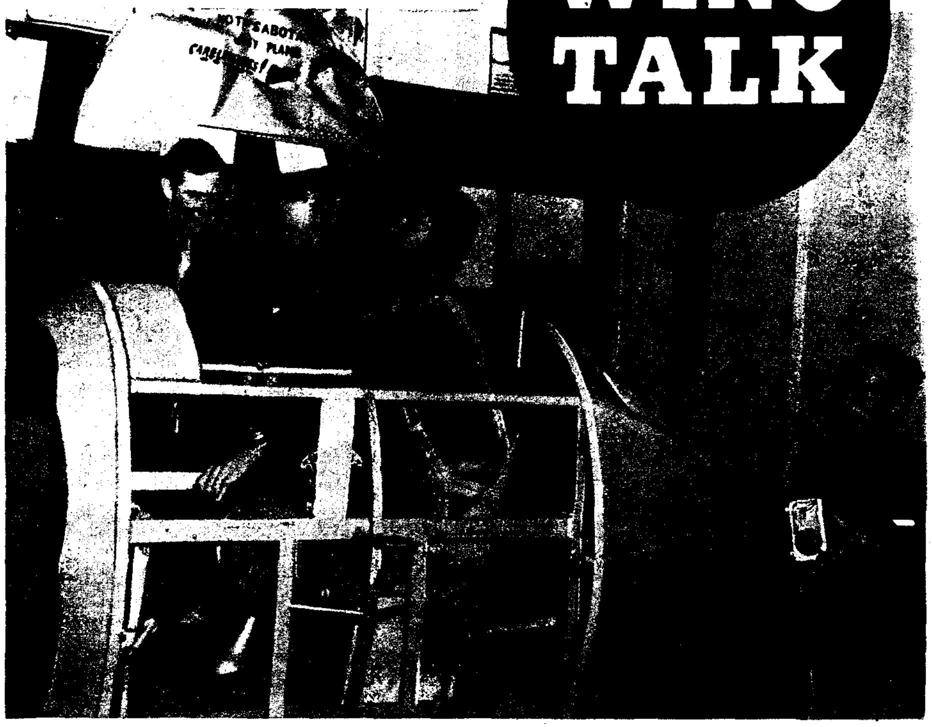
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

LET THE LIBERTY BELL RING 'ROUND THE WORLD

BUY WAR BONDS

WING TALK

An electrical shock in the seat of the pants is given the Brooks Field cadet when he makes an error at the controls of this makeshift cockpit



IN TURNING out military pilots by the tens of thousands, the instructors of the Flying Training Command have emerged as America's most resourceful practical psychologists. Every Air Force squadron today carries pilots who owe their wings to an instructor's ingenious tricks of the trade.

Most of the psychological tricks used are simple and homely. At Independence, Kansas, cadets who lean too heavily on the rudder pedals are required to wear a pair of size 13 shoes painted a bright red; one shoe with no heel, the other with a large hole for the big toe. At Brooks Field, students walking to the flying line pass under a battered wing tip labeled "Not Sabotage, Just Plane Stupidity." The cadet who lands with wheels up is issued a tremendous bone which he must carry everywhere he goes. At another field, students who pull the stick back too rapidly when nearing the ground are required to run round the hangar wearing their parachutes and yelling, "I'll keep my nose down!" Some instructors formally present a huge cowbell to students who get lost on cross-country flights. At Stockton Field, students who taxi into another plane on the landing strip have to wear a sign reading "Please help the blind." Standard treatment for those who taxi planes too fast is to run with the plane, holding onto one of the wings, while the instructor taxies up and down the field.

Too Shocked for Words

At Brooks Field the cadet practicing in a makeshift cockpit equipped with essential controls is rewarded for each error by an electrical shock in the seat of his pants. Bad landings are discouraged by making the culprit wear around his neck a tire inscribed, "I landed with my wheels up." Williams Field students who stray off the radio beam must walk a chalk line blindfolded.

Flying instruction is the most highly personalized teaching job on earth. Every student is an individual problem. "Know your student" is an axiom next in importance to "Know your plane." Some instructors have every cadet write a 2,000-word biography of himself. Knowledge of the personal life of a cadet often enables an instructor to keep him from washing out. His flying faults may be related to girl trouble, wife trouble, sickness at home, and so on.

Many instructors instill confidence in a cadet by blending flying into his hobby. One cured a cadet of truck-driving the plane by asking him how he handled the reins when on horseback—the instructor knew this cadet loved horses and wouldn't jerk them around. Another cadet was failing until his instructor discovered he was a good violinist; the instructor then compared the deft, light touch in piloting to playing a violin. He produced a crack fighter pilot who is now overseas.

Good Father to His Plane

This instructor had a cadet who wouldn't keep wings level during landings; finding the cadet had two small children, the instructor designated the right lower wing tip as the cadet's son, the left as his daughter. The cadet was to bear in mind that if either wing tip dipped too low it would hurt one of his children. After that he landed easily with level wings.

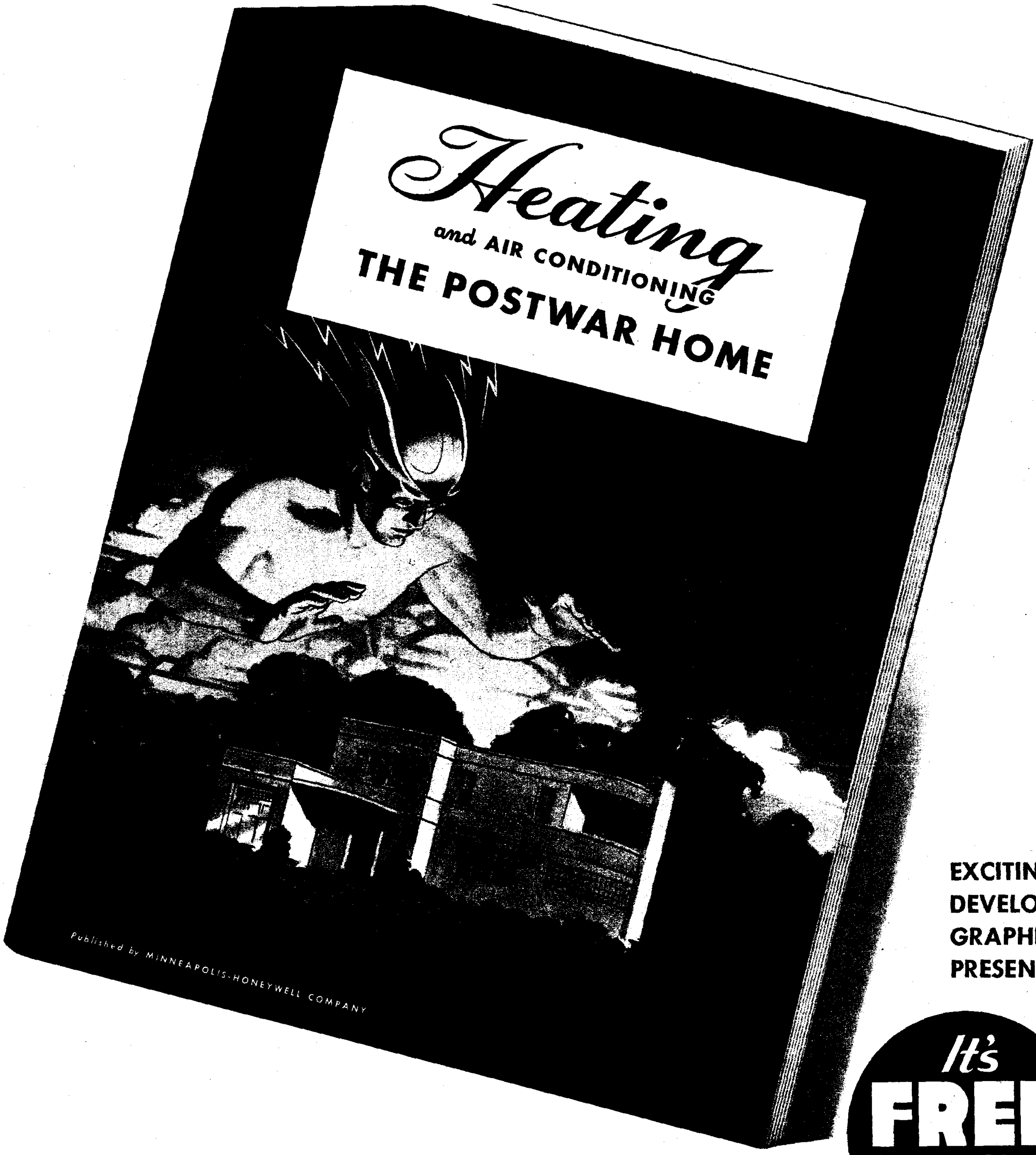
Some instructors build up confidence by letting timid cadets try a new maneuver before other members of the class have reached it. At Yuma, Arizona, one instructor has found it helpful to demonstrate that he is not perfect himself. If a cadet has trouble with slow rolls, the instructor takes over to show him how it's done and executes a faulty maneuver himself.

Handling cocky cadets is normally easier than handling the timid ones. Everywhere instructors say, "I'd rather gentle hot blood than needle up cold." Cockiness is usually countered by putting the cadet through some maneuver too advanced for him. A favorite trick is to let the cocky cadet get into trouble, then jerk the controls from him, land the plane and turn the controls back with the remark, "Now I think it's safe for you to have it."

Another instructor makes a cocky cadet run around the field waggling his arms and chanting, "I'm a hot pilot, I'm a hot pilot!" Anyone in the vicinity who laughs at him has to do the same thing.

Sometimes a student becomes too easygoing. He knows the instructor will get him out of any jam and when losing control of the plane simply glances at the instructor, expecting him to take over. When this happened recently at Williams Field, one instructor grabbed his safety belt, slid his seat back, and reached for the emergency door release preparatory to jumping. He put on such a realistic act that in a split second the cadet corrected

(Continued on page 51)



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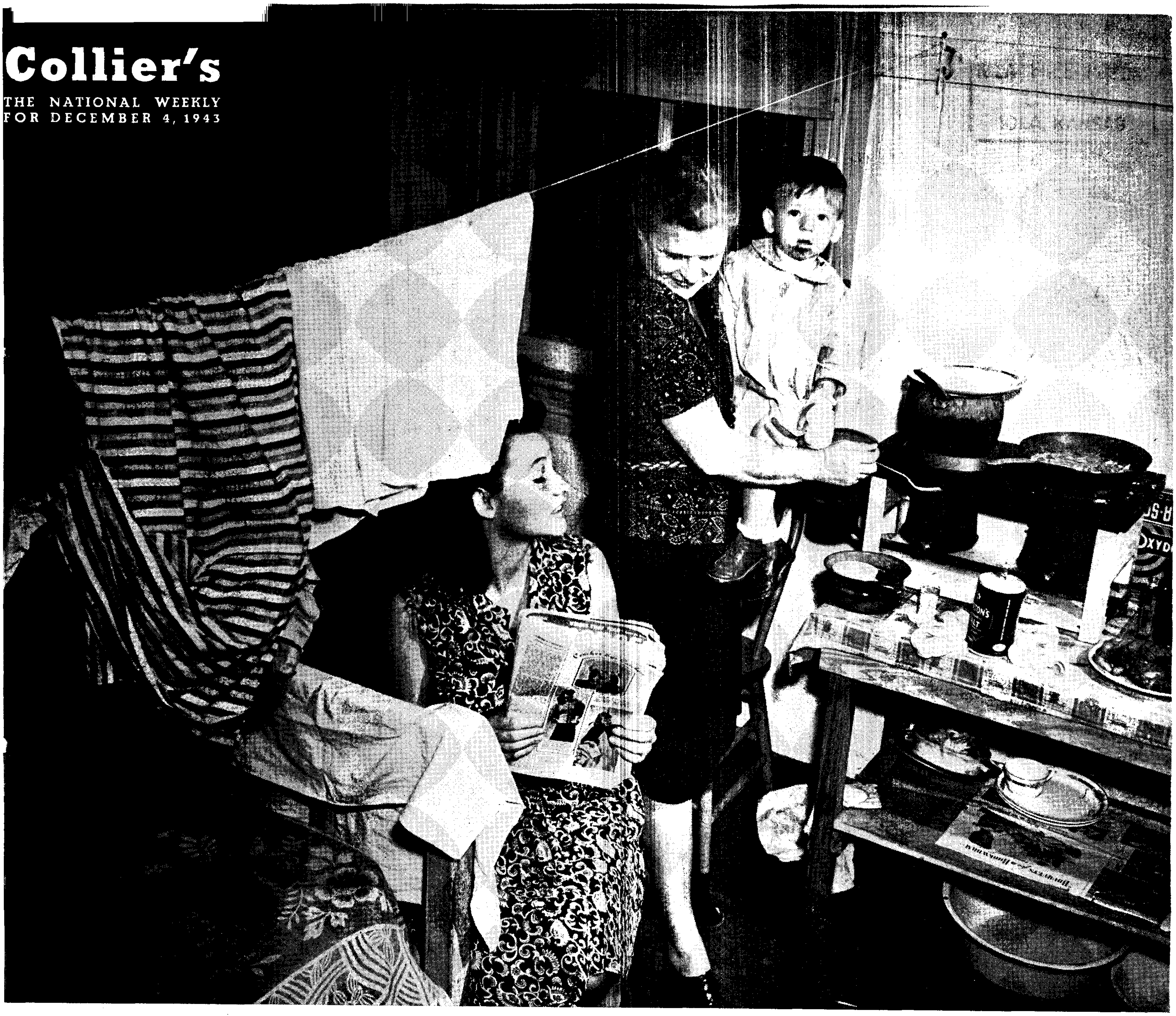


Conditions here are bad now, with three persons crowded into one room. They'll be worse, for Mrs. H. L. Stevens, sitting, is soon to have a baby

G.I. BABIES

BY HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SANDY GANDY

The marryingest Army in American history is reaping the fruits of connubial bliss. Servicemen's wives, refusing to stay home, are having babies all over the country, many in war areas that lack hospitals and medical facilities

A VERY young mother with a three-weeks-old baby in her arms got off to change trains in Jacksonville, Florida, and toppled in a faint in the station. She had been traveling twenty-four hours in a day coach with the baby. She would have another thirty-six hours to go, before reaching the training camp in Mississippi where she hoped to join her husband.

Instead, she spent two weeks in a Jacksonville hospital, and then, with no money and faint prospect of a roof over her head if she did get to Mississippi, she meekly accepted a ticket back home.

The silly girl should have stayed there, in the first place. Isn't that just what the War Department and the press and the Office of Defense Transportation had all been telling her? She had no business traveling in her physical state. She had no business adding her bit to the already hideously overcrowded conditions around a training camp. Definitely, it was her duty to stay home.

Yes, but Joe was going overseas pretty soon and he'd never seen the baby. Anyway, she sort of wanted to be with him herself while there was time. And to that, there just isn't any answer at all.

The areas around training camps and naval bases are all jammed with wives who had the same rash human impulse as that one, only better luck. They are urged to stay home but they don't stay home. They choke the trains. They get stranded en route or they spend their last cent on the railroad ticket and arrive broke and come down on the Red Cross. They haven't any sense and, biologically speaking, it's a good thing they haven't, for, thanks no little to their witless conduct, the birth rate is booming, as it always does in wartime and always should. At the end of the first seven months of 1943, it was up to 21.7 per thousand population, against 17.3 in 1939. This was an increase of fully a fourth in four years.

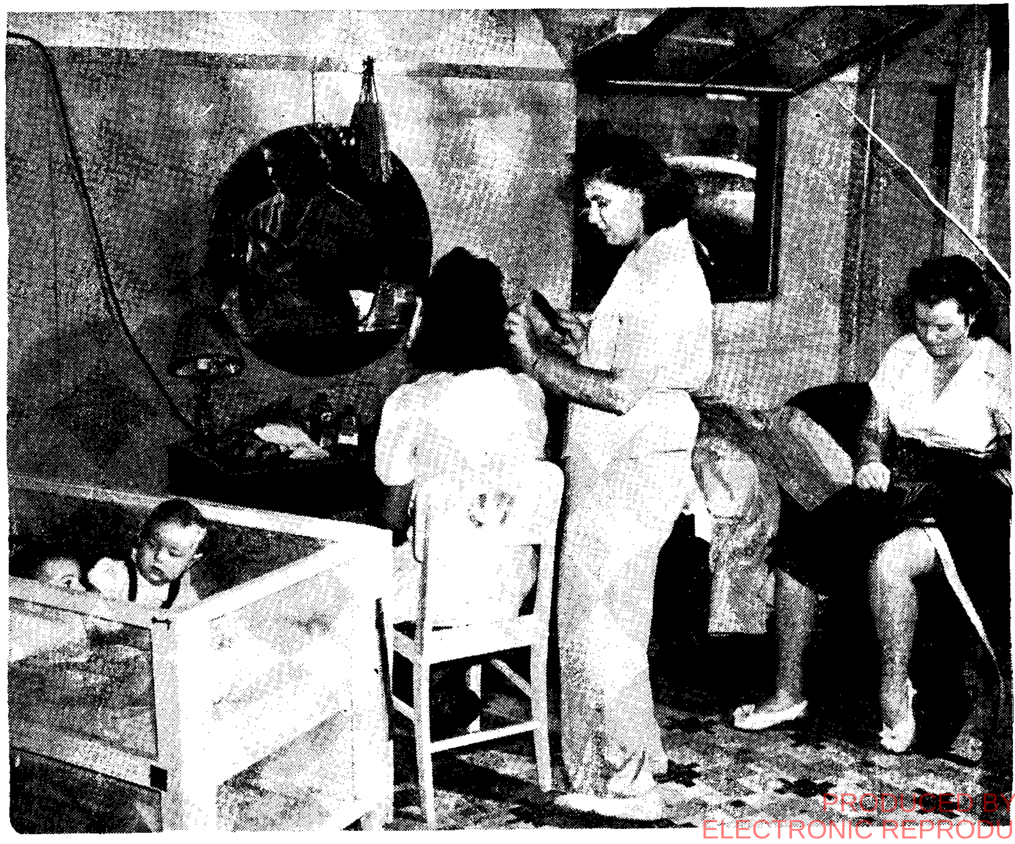
What happens next, however, is the complete answer to those few elderly Milquetoasts who still croak about the folly of having babies during a war. Already the curve of births is leveling off and will start to drop as potential fathers are moved overseas. The next generation is having its innings now, and in tens of thousands of cases it's now or never.

According to some mysterious calculations by the Children's Bureau, 600,000 G.I. babies will be born in the next twelve months. Most G.I. babies are first babies. Most G.I. mothers are between seventeen and twenty-one years old. As a very large number of the new arrivals will take place amid the medical, hospital and housing shortages of war-boom communities, and as their daddies are privates and seamen drawing fifty dollars a month, they rate as a national problem. To cope with it, Congress has appropriated $18,600,000 for maternity and child care for servicemen's wives, on top of $6,600,000 appropriated earlier. This is a very necessary thing as far as it goes but, as shall presently be seen, appropriating a few million dollars is not the answer to everything. There are still plenty of problems, and the biggest one is that the women won't stay home.

The Army and the Navy don't want them in crowded military areas and try to discourage them, but, in this democracy, wives are civilians, and you can't stop them

Mrs. J. F. Pitts (above) feeds her infant daughter in a crowded corner of their one-room all-purpose "efficiency apartment." The baby's father is in the Medical Corps

The bed on which Mrs. J. M. Hembree is looking at the album is the one she shares with her husband and four-months-old son, James Michael. There's no room for Jimmy's crib



Four families live in these crowded quarters—the Curtises, the Stricklands, the Jenkinses and the Wandses. The menfolks of all are in the Army

from going where they please. When an outfit is going to be moved, they manage to find out about it. Though the matter is strictly hush-hush, and the men themselves are not notified of the change until the last minute, it somehow turns out, upon their arrival at the new station, that the women have beaten them up there.

A naval officer, at the close of an indoctrination course, informed his flock of newly commissioned ensigns and jg's that they were going to be stationed in Norfolk. He added that Norfolk was very crowded, that they were most seriously urged not to bring their wives. Two weeks later the wives were all in Norfolk. A PT boat skipper's attractive bride jumped around the country so much keeping up with him, before his squadron finally shoved off, that she had seven doctors before accomplishing the birth of one infant.

Perhaps love was always like this, but if so, no one noticed it. There is almost no limit to the insane things women are doing in these days in their determination to hang onto some man as long as possible. They will stick around a camp to the bitter end to kiss Joe goodby, though they may be seven, eight or eight and a half months pregnant. Not until Joe's outfit has pulled out for the duration and the Umpteenth's barracks are empty, do they try to beat the stork in a race home to mother.

The wonder is that so few babies are born on trains. But there are plenty of near-misses, and when it comes to this sort of thing, the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are all in it together.

No Place for Mother and Child

If they'd all go home to mother, it wouldn't be so bad, but having a baby in one of the nation's war-madhouse areas is a desperate adventure second only to war itself. Hospitals are so crowded that cots are ranged in the halls. In Washington, D. C., a mother with a new baby may be forced to leave in five days; farther south, in three. Of course, it isn't always that bad, especially where the patient has money. But in that supermadhouse, the West Coast, the hospitals are clipping the time after childbirth to forty-eight hours and even twenty-four, and when the woman gets home, she can't possibly find a nurse, or even anyone to help wash the didies.

Not only that, but the treatment of servicemen's wives with children, in war-crowded cities, should be, if it isn't, a national scandal. In Jacksonville, Florida, from unquestionable sources, I heard of women who would have been literally on the streets with a new baby, if the hospital hadn't kept them overtime, because their former landladies refused to take them back, and no new lodging could be found.

As a result, a sort of baby-farm system has grown up, with the thankful approval of the social agencies. I met a registered nurse who had taken twenty-seven babies to board in five months, their ages ranging from a few months down to three weeks. The reason, in almost all cases, was that the mother had been unable to obtain a roof over her head till she had given up the baby. In pleasant but exceedingly rare contrast was a Mrs. Jennie Hutchinson of Tallahassee, who advertised in the paper that she would rent her rooms *only* to servicemen's wives with children.

The visibly expectant are up against the same situation in communities ranging from Newport to New Orleans. One smart girl found a way around that one, however.

"I'm not pregnant," she lied haughtily. "This is a tumor, and I'm going to the hospital to have it removed." The landlady couldn't have been very bright, because she fell for it.

Maybe you don't think a soldier's wife with a baby is doing her bit. They don't seem to think so, in some communities. Here are a few of the facts, however: If their husbands are below commissioned rank, they have, with allotment plus dependency allowance, all of fifty dollars a month to live on, if they don't work. This is upped to eighty dollars with one child. The higher ratings are a few dollars better off, but not enough to make much of a dent on wartime prices.

So they work. For example, there was one girl, five months pregnant, who was lifting steel plates in a shipyard last summer in the broiling sun.

The Emergency Maternity and Infant Care Program equalizes things somewhat for the wives of men in the four lowest pay grades. It is administered by the Children's Bureau through state health departments, with all but four states now signed up, and about 20,000 service wives a month are getting their doctor and hospital bills paid under it. The average is a fee of $35 to $50 for the doctor, and about $40 for the stay in the hospital, yet practical difficulties arise in a great many cases, above all, the difficulty of obtaining a doctor.

Because of a medical shortage which is nation-wide, doctors in many instances are unquestionably overworked and unable to take on more cases. Then there are others whose scruples against state medicine prevent their delivering a soldier's wife for government money—though the soldier is also paid by the government. Quite a few have frankly expressed their unwillingness to reduce their fees for a baby case, merely because the father was giving his life for fifty dollars a month. One man whose regular fee was fifty dollars proposed charging sixty to servicemen's wives—"because they were more trouble."

Doctors who feel like that are certainly an exception, but they do point up the attitude in this country that the war is just a few million men's hard luck, and everybody else's opportunity. The position against state medicine, where it is prevalent, as it is in Florida and a number of other states, seriously handicaps the effort to get medical care for the wives of men in uniform. Incredible as it sounds, I was in one town in the Camp Blanding area, boasting twelve doctors and a good hospital, where two soldiers' wives had walked up a long flight of stairs to the Red Cross office after labor pains had begun, to wait while the secretary settled with the doctor, who demanded cash on the barrelhead before taking the case.

Not Responsible for War Wives

Naturally, the Army and the Navy do what they can, but very early in the war it was evident that the Army would have to give up hospitalizing dependents in most cases, because it simply couldn't be done. They do take soldiers' wives in some station hospitals, but if a man is transferred to another post at the last minute, his wife may lose her eligibility and be out in the cold. There is no directive to Army medical officers to assume any responsibility for the wives; whatever is done is up to the local Army authorities; and it's all pretty chaotic, with the Red Cross filling in the gaps.

The Navy, with a smaller problem, handles it much better. Where they can give hospital care to dependents, as at Pensacola, they give it to every wife who applies, regardless of where her husband is stationed. Where they can't give it in a naval hospital, as in Jacksonville, they

(Continued on page 54)

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

BY CHARLES ROBBINS

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

Perhaps the kid thought of himself as a Knight Errant shielding a Fair Lady—but she thought he was a pest

THE young woman pushed the screen door wide and walked across the porch. Let the door slam, her manner said. But its back sweep was blocked, and, yawning again, it emitted a slightly built bareheaded boy, about twelve or thirteen years old. Without pausing, he went after the girl, his pursuit a compromise between dignity and haste. In his leather jacket and long khaki pants, he looked like a miniature aviator, though when you noticed his face he did not seem quite so miniature. The strength his body lacked was all gathered in his bony face.

Catching up to the girl, he adjusted his strides to hers, and side by side in the luminous dusk of the spring evening, without speaking or glancing at each other, they walked along under the branching elms, down the street's empty funnel toward the intersection of Main Street.

About a hundred yards from the house they had left, there was a vacant lot, grown up with weeds. The moment they reached it, the girl stopped.

"This is where you get out," she said. "It's the end of the line."

The boy slid his hands into his jacket pockets and stared at her.

SHE was a fragile, pretty girl in her early twenties. Unhampered by a hat, her hair fell to her shoulders; a camel's-hair coat hung open over her blue jacket and skirt; and her childishly slim neck supported a face as symmetrical as a statue's. Usually, her expression suggested stillness, the result of some feat of inner, precarious balance; but now, in the half-light, which darkened the tone of her lipstick and weighed down her mouth, she wore a sulky look.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" she asked at last. "This is where you get out."

"Don't you want to go to the movies?" the boy replied in a voice younger than his face.

She disregarded the question, saying, "I just learned today about what you did at school. What made you do a stupid thing like that? What *right* did you have to do it?"

"I couldn't help it," the boy said. "Anybody'd do the same thing."

She let her breath escape in a sound of exasperation. "What did you hear?" she asked.

"Aw, it was Joe Emery—he's always shooting off his mouth. He claimed you were going around with this—this Flanagan. His sister told him she saw you out some place and . . ." His glance shied away from hers.

"And what? I don't suppose you mind if I just go out with somebody, do you?"

"I don't know—he said you were sort of drinking and carrying on. I couldn't let him get away with that, Louise."

"*You* couldn't let him get away with it! Even if it were true, it's none of your business! People probably think there's something in it now, just on account of you. *You* think there is, don't you?"

"Naw," he said uncertainly. "I didn't believe it. . . ."

"Then why did you come around tonight, after I told you not to?"

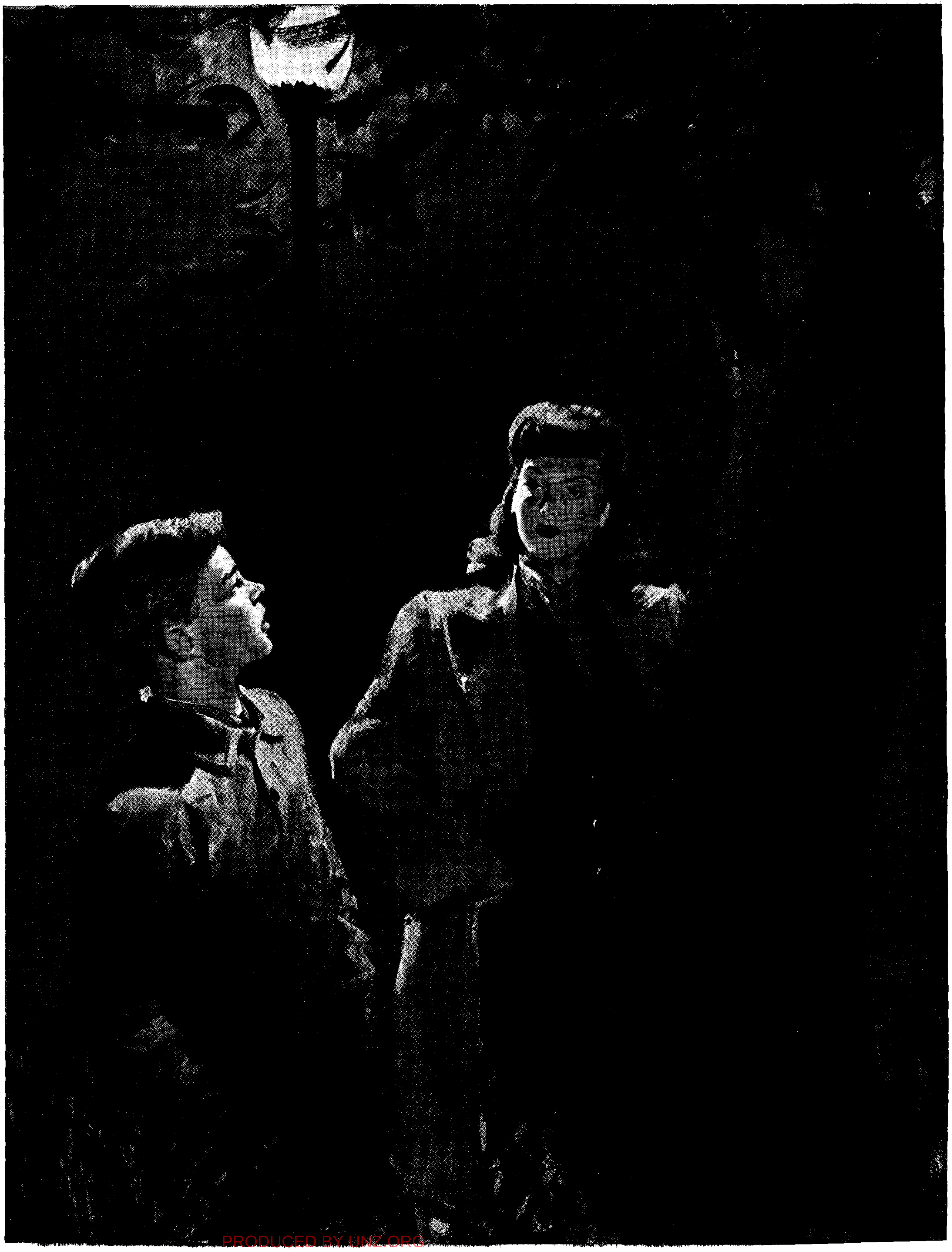
He hesitated. "Well, I thought maybe you might change your mind—and I told you what Bill said."

What Bill said . . .

Yesterday, when it had seemed that this boy had attached himself to her only because of some chance remark in one of his elder brother's letters, she had tried to reason with him. She had tried to make him understand that she and Bill meant nothing to each other, had probably never exchanged more than a hundred words. The mere fact that he had lately begun to send her hasty scrawls, signed "Love and Kisses, Bill," meant nothing. She knew how it was: he thought he ought to have some girl to write to—it was the thing to do—and she served the turn as well as any. He was reckless and unreliable. If she were fool enough to take his kidding seriously, there could never be anything in it for her but pain—the slow kind if he came back and worse if he did not. And she had no talent for pain.

She had explained all this clearly enough to the boy last night. There was no need

(Continued on page 34*)*



When the girl heard the soft pad of his rubber-soled shoes, she swung around. "If you don't stop following me," she said, "I'm going to tell your mother and father!"

Lt. Gen. Mark Wayne Clark pens a note to his wife (below) from the Italian front. He promised her Naples as a birthday gift—and delivered it four days early

LETTERS FROM A GENERAL

MRS. MAURINE DORAN CLARK, pretty, blond wife of Lt. Gen. Mark Wayne Clark, like any other war wife, lives only for the next letter from her soldier husband.

In Detroit, actively urging War Bond purchases in the Third War Loan drive, Mrs. Clark gave the first real insight on her now famous, six-foot two-inch husband who is leading the Allied attack on Nazi-held Europe. Mrs. Clark, who treasures the general's West Point ring she wears on her finger, says of her husband:

"He is deeply religious. A sports-loving man who in his younger days kept bringing home the cups he won in tennis matches. Later he turned to golf and swimming. He is a fine horseman and loves to take the jumps."

How did Mrs. Clark meet the general?

"Yes," she said, with a laugh. "It's true. I met my husband on a blind date in Washington. But at first we were not interested in each other—that is, not for a year. I took a liking to his parents and accompanied them on a trip to Panama. While there, I met a very handsome flier, and we became engaged. Wayne met us at the boat when we got back, and I guess competition was what he needed, for soon after, he proposed and I accepted."

The Clarks have two children. William, eighteen, is in his second year at West Point. A seventeen-year-old daughter is studying art and "has her head in the clouds," Mrs. Clark says.

As the battle for Naples raged, General Clark wrote his wife a letter for her birthday, which was Tuesday, October 5. The letter was dated September 23d. In it he said: "I think I can promise you Naples for your birthday."

Mrs. Clark said it was the finest birthday present she ever received. Clark and his Fifth Army marched into Naples on October first. Following are excerpts from other letters.

Letter of September 5, 1943:

"My dear wife: This is Sunday morning, and in forty-five minutes I leave on another trip. This one leads my army to opportunities for which I have prayed.

"I have worked hard to develop this Fifth Army and I am mighty proud of the personnel who compose it. The venture I am going on is a bold one, but when successful, offers great strategic advantages to the Allies. I would not miss it for the world. Lovingly, Wayne."

He was referring to the 700-ship invasion force which he and Admiral Hewitt took up the coast of Italy to Salerno.

Letter of September 23, 1943:

"My dear wife: I miss you and my only wish is that you and my loved ones are satisfied with what we are doing here.

"The country we are in has hellish mountains and is tough going, and also thick dust, so that when I come in, I am white all over and take a sponging in a bucket. We are attacking today and I hope and pray the results are satisfactory.

"When I first came ashore, my people had selected a command post for me. It was quite an elaborate home which belonged to some Italian count.

"I went through the place and found it elaborately furnished and decorated with everything as the people who had fled their home had left it.

"It was too elaborate for me, so I directed we set up our camps in a field. And that is where we have been ever since. It is fortunate, for the palace is quite a landmark and has since been a target for the enemy.

"My command post is just like those we used to have in the 3d Division, under bushes. Everybody sleeps in the open and tries to keep the place camouflaged as much as possible.

"I usually turn in fairly early these nights when I know that operations are going successfully, for my days are busy and long, and at night I am tired.

"My truck, where I have my office and sleep, is fine. As electric lights are now installed and they have put in a radio, I am quite comfortable, and the food is adequate. Lovingly, Wayne."

Second letter of September 23, 1943:

"My dear wife: We had a real battle continuously. Now I sit writing in my field command post in a truck I have had made into a house and office on wheels.

"There is a built-in bunk, a desk, a place for my trunk locker, a washbasin, and water in a little tank on the roof. There is a closet for my clothes, screens, and glass and blackout curtains.

"I must blackout soon, for it is getting dark now and the air activity is intense. The earth trembles with the terrific bombing we are giving them. When the ack-ack goes, it is like a Fourth of July celebration.

"All day I run around the field seeing my troops and learning firsthand how they are doing. It helps them to keep seeing their commanding officer sharing some of their hardships. I never can praise our soldiers too much. Their courage, their morale, their willingness are superb.

"Last night, after being all over the front all day in the thick dust and dirt, I went to the hospital to see the wounded. I stood in operating rooms so thick with ether you could cut it with a knife. I saw six men being operated on at the same time. Our medical profession certainly has done a magnificent job.

"Our hospital has its nurses, and they mean so much to the wounded. They cheer them up. The nurses came in here the second day of the attack. They are the best soldiers we have, living in the dirt and dust, never complaining, working 24 hours a day.

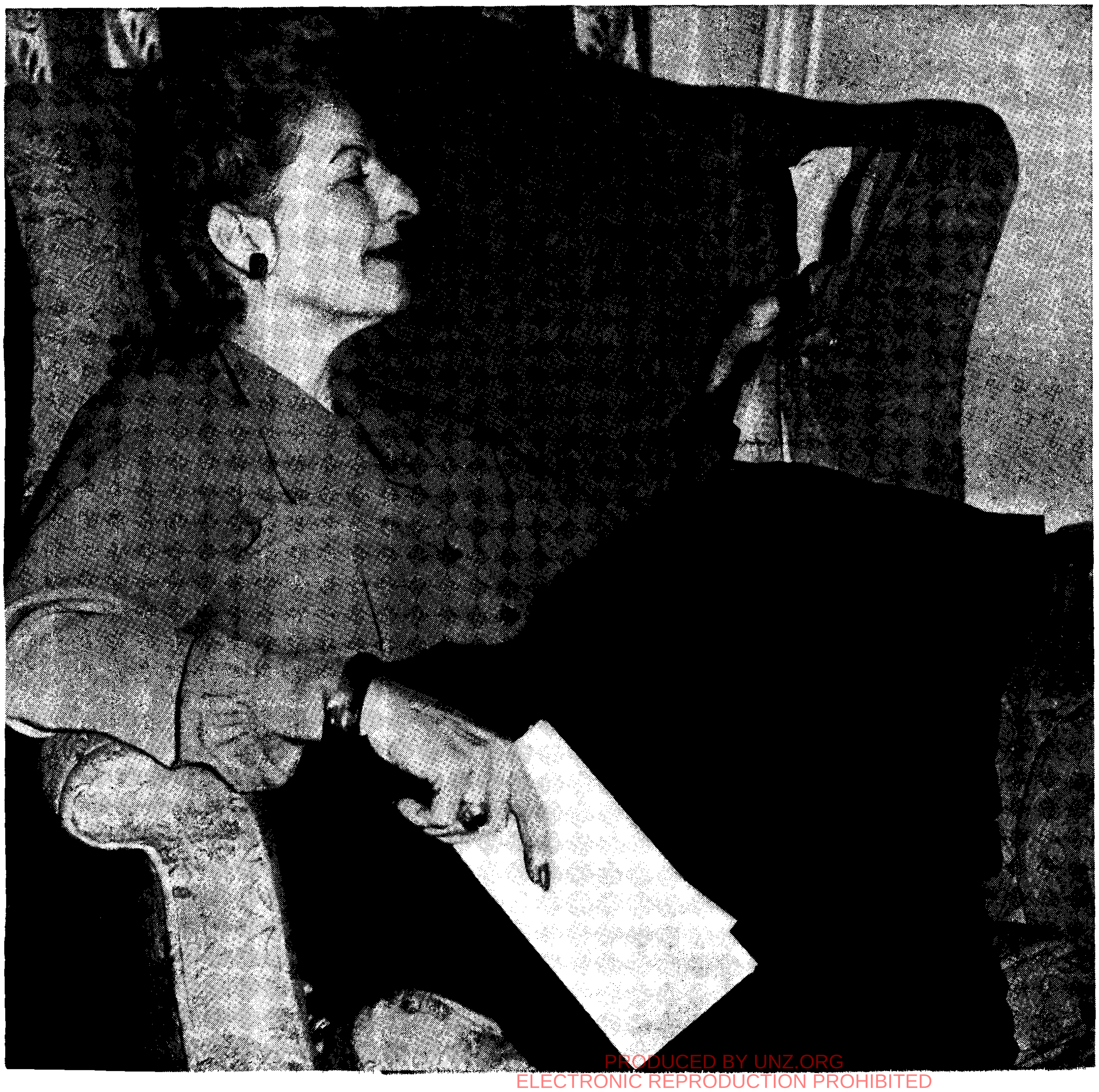
"I talked with many of the wounded. It was easy to talk to them, for I knew exactly who their commanding officers were, and every detail of the engagement in which they took part. They never complain. All they want is to get back into the fighting. In my opinion, the Germans will never be able to stop the Fifth Army.

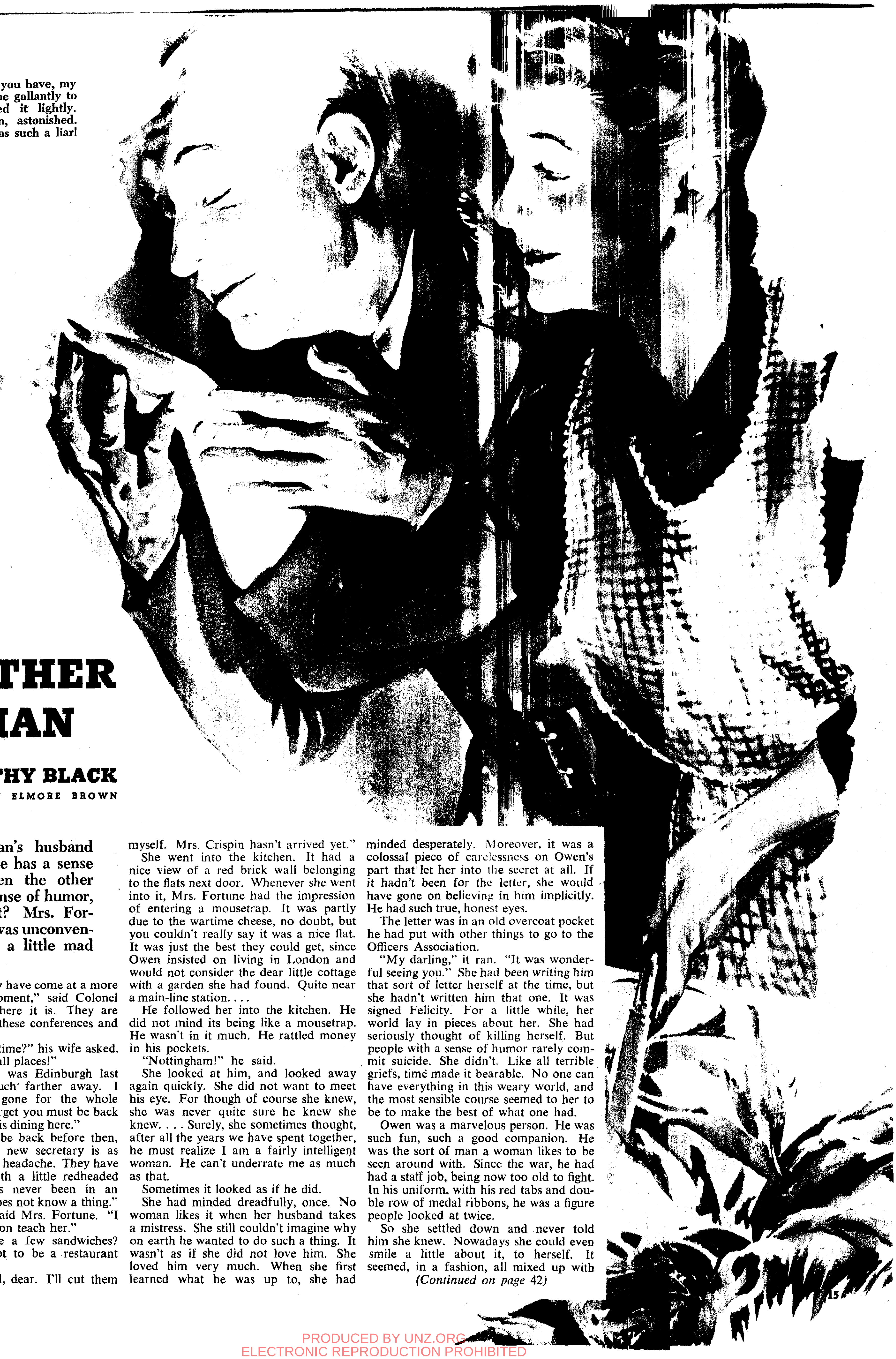
"I hope your Bond efforts are successful. For the way we are shooting up ammunition and using up equipment, we need the financial help of every soul at home. . . .

"We're so grateful for the fine food we're getting now. It comes just because you folks at home are depriving yourselves, that our men may eat well. Now the food is ample. I praise God it is.

"Lovingly, Wayne."

★★★





"What pretty hands you have, my dear." He raised one gallantly to his lips and kissed it lightly. She looked at him, astonished. Dear Owen! He was such a liar!

ANOTHER WOMAN

BY DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

When a woman's husband strays, when she has a sense of humor, when the other woman has a sense of humor, too—then what? Mrs. Fortune's solution was unconventional and just a little mad

"IT COULD hardly have come at a more inconvenient moment," said Colonel Fortune, "but there it is. They are holding another of these conferences and I have to go."

"Where is it this time?" his wife asked.

"Nottingham, of all places!"

"Never mind. It was Edinburgh last time and that's much farther away. I suppose you'll be gone for the whole week end. Don't forget you must be back by Tuesday. Claud is dining here."

"I shall have to be back before then, anyway, dear. My new secretary is as much good as a sick headache. They have now landed me with a little redheaded ATS girl. She has never been in an office before, and does not know a thing."

"Oh, well . . ." said Mrs. Fortune. "I am sure you will soon teach her."

"Can you do me a few sandwiches? There is certain not to be a restaurant car on the train."

"Of course I will, dear. I'll cut them myself. Mrs. Crispin hasn't arrived yet."

She went into the kitchen. It had a nice view of a red brick wall belonging to the flats next door. Whenever she went into it, Mrs. Fortune had the impression of entering a mousetrap. It was partly due to the wartime cheese, no doubt, but you couldn't really say it was a nice flat. It was just the best they could get, since Owen insisted on living in London and would not consider the dear little cottage with a garden she had found. Quite near a main-line station. . . .

He followed her into the kitchen. He did not mind its being like a mousetrap. He wasn't in it much. He rattled money in his pockets.

"Nottingham!" he said.

She looked at him, and looked away again quickly. She did not want to meet his eye. For though of course she knew, she was never quite sure he knew she knew. . . . Surely, she sometimes thought, after all the years we have spent together, he must realize I am a fairly intelligent woman. He can't underrate me as much as that.

Sometimes it looked as if he did.

She had minded dreadfully, once. No woman likes it when her husband takes a mistress. She still couldn't imagine why on earth he wanted to do such a thing. It wasn't as if she did not love him. She loved him very much. When she first learned what he was up to, she had minded desperately. Moreover, it was a colossal piece of carelessness on Owen's part that let her into the secret at all. If it hadn't been for the letter, she would have gone on believing in him implicitly. He had such true, honest eyes.

The letter was in an old overcoat pocket he had put with other things to go to the Officers Association.

"My darling," it ran. "It was wonderful seeing you." She had been writing him that sort of letter herself at the time, but she hadn't written him that one. It was signed Felicity. For a little while, her world lay in pieces about her. She had seriously thought of killing herself. But people with a sense of humor rarely commit suicide. She didn't. Like all terrible griefs, time made it bearable. No one can have everything in this weary world, and the most sensible course seemed to her to be to make the best of what one had.

Owen was a marvelous person. He was such fun, such a good companion. He was the sort of man a woman likes to be seen around with. Since the war, he had had a staff job, being now too old to fight. In his uniform, with his red tabs and double row of medal ribbons, he was a figure people looked at twice.

So she settled down and never told him she knew. Nowadays she could even smile a little about it, to herself. It seemed, in a fashion, all mixed up with

(Continued on page 42)

Your Throat

BY ELSIE MC CORMICK

After an interview with Charles J. Imperatori, M.D., President, American Laryngological Association

Here's the story of the human throat, the body's entrance hall and one of its most complicated mechanisms—what it does and how you should take care of it

With the bronchoscope (at left), having a small light on one end, an eyepiece on the other and a series of mirrors between them, the bronchial tubes may be examined

BECAUSE your throat serves as entrance hall to the body, taking proper care of it is a prime form of health insurance. According to Doctor Charles J. Imperatori, President of the American Laryngological Association, you can help to keep it in good trim by following a few simple rules. Also, there are homely, long-established ways of treating minor throat diseases, and recent advances in technique that are cutting down the killing power of major ones.

The throat may seem, to a layman, as simple an affair as a laundry chute. Actually, it is a complicated piece of engineering. Through it pass the air, the food and the liquid that keep our engines running; out of it ride the sound waves that make human communication possible; in it lie traps and other defenses to hold back invasions of disease germs.

It is customary to speak of a sore throat as if it were a single disease. In reality it might mean anything from a gentle hint that you are smoking too much to the presence of diphtheria or cancer.

To understand a little about the throat, we might take its main points of interest.

Standing watch on either side of its entrance are the tonsils, almondlike in shape and rosy pink. Each one is pitted by about twenty crypts. These are dead-end caves where, normally, invading germs are trapped and digested.

Beyond the tonsils, the entrance hall leads into two corridors—one, in front, for air, and the other, just behind it, for food and liquids. The upper part of th air channel is the larynx, walled by irregular rings of cartilage. The largest o them includes the Adam's apple. Abou an inch above the base of the neck, th larynx narrows down and becomes th ringed trachea. At its ends, after it divides, lie the bronchial tubes and the lung

While it doesn't matter particularly i a reasonable amount of air gets into th stomach (there is only the hazard of slight pain or a disconcerting burp), i is likely to matter a good deal if food o liquid enters the breathing apparatus.

Fortunately, the air channels are ingeniously protected. When you swallow a leaf-shaped membrane closes down t block the way; the larynx rises to mee this living box lid; and, inside the laryn the pearly white vocal cords come together like folding doors. When this fail to occur, the results might range all th way from a mere coughing spell to deat from pneumonia or strangulation.

Considering how elaborately our neck are furnished, it becomes obvious that pain there might have many explanation If your throat suddenly feels sore o scratchy and you have no other symptom the chances are that you have irritated by smoking too much, drinking scalding hot coffee, indulging in something t which you are allergic, or trying to pus the home team down the field by th strength of your vocal cords.

If you feel achy and slightly feverish th cause is probably a mild infection. Th thing to do is to go to bed, adopt a flui but nourishing diet, and have plenty o orange and lemon juice. By resting, yo give the warlike antibodies a chance t come to grips with the invaders.

All progress in medicine isn't forwar In treating these minor throat infection some of the sound ideas of a hundre years ago are coming back into st Among these are gargling with vineg and applying a carefully prescribed mi ture of glycerine and iodine. Some sp cialists prefer the old-fashioned h flannel to the collar of ice which part superseded it. Both heat and cold ser the same purpose—they bring blood the infected area.

Take Simple Precautions

In the matter of throat-borne infectior the layman can do much to protect hir self. He can guard against predisposi irritants, get enough rest, and take vit min pills as a supplement to his war-cu tailed diet.

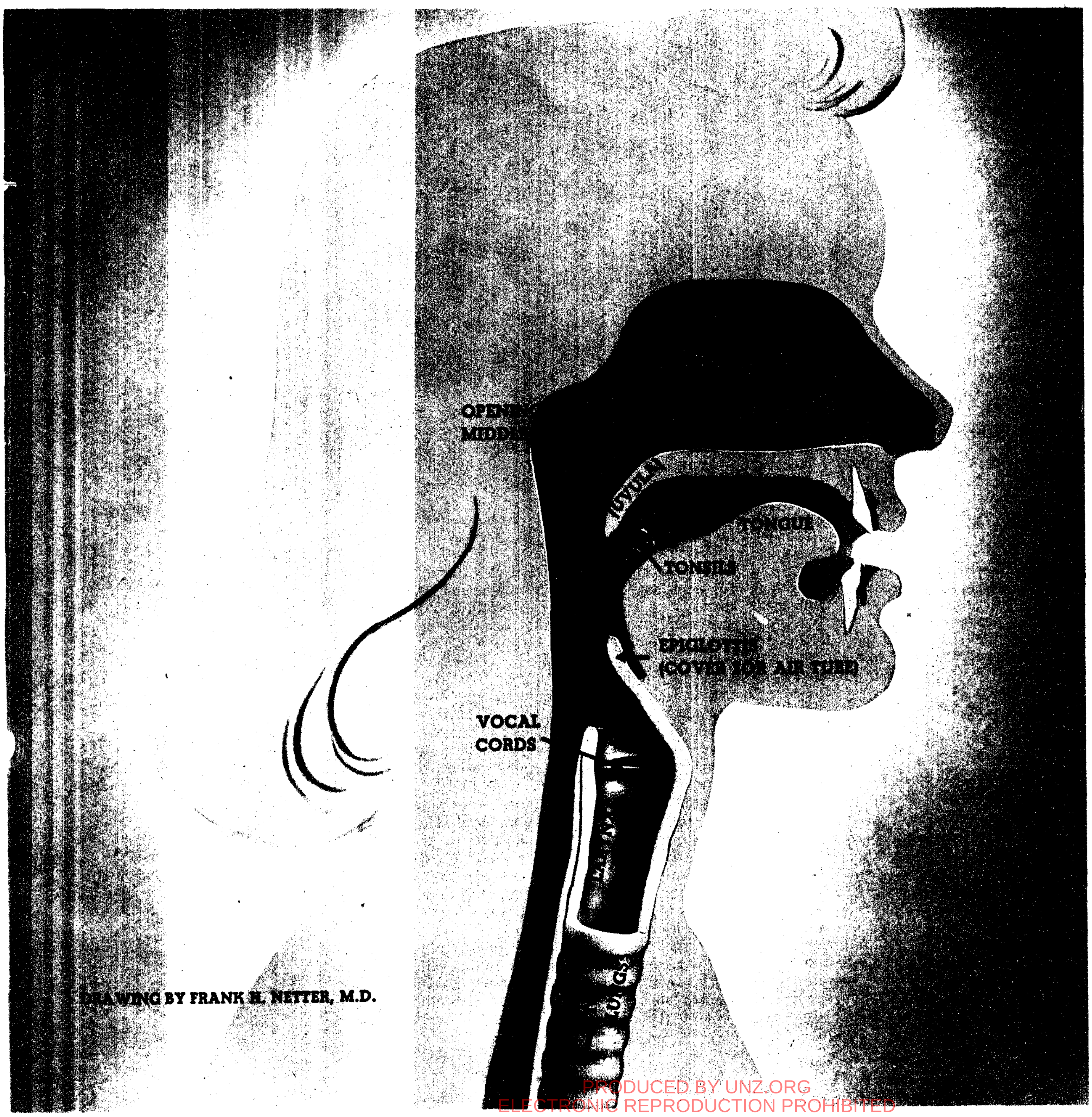
A good means of courting a throat i fection, especially if your resistance low, is to eat at a soda fountain where t dishes are dunked in a pool of tepid wat Careless dishwashing is also blamed f the spread through families of many col and throat ailments. Eating utensils shou always be generously soaped. The rinsi should be done in water having a tempe ture of at least 180 degrees.

If you practice good oral hygiene, y can make it more difficult for bacteria gain a foothold. A person who does allow his teeth to decay, has suspicio tonsils treated, and frequently uses clea ing mouthwashes is likely to have l trouble with throat-borne infections th one who leaves it all to nature.

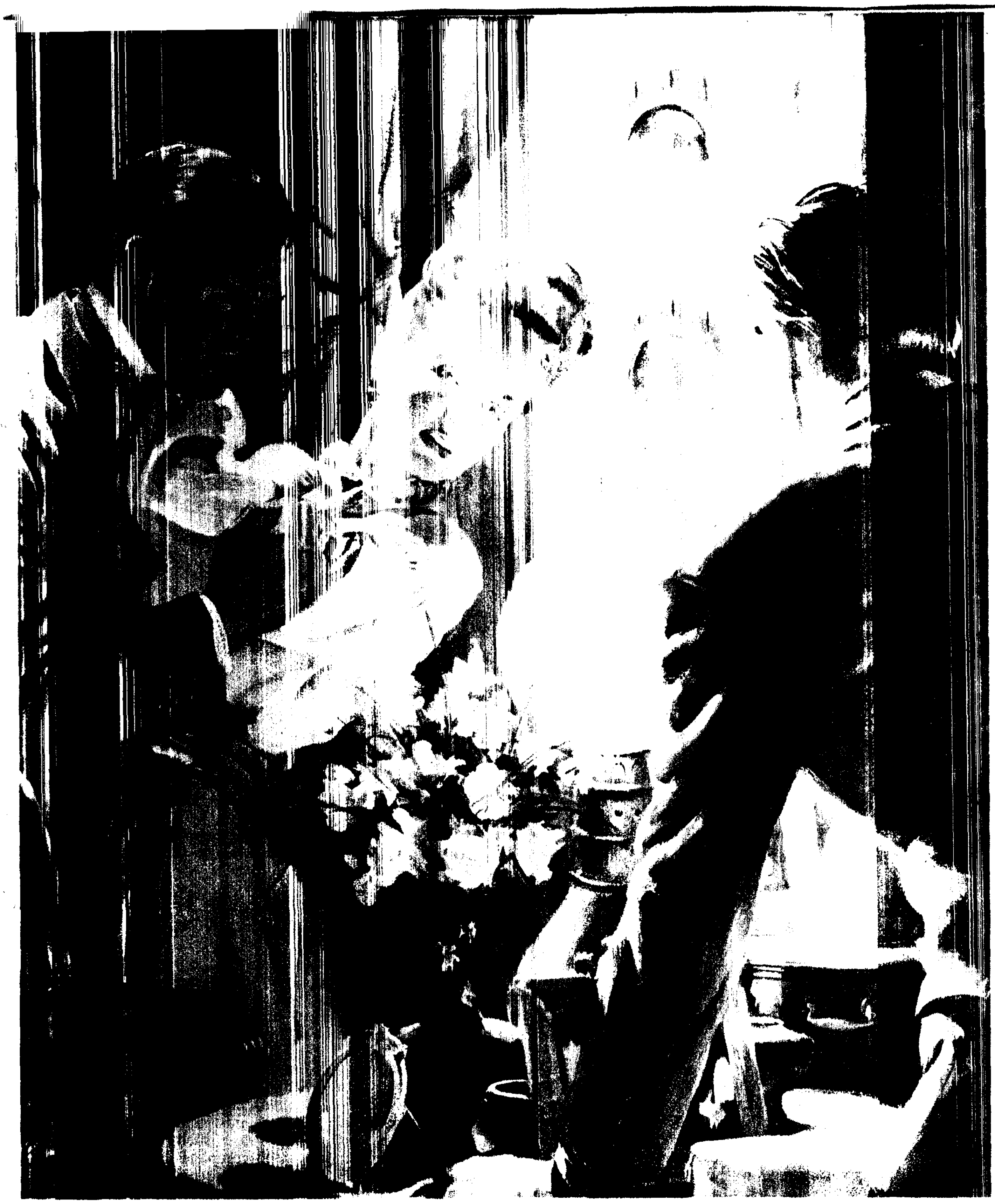
Looming up ahead of us is the chan of a victory over infection, which, if re ized, would reduce illness to an alm miraculous degree. It centers around search for a "wetting agent" that can used safely on human membranes. A w ting agent is a chemical which bre down surface tension, thus making t surface easier to wash and more diffic to adhere to.

The throat tries to get rid of invad by means of grasslike cell outgrow called cilia. Submerged in mucous, th

(Continued on page 52)



DRAWING BY FRANK H. NETTER, M.D.



Pat Shea stepped forward. They turned on him in consternation, and Brutelle swung violently away from the girl. "I'll smash you bloody!" he threatened

WIDOW'S MITE

BY JACK MACMURRAGH

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A boy has a right to a dog—a woman has a right to self-respect. Pat Shea had a right and a left to see justice done

AT ESCANABA, on the edge of the Michigan iron country, he caught a train of empties going West. All night he rode it, alone up in the cupola of the caboose, while the engine's stabbing light plowed through the smug and secretive lights of the little towns or waited for a meet on the lonesome sidings, dimmed and half dead between the wan-colored switch lights.

It was early morning when the train came slipping around the curve into Crystal Falls, the tired whistle moaning out ahead. And Pat Shea stood on the caboose's step looking for the town spread out on the hill.

At the depot he got down with a smooth and practiced step and let momentum carry him across the platform, curving into the doorway. The early-trick operator looked up and said, "Well, hello," with his eyes spreading under his eyeshade, smiling in surprise.

"I'm ready for work," Shea said. "I'll leave my bag here."

"We're short of men," the operator said. "I'll send the call boy to Green's after you."

"I won't be at Green's," Shea said, and walked out and up the street, past Green's Hotel where most of the railroad men stayed, and where he himself had stayed when he had switched here that summer two years before.

It was here in Crystal Falls, in the back room of Tommy Gallivan's saloon, that Pat Shea had taken the beating that near finished him—the beating that drove him out of town. And yet the memory of the town—and of fat little old Tommy Gallivan, who was no longer a friend—had pulled at him as though it were his home, the place where his father lived. And that made no sense; for Pat Shea, lonely man and wanderer, had never known either a home or a father.

Pat Shea was a railroad boomer and a man of his fists; but he was more than that, too. He was a dark, hard-shouldered man who carried the tight stillness of his loneliness upon him. That first summer he'd come here, old Tommy Gallivan's shrewd eyes had known him for what he was. All that summer Pat Shea had boxed under Tommy's management and to Tommy's profit, on Saturday nights or Sundays, until that fall night when, matched with a man named Brutelle, he had taken his beating.

He had gained a name for himself that summer, and friends, too, though he was not the man to recognize that, holding friendship dearer than most. He was a man who kept himself to himself, except in the evenings, maybe, when he'd sit before the saloon with Tommy and Tommy's dog, the big brindle-and-white pit bull. Because of that, because of his manner of life and his manner of boxing, we'd called him The Gentleman—and because he had a boy's heart, which Tommy Gallivan said was the mark of a gentleman.

When he came from the depot at that early hour, the street was empty except for a woman and a boy at the head of the hill, and for old Arch Simons with his stooping snoop and his nose against the window of Mendelson's drygoods store. The sun laid lone light and early shadow on the saloons and stores; and up at the head of the hill it caught, rich and lovely in the morning, the skirt of the woman walking with the boy.

And then, suddenly, before Gallivan's saloon, there was the dog, his breast silky white with the sun on it, busy about his morning inspection like old Simons, though with a different heart. He recognized Pat Shea and came at him, his head swinging with the joy of the meeting.

Pat Shea said, "Hi, boy," and went down on his heels.

He was there before Gallivan's saloon with his hands on Gallivan's dog when he felt the woman's heels on the planks of the walk and he looked up to see her walking into the sunlight with the richness of the morning on her face. He looked her straight in the eyes, and for one moment of strange openness, her eyes were upon him, soft and warm as seeking hands, as though she had been dreaming, still warm and sleepy from her bed. And then she shifted her eyes to the boy who had lifted his step on seeing the dog; and quickly she said, "No, Gerry! No!"

THE lad stopped, but he did not turn. He was a strong-legged lad, though dressed like a sissy in patent-leather shoes and a straw hat with a streamer of ribbon.

The woman said to Shea with a bright, false smile, "He isn't used to dogs." She was a girl, really, but with a woman's richness and a woman's weariness upon her face. As she spoke, she snapped into place a smile as tight and comfortless as her dress.

"A boy's got a right to pet a dog," Shea said. "Let him come."

At his word, the boy came with eagerness, and he put out his hand and went pat, pat, pat on the dog's head, his hand rigid like a very little boy's, like a boy unaccustomed to petting a dog.

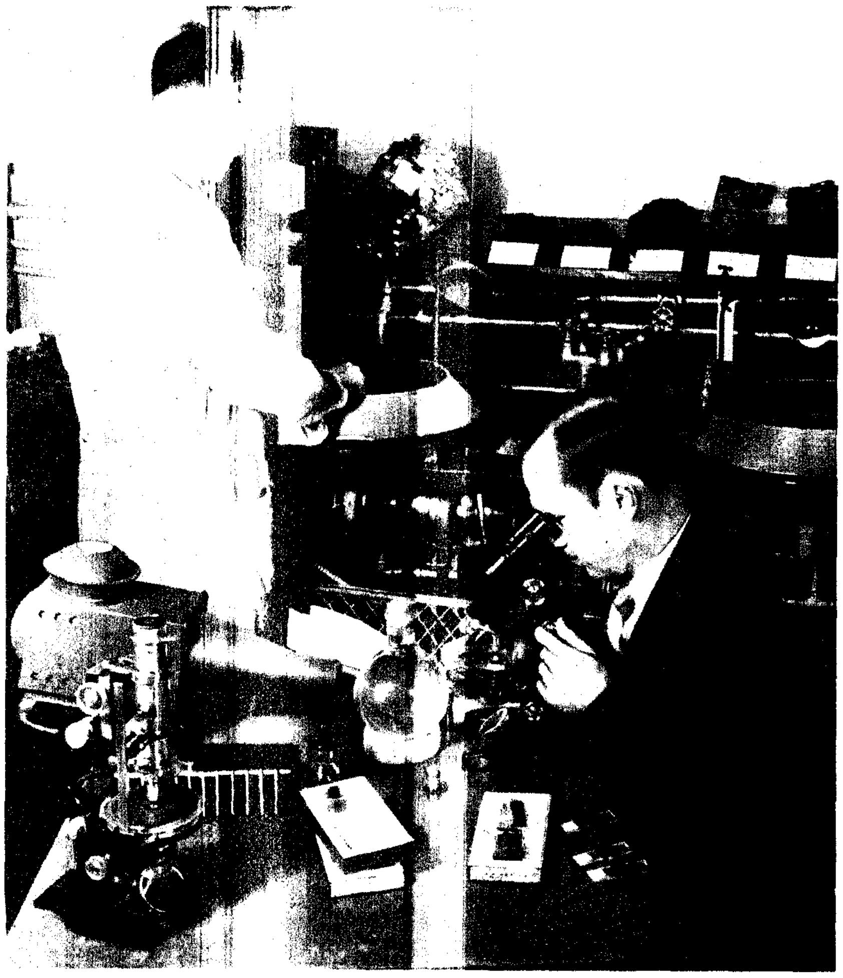
"Like this," Shea said. "Let your hand be friendly."

"Like this?" the kid asked. Then the dog's red tongue lopped out, and he moved to the lad and rubbed against him, butting him with his big, scarred head, staggering him. "Why," the kid said, his eyes wide at Shea, as though he'd seen an astounding thing. "Why, he likes me!"

And he laughed, suddenly, as a kid can laugh, hanging onto the dog's head, his laughter bubbling out of him into the street. "I know his name," he said. "He's got a swell name. His name's The Gentleman!"

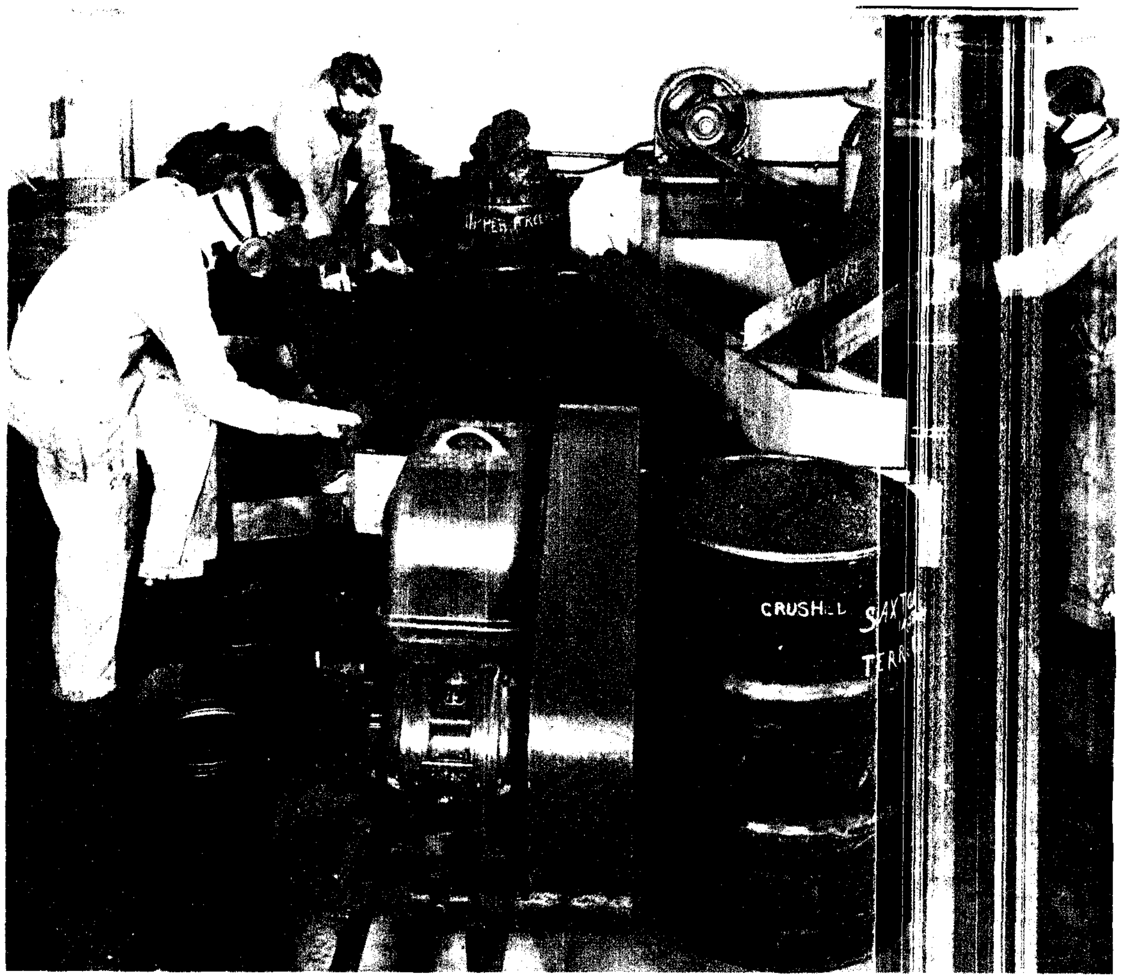
Pat Shea smiled at him, then, his teeth white as a child's in his hard face. He opened his mouth to say, "Tommy Galli-

(Continued on page 46)



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY BUREAU OF MINES, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Laboratory analysis of coal samples, including microscopic study, determines the oil content of coal with accuracy



Crushing and washing coal samples for conversion into oil. Bureau of Mines began these experiments eight years ago and finds most coal yields up to 70 gallons of oil per ton

Oil from Coal: A "Must" for America

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Our tremendous reserves of oil shales and coal can supply us with all the oil we'll need for the next thousand years, says Mr. Ickes. But we've no time to lose in building up our infant synthetic oil industries. Our oil is disappearing with alarming swiftness, and we're already feeling the pinch

BECAUSE the American people have for a long time been permitted, even encouraged, to believe that we possess the largest aggregate oil deposits in the world, and to consider these deposits inexhaustible, it is difficult for them to realize that their exhaustion is getting too close for comfort. After a manner of speaking, geologists already profess to see the bottom of the hole. Fortunately, they can see farther than the rest of us.

It is true that our known oil reserves are equivalent to twelve or thirteen years' consumption at the prewar rate of one and one half billion barrels a year. But these reserves can't continue to produce oil at that rate. The wells produce more slowly each year. It will take forty to fifty years to get the last of the producible oil out of the wells we are drawing upon today. This means, *not* that we will be facing an oil shortage in twelve or thirteen years, but that we are facing one *now*. We must find new oil *now*—and continuingly—in order even to maintain production at present levels.

There can be no doubt that we are running short of the petroleum that nature made millions of years ago. Unless we understand this and take it to heart, we are headed for trouble, considering the rate at which we have been consuming this irreplaceable resource for the past fifteen years, and more particularly during the past five years.

What readjustments will follow when we run out of our supply of petroleum, or are so close to the end of it that we can't avoid seeing it even if we would, is something about which comparatively little has been said. The petroleum and the coal, the railroads and power industries will be among the first to have to accommodate themselves to the industrial order when the war is over, and reconstruction begins. That they are going to be hard put to it is certain, and the individual householder will feel the same pressures.

There is a growing conviction that the use of natural crude oil for the refining of heating oil is reprehensibly wasteful of a fluid that is too precious to burn just to keep us warm when a less expensive and a more abundant fuel is available.

What are we going to do to compensate us for the loss of natural crude? What are we going to do to keep the gasoline age going?

We can neither victoriously engage in war nor be successful and happy in peace without oil—oil as gasoline, oil as a fuel, oil as a lubricant. We know where to go for coal, food, clothing, etc., when stocks run low. We can supply ourselves indefinitely. But not so with oil, even if, when peace comes, we can import crude to supplement our dwindling natural supplies.

At the risk of being called a scarcity-monger, or something even worse, I insist that we must proceed without further delay to produce gasoline from coal, of which we have a tremendous supply, and from oil shale. I predict that we may live to see the end of the gasoline age unless we tackle the job objectively.

The consumption of petroleum products for military purposes has been so enormous that if we were ever to be called upon, with or without allies, to fight another world war, we could not supply ourselves with the gasoline needed to win it. In another world war, we could no more import oil than we have been able to during this one. Even if the coming peace turns out to be an everlasting one, we still ought to be able to supply our own oil and not have to depend upon the resources of foreign lands. My prediction is—and I have asked for no trademark for it—that even after peace comes, we and the rest of the world will be using unimaginable quantities of oil and some of it for now unimaginable purposes.

Facing the Situation

Some two years ago, concerned about our failure to discover new oil reserves to replace those being used so rapidly, I sent for Doctor R. R. Sayers, Director of the Bureau of Mines, and asked him what knowledge there was in the Department about making synthetic gasoline. I knew that Hitler had to depend for his gasoline supply largely upon hydrogenation of coal, and I was curious to know what, if anything, we had done in that direction.

Doctor Sayers told me that we had done some experimenting with various processes but that we were not up to date. At once, I went to the Congress and asked for a special fund of $125,000, of which $85,000 was to be used for building and equipment and the balance for operation in expanding our experiments.

My request for funds was quickly granted. We were able to start work in small laboratory pilot plants, testing various processes with different types of coal. We experimented with oil shales, too. We now know what can be done on a laboratory scale. We wish to go further right away and discover whether any of th
products are producible in commerc
plants, under what conditions, and
what cost.

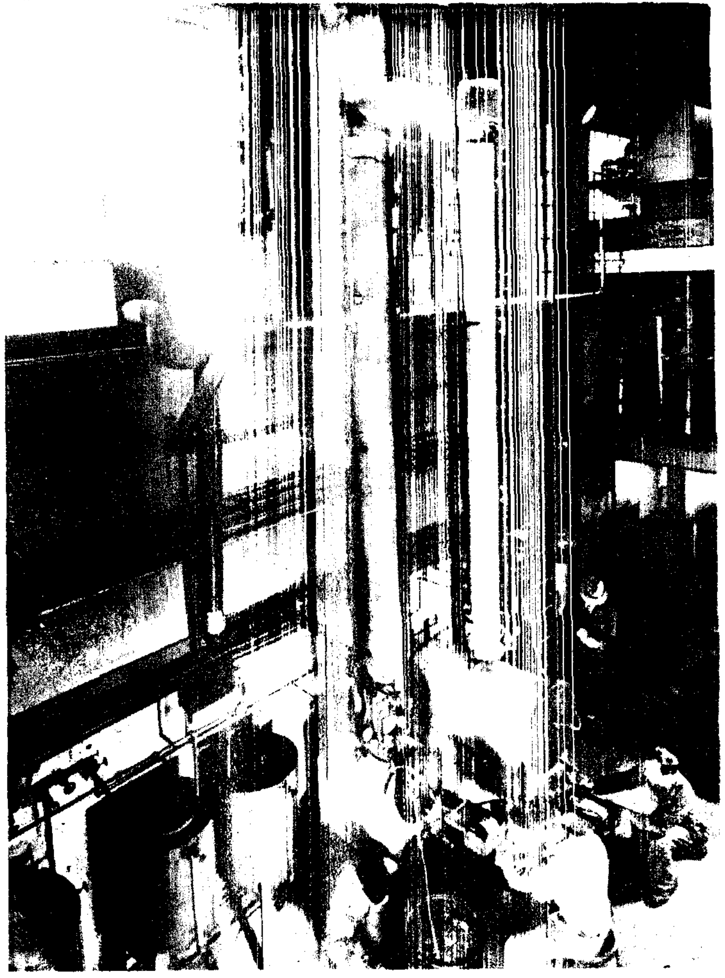
Meanwhile, two Bureau of Mines
gineers, Doctor W. C. Schroeder, assista
chief of the Fuels and Explosives Servi
and Doctor H. H. Storch, principal phy
cal chemist, in charge of synthetic f
research, visited Great Britain and
tained complete information on the la
plants converting coal into oil and ga
line. They returned convinced that Gr
Britain is far ahead of the United Sta
in its experimental work. Their v
abroad should speed the development
hydrogenation in the United States.

Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney has
ready taken a toe hold on the progr
and after introducing S. 1243, which
plements my ideas on the subject, rece
conducted meetings of widespread in
est in Washington, Pittsburgh, Salt L
City, and Sheridan, Wyoming. Th
meetings were held under the auspices
the war mineral subcommittee of the S
ate Committee on Public Lands and
veys, of which Senator O'Mahoney
chairman. Other members of the Cong
who participated in the hearings w
Senator Abe Murdock of Utah, Sena
Chan Gurney of South Dakota, and R
resentative Jennings Randolph of W
Virginia, chairman of the subcommi
of the House Committee of Mines
Mining.

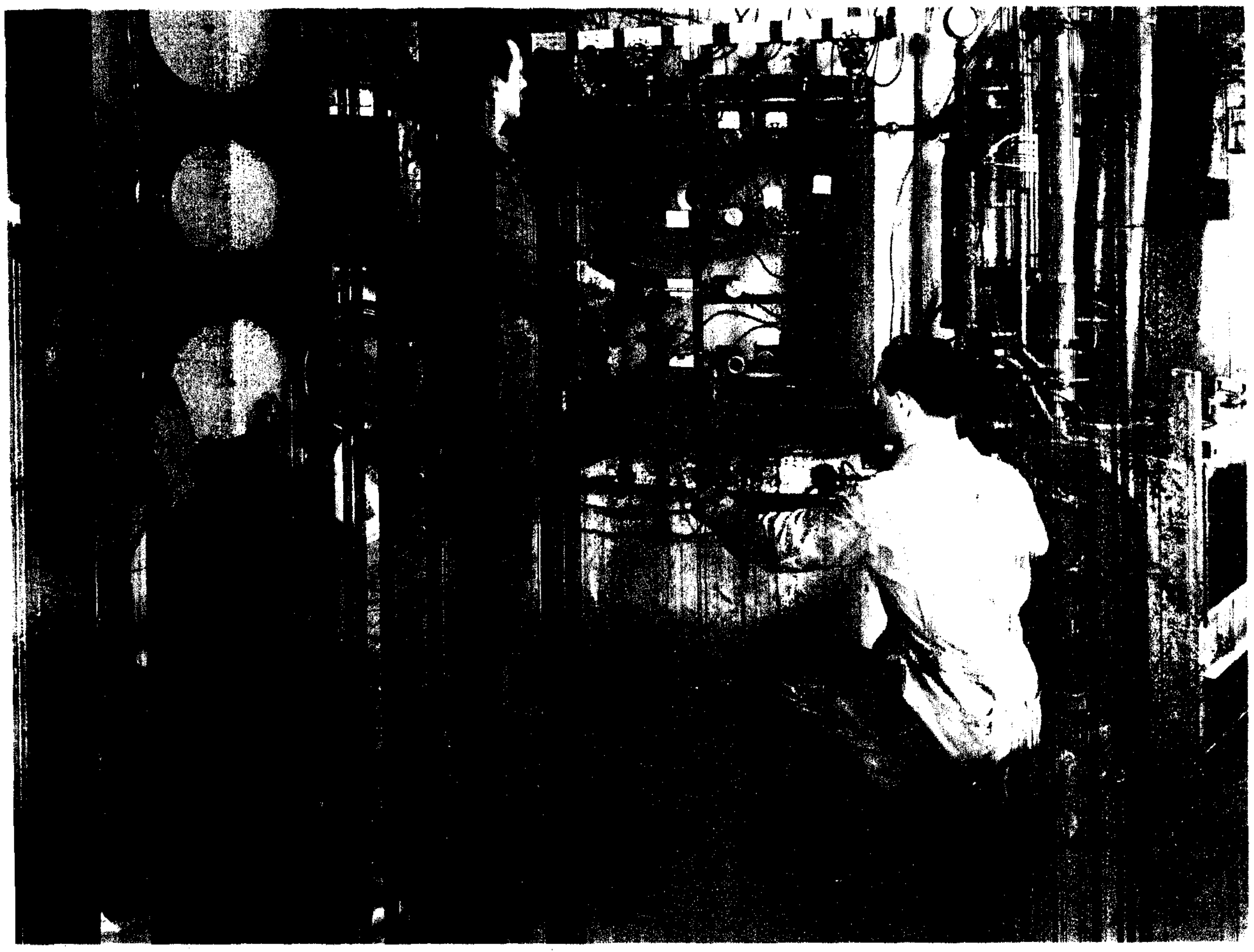
Let me say here that the governm
has no intention of competing with
domestic oil industry. What we plan
do is in the national interest. As soo
we find out all there is to know about
hydrogenation of coal and the extrac
of oil from shale, that knowledge
be made available to private indus

In furtherance of this plan, which
conceived in its Bureau of Mines,

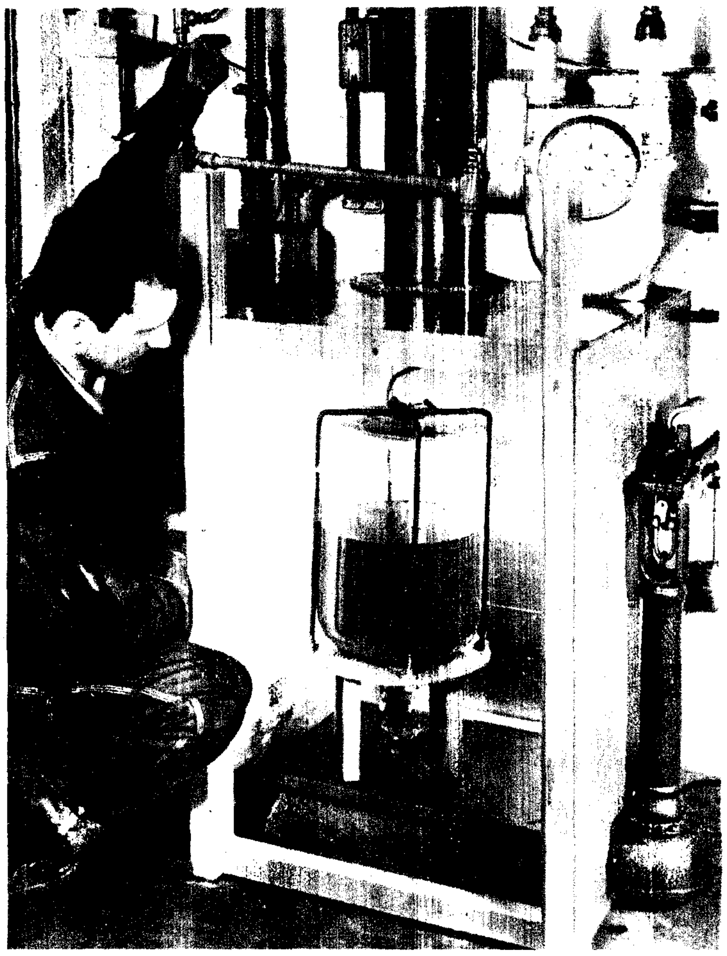
Because hydrogen gas is essential in one of the two principal methods of hydrogenizing coal (the Bergius process), the Bureau of Mines produces its hydrogen gas from fuel gas in the plant above



Small-scale "cracking" plant distills additional gasoline from medium oil that is obtained in the hydrogenation process



Conversion of coal into crude oil occurs in a "bombproof" chamber when hydrogen, under right conditions of heat and pressure, is introduced into a mixture of pulverized coal and oil



Gasoline derived from coal flows from the converter room into containers. Amounts of gasoline and oil obtained are measured to determine crude content of different shales and coals

Department of the Interior is supporting legislation before the Congress for $100,000,000 with which to build and operate demonstration plants for producing, on a small commercial scale, gasoline and oil from coal and shale. In an era of billions, $100,000,000 isn't much. And it wouldn't be much in any circumstances if it were the means of assuring us that for the next thousand years or more, we shall not lack the gasoline and the lubricants we will need in ever-increasing quantities.

Synthetic gasoline cannot be made by any known method, except at a cost in excess of the gasoline that is distilled from crude oil. The British have not released figures indicating the cost of making gasoline. However, figures which are believed to be based on very reliable data indicated in 1938 a cost of 18 cents per U. S. gallon. Under present conditions, these costs may be somewhat higher. On the other hand, they are based on a plant producing only 3,500 barrels of gasoline a day and would be expected to be lower for a larger plant.

There is every reason to believe that, with improved methods plus quantity production, prices will fall. And even if they should not, we shall be obliged to have gasoline for the gasoline age that we have already clearly entered, whatever it may cost. We must not wait until we have to depend upon synthetic gasoline before getting ready to supply it.

The average person doesn't appreciate the important part that petroleum plays in his daily life. Nearly two generations have come to depend upon petroleum for many of the pleasures and essentials of life, and its influence is woven into the fabric of our entire social and economic order.

Let this be clear: There will be no suspension of efforts to find and to develop new oil fields. We will "wildcat as usual," even more than usual, on the chance that we may add to our proved reserves. But if we are going to be entirely realistic, we will do more.

It is unlikely that private capital will venture on any large scale into a new and untried industry, no matter how bright the prospects may be. There are too many unanswered questions, too many formulas to be worked out, and too many experiments yet to be conducted. Since the health and welfare of all the people are involved, the federal government is the logical organization to do the spadework.

(Continued on page 28)

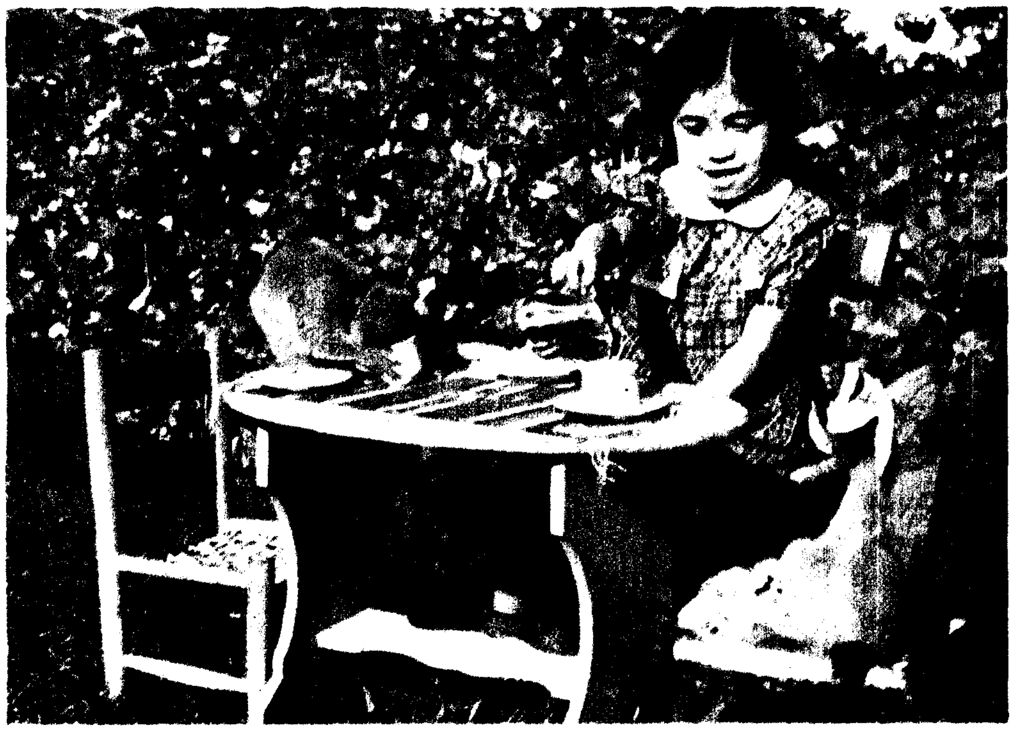
They brought me back alive

BY JULE MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Mannix and her husband thought it would be fun, and profitable, to bring back a few wild animals from Mexico. They did, but there was little fun and no profit, and now they're stuck with them

This baby deer, above, is happily guzzling a specially prepared formula of goat's milk and manzanilla tea. Right, Joe-Joe, a boat-billed heron, awaits his ration of fish



Little Chequita's party guests are Mrs. Kinkajou and her baby daughter. Below, a red-bellied squirrel, named Ardilla, washes down his dinner with a little spot of wine

DON'T talk to me about Frank Buck. Any illusions I may have had about emulating Osa Johnson lie in shreds and ladders between here and Central America—along with my last silk stockings and most of my clothes. True, my husband and twenty-five assorted animals brought me back alive to New York, but there were times when the ant bears were offering fifteen to eight that I'd never make the border, and if I ever go off on an animal-catching expedition again, it will only be because my mind has become permanently impaired.

It all sounded fine in our comfortable apartment. I could see myself posing nonchalantly for the rotogravure section in stunning riding breeches and a pith helmet beside a large cage containing a roaring jaguar. In my innocence, I thought that jaguars were kept in cages and fed by a trustworthy Indian boy. Too late I discovered that our jaguars preferred sleeping in the same bed with us to keep warm during the cold nights. In New York, I heartily seconded my husband's desire to catch a couple of ocelots, the miniature leopards of South America, reasoning if they should die, I'd at least have a nice fur coat for next winter. Later, I had to wrap those ocelots in my only winter coat to keep them warm—and they ruined it.

It all started one evening when my husband and I were having tea with Mr. Roger Conant, the curator of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. Mr. Conant was regretting that the war had put a stop to all importations of animals from Asia and Africa, which to animal men are what Florida and California are to fruit growers

"But we have lots of interesting animals in this hemisphere," Mr. Conant went on brightly. "Some of the most interesting animals in the world are just over our southern border."

Well, Dan, my husband, and I were planning a trip through Mexico that summer and we said we'd bring Mr. Conant back some animals. We'd both had three or four cocktails and it seemed like a good idea at the time. We thought it was an awful pity to have all those animals running around down there with nobody appreciating them. Of course, I know now why nobody appreciates them. No one is foolish enough to get that close.

We picked up our first acquisition in a little town called Victoria, about halfway between Monterrey and Mexico City. We had stopped for gas and, while I was sitting in the front seat waiting for the tank to be filled, I saw a woebegone ball of fur tied to the fuel pump. I got out, examined the ball closer and saw that it was a baby animal composed mainly of a huge nose and tail and a pair of mournful eyes.

"And what does that one call itself?" I asked the garage attendant in my best Spanish.

"It calls itself Poncho, Señorita," politely answered the attendant, also in Spanish. Then he added in perfect English, "But Americans call them ant bears."

Two Additions to the Family

We purchased Poncho for one peso, as the nucleus of our collection, although Poncho seemed rather small to be the nucleus of anything. When the negotiations were completed, the attendant's little boy, who had been watching wide-eyed, burst into tears. Dan, recalling the beautiful legends of the mystic understanding that exists between children and their pets, was deeply touched.

"Did Poncho belong to you," he asked, feeling in his pocket for another peso.

Later it transpired that Poncho had a sister that was being used as a door stopper somewhere. We got her for another peso and put them both in a large basket in the back of our station wagon.

As we would have to live with the ant bears for the rest of the summer, my first act was to wash them—in hopes of disturbing the twenty or thirty different kinds of lice on them. My efforts were practically one hundred per cent successful. Most of the lice moved onto me. Instead of being grateful, both ant bears fought the washing tooth and nail, and, let me assure you, this is no figure of speech. I got the impression they would far rather have stayed behind in Victoria and be skinned. But I was determined to bring them back not only alive but clean, and the bites they

(Continued on page 63)

THE STATUE IN THE FOG

BY STANLEY F. DONATH

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The liner zigzagged through submarine-infested seas—and aboard her a girl had to choose between loyalty and love

THERE was a riot when the busses drew up at last. They had told us to take the boat train from Euston Station at seven-thirty, and we arrived at the Cunard House sometime after midnight. They packed us into the large basement rooms and there we sat, cold and uncomfortable, on chairs and tables and trunks and packing cases while the night outside the barred windows grew pale and the noises of the day woke up one after the other.

The refugees were huddled close together, and they gave the impression of men who have slept in their clothes for many nights. Most of them were elderly men, and nearly all of them wore glasses. They looked very funny and very foreign.

A gust of wind stabbed through the basement window like a knife, and somebody said, "It's really cold in here—I'm going to have a cup of tea upstairs."

I turned to the man who had spoken. He was a small, unobtrusive fellow in the uniform of a Cunard officer; his uniform was shiny and thin at the knees as if it had been brushed and pressed too often. He grinned a little and touched the peak of his cap. "Won't you come with me?" he said. "We can't take all these people with us, but maybe you could pick half a dozen or so."

I hesitated a little, and then I said, "Thank you, I will," and looked the crowd over. I chose at random a very beautiful German girl with pale blond hair to whom I had spoken a few words; a pregnant Czech woman with a face like a medieval saint, and her husband, who was short, stocky and worried; and an elderly man with glasses and yellowish-white whiskers who moved with the dignity of an exiled king. A tall, dark fellow with a long scar across his forehead who had sat near by on his pigskin trunk joined us without being urged.

The tearoom was on the top floor. We sat down at a table and the officer ordered breakfast. The German girl viewed him curiously and said, "You are the captain of the Alexandra, aren't you?"

"No," he said in a low voice and rolled his eyes. "I'm the First Lord of the Admiralty, Miss. But don't tell it to anybody." We all laughed and the German girl blushed. She looked very lovely when she blushed. The elderly man with the whiskers cleared his throat and said, "I t'ink I speak in everybody's name when I t'ank you for your kindness, sorr. I hope I can reciprocate at some occasion. My name is Doctor Leonard Meyerstein."

"How do you do," the officer said and looked a little embarrassed. "I believe I read your name on the passenger list, Doctor. You are from Berlin, aren't you?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "Most of the passengers are Berliners, it seems. At least the third-class ones."

"Oh, yes," the little officer said. He turned to me then. "And you're a schoolteacher from the Midlands," he said. "You're visiting an aunt in Camden to look after her kids and study Walt Whitman's life on the side, aren't you?"

"Quite," I said. "With the only exception that I am not English but Austrian and never set foot in the Midlands; and, of course, my aunt lives in New York and has no children, and then I am not a schoolteacher but a nurse."

There was again a thin peal of laughter, and the little officer looked uncomfortable. "I'm sorry," he muttered. "You talk quite like an English girl. I hope you had a nice time in England."

"Very nice," I said and smiled with tight lips. "I've come straight from Newbury jail, you know. They arrested me because I looked a little like some enemy agent they had on file. And, of course, they sacked me in the hospital. I had a wonderful time in England."

The officer's face grew rigid and the little funny lights went out of his eyes. "I'm sorry, Miss," he muttered. "The fellows in Scotland Yard usually know what they're doing. They're quite smart fellows, most of hem are."

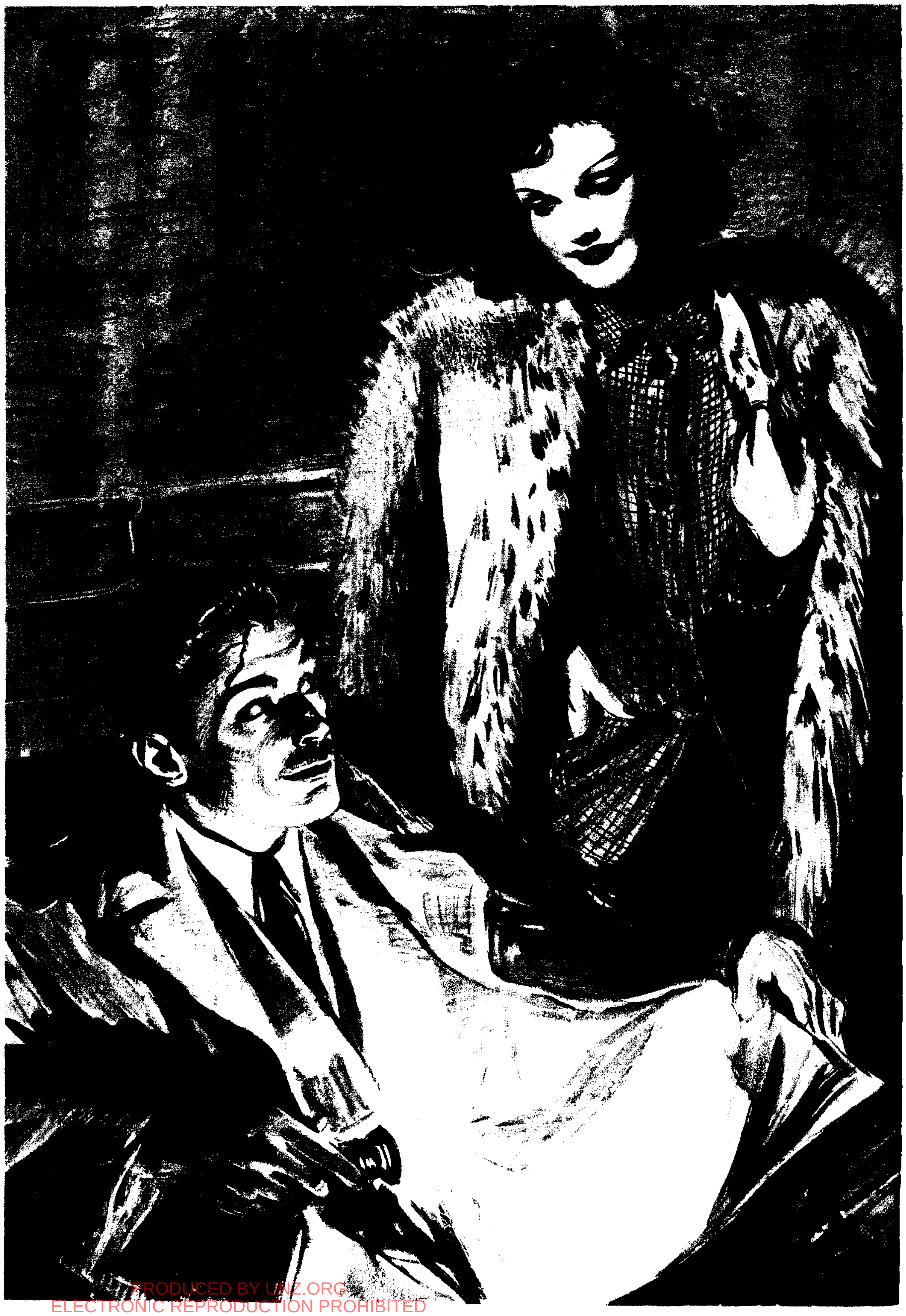
There was a short silence, pierced by the angry blasts of a steam whistle from the harbor. A pale morning sun rose over the buildings of the pierhead and made he faces around the table look like those of people on a stage, with strange lights and shadows around the eyes and the temples. Dr. Meyerstein looked as if he wanted to say something, but then he only cleared his throat and pulled at his tie underneath the beard. The tall, dark fellow with the scar on his forehead had not spoken at all. He sat and looked at me from under heavy eyelids, detached and a little amused.

THE weather was rough the first two days and I lay in my cabin floating between waves of sickness and sleep.

The third day was crisp and sunny and I felt better. In the afternoon I took my coat and went upstairs. There were lots of Canadian sailors hanging around in the passages and I could see them

(Continued on page 57)

"You shouldn't do that," I said. "The ship might be sunk." . . . "They won't sink this ship," de Bolvary said



They still like soft, flattering lines down South. The girl above gets the sergeant's phone number and incidentally wears a coral-lined, large-brimmed hat that is a favorite in New Orleans. The romantic filmy veil is excellent for Southern morale

PUTTING YOUR HAT ON THE MAP

BY ANNE SINCLAIR

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

NO POLITICIAN keeps his fingers on the nation's pulse more tenderly than Helen Liebert, designer of hats. The New Orleans pulse beats faster, Miss Liebert finds, under the influence of pretty hats, hats with big, romantic brims, pastel hats dripping with flowers and ribbons. And as New Orleans goes, so go all the cities below Mason and Dixon's line. The Solid South is solid for sweetness in its women and their hats.

But a pretty-pretty Southern topper wouldn't cause a flutter in New York—possibly because it just wouldn't do in a subway. New Yorkers respond to small, trim hat sophisticates. In black, for choice, or black with white, or black with fur, or anyway black. New Yorkers pay high for hats, though few would care to touch the all-time high price tag Miss Liebert put on one confection. The velvet turban she built around the famous Schwab diamond sold for $175,050. Four guards brought the gem to her workroom in an armored car and stood over her with eagle eyes and hands on holsters as she sewed the jewel into place.

In San Francisco, veils are out; the city's fog makes them go limp. Big brims are out; the wind yanks them off. Here's a suit town that warms to typical suiter hats, tailored, suave, often in felt dyed to match suit colors.

Movie-star-minded Los Angeles requires something spectacular in the way of headgear. A sharp color, a surprise sideway sweep, anything new, different. Because its seasons are six weeks ahead of the East, this city serves as a tryout town for styles launched later in New York.

Washington, which used to buy more matronly hats in proportion to its population than any other city, is of a different mind this year. Young, smart new residents demand gay little dress-up hats for cocktails and dinner dancing. St. Louis is more of the East than the West, outdoing New York in sophistication, while Minneapolis and Cleveland want ladylike hats, pretty but dignified. Milwaukee, whose tall girls have the biggest head sizes in the country, likes close-fitting creations.

Allowing for individual idiosyncracies, Miss Liebert says that the hatwise map of the United States falls into three sections, South, East and West, with the Mississippi River and Mason and Dixon's line as boundaries, and that these areas demand, respectively, sentimental, sophisticated and conservative headgear. She anticipates that more and more cities will shift to Eastern hat-ways, as Los Angeles, St. Louis and Chicago have done. New York's citified hats are, she believes, the ones that best answer the urban dweller's wish for a blend of practicality and chic.

All this isn't maybe-so with Helen Liebert. Her business is built on her sure knowledge of sectional tastes. Stores in many cities order hats from her, sight unseen, because they know that she knows what their customers want.

"I don't need to hear a girl's accent to know where she comes from," Miss Liebert says. "All I have to do is look at her hat." ★★★

Left: A Los Angeles hat of turquoise and mink. Women of this city are first to accept new ideas, want their hats to be "different." Westerners prefer the pure-browed look off-the-face types give them. Right: New Yorkers, like other Eastern women, prefer simple hats. This small, head-fitting one of black velvet and ermine is typical

HOTEL BERLIN—1943

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The Story Thus Far:

ON HIS way to a state banquet at the Hotel Berlin, in the German capital, General Arnim von Dahnwitz, just back from the Russian front, meets the woman he loves—Lisa Dorn, Germany's most popular actress—in the lobby. He introduces a young flier, Oberleutnant Otto Kauders, to Lisa, then goes in to the banquet.

Hiding in the hotel is a young anti-Nazi—Martin Richter—who had escaped from the Gestapo shortly before he was to have been executed. Aided by two old Frenchmen employed at the Berlin, he is disguised as a waiter. He brings Lisa's dinner to her in her suite. As he is serving her, the police enter, search the place. As they leave, he faints. When he comes to, he reveals his identity, tells her his tragic story. Deeply moved and attracted, Lisa decides to protect him if she can. . . .

General von Dahnwitz is involved with other high army officers in a plot to overthrow Hitler, and the Gestapo has discovered it. After the banquet, Baron von Stetten, the host, "suggests" to the general that it would be best for him to kill himself. . . .

Lisa permits Martin Richter to spend the night in her room. The following day he takes refuge in the suite of Geoffrey Nichols, a famous English writer who, a tool of the Nazis, is held a virtual prisoner in the hotel. Nichols musters sufficient courage to advise Richter. They are joined by Adolf, a pageboy at the hotel who is active in the underground. Adolf hides Martin in an elevator shaft. Later he brings him a porter's uniform in which he disguises himself.

After a heated interview with Gestapo Commissar Helm and a sad luncheon with Lisa, who is unaware of the general's situation, von Dahnwitz puts his affairs in order, then shoots himself. Meanwhile, Tilli Weiler, mistress of the crooked Gauleiter Plottke, has informed Helm that she has observed a man's suit among the dresses in Lisa's fabulous wardrobe.

In the afternoon, Lisa returns to the hotel, finds Martin waiting in her room. He is wearing the gaudy porter's uniform, in which he plans to impersonate a Rumanian officer. As they declare their love for each other, Helm bursts in upon them. He realizes *he has found Richter!*

Desperate, more to protect Lisa than himself (for Martin is not afraid of death), he attacks the Nazi, knocks him out, carries him to the elevator shaft, and hurls him down it. A moment later, Oberleutnant Kauders calls. Lisa handles the situation coolly; she introduces Martin, in his porter's uniform, as "Captain Donescu" of the Rumanian legation.

Richter plays the role well. Kauders invites them downstairs for a drink. The crowded lobby is closely watched; every exit is guarded. As they sip their drinks, Lisa quietly begs Kauders to take the "Rumanian" out and get rid of him. Kauders is delighted to oblige; he escorts "Captain Donescu" out—to show him the town!

Meanwhile, Helm's body is discovered. Weyhard Wolle, Gestapo head, tells Baron von Stetten that he believes von Dahnwitz shot Helm, for revenge, before he took his own life. The Baron has his doubts, but keeps them to himself. He suspects that Martin Richter is in the hotel and that he, not von Dahnwitz, killed the Commissar.

Conclusion

"THAT'S Fräulein Tilli—over there at the bar," Pageboy Number 6 told the old lady. "That's the one you wanted to see, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's Tilli. I didn't recognize her for a moment. Would you, please, kindly tell her that I want to see her?"

"Frau Mueller, isn't it?" Adolf, the pageboy, asked.

"Yes. Tell her Sim's mother. Please."

The old lady shrank against the wall while she waited. Her pursed, wrinkled lips worked silently, and she couldn't control the nervous twitching of her face. In the pocket of her black jacket she clutched the yellow star.

Tilli's laughter stopped as Number 6 gave her the message. "Who?" she said. "Frau Mueller? Who's Frau Mueller? I don't know any Frau Mueller. Ask her what she wants. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"She says to tell you Sim's mother, Fräulein Tilli."

"Who?" Tilli said again. She put down the glass and shook off the hands of the Rumanians. "Quit pawing me," she said angrily. She straightened her hair and pulled her skirt over her knees. "Not Sim's mother?" she said softly. "Not Sim's mother?"

"She's been asking for you all day long," said Adolf. "That's her, over there."

"Holy Maria, Mother of God!" said Tilli, pushing the boy aside and leaving the bar. Her skin was ashen under the coarse rouge.

"It's you," she whispered, as she stood face to face with the old lady. "I didn't believe it. You shouldn't have come here."

"I know, Tilli. But I had to."

Tilli kept on staring at Sim's mother. That's the suit Knize made for her in '31, she thought.

Sim's mother nodded and opened her mouth in a grimace that was meant to be a smile. "Yes, Tilli," she said gently. "We've changed. Both of us."

"What do you want from me?" Tilli asked.

"It's about Papa. I can't talk about it here."

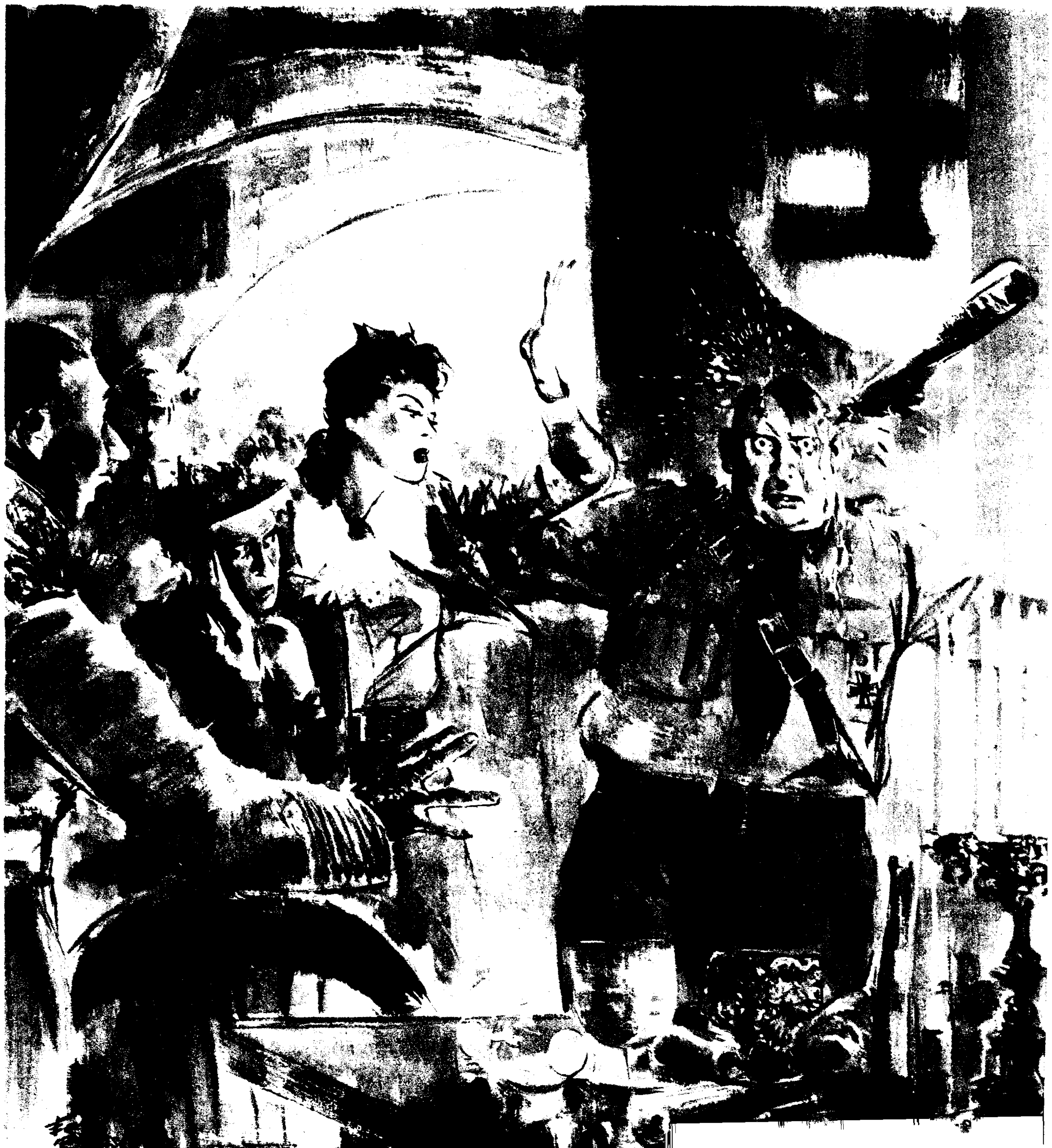
"You shouldn't have come," Tilli said again. She thought it over for a moment while the eyes of the old lady did not let go of her. "Let's go to my room," she said at last, with a sigh. I hope I won't get in trouble through having her here, she thought. She doesn't look Jewish. Sim did, in a cute sort of a way, and Papa Baruch, too. But Mamma could always pass as an Aryan. "Not the elevator," she said. "Let's walk upstairs."

As she opened the door of the monkey cage, Tilli hated her room. She would have liked to tear the photos off the wall, hide the empty bottles, chase out the stale smell of cheap perfume and yesterday's debauch. She threw her kimono over a bundle of dirty lingerie and shook a heap of cigarette stubs into the airless shaft outside the small window.

"What a nice room!" Sim's mother said, with automatic politeness.

"Oh, forget about the room. Sit down. Tell me why you came. Come on. Relax. Do you want something to drink? No? To

(Continued on page 67)



"There!" Tilli said, as she flung the bottle at Plottke. It hit with a dull plop against his forehead, splashed over his sputtering face, and broke with a crash on the floor

PIX

Kate the Great

By Kyle Crichton

The ups and downs of Katie Hepburn, a smart gal from Connecticut who took a beating and then came back to win

THE fact that Katie Hepburn is back in Hollywood makes people forget that she was once thrown out of the place practically by state edict. Those were the days when she was considered box-office poison, and theater managers looked on her as only slightly less menacing than the typhus germ. What brought her back, of course, was The Philadelphia Story and what has kept her there are such as Woman of the Year and Keeper of the Flame.

Nobody could agree what had happened when Katie came back. Either she had changed or Hollywood had changed or the world had changed. She was kind to reporters as well as to animals; she yoohooed to people half a block down the street; she revealed no evidence of temperament and she outraged no sensitive producer. Everybody was happy but the cynics.

"We agree with you that the lady is as beautifully colt-faced as ever," they said sourly, "but it's not Katie."

The truth seems to be that the real Hepburn is something for a psychologist, and *the last person who knows* Katie is Katie. She fancies herself as a philosopher and she is no philosopher; she gives the impression, publicly, of being an independent modern girl and in reality she is Papa's girl. She wore slacks at a time when slacks were considered obscene, and now everybody wears slacks; she drove a station wagon in a period when other stars got carsick in anything but a Rolls-Royce, and now everybody drives station wagons. She has been built up as Flaming Youth with tommy-gun overtones and in truth she is as retiring as a ground squirrel.

Her previous career in Hollywood was of the Roman candle variety. She started with A Bill of Divorcement, made four hits in four years and then . . . blooey! When it became apparent that if she made one more picture, people would begin chasing her with clubs in the street, she bought herself out of bondage with RKO and disappeared into oblivion. First, she offered the firm $25,000 to get out of her five-year contract, but they were coy and noncommittal. She raised the ante to $50,000, but it finally cost her $77,000 to leave them. Thinking that perhaps it was just her surroundings that had begun to throw her, she negotiated with other studios for a new contract and was kicked quite severely in the teeth. At RKO she had been getting $150,000 a picture and M-G-M kindly agreed to make a new deal with her. She could work for them, park her car right on the lot and have a nice dressing room. The remuneration would be $10,000 a picture.

"That's when you start looking up airline schedules," says Katherine.

Then one day when she was home at Saybrook, Connecticut, licking her wounds in the bosom of the family, she received a long-distance call from Philip Barry. He had an idea for a play and could he come up? He came up and got into the middle of a typical Hepburn house party. The talk is loud and eager in that setting, and everywhere Barry looked he could see groups violently engaged in political arguments, literary brawls and just plain yelling. He could just as easily have discussed his business during the running of the Derby at Churchill Downs.

"We got woods," said Katie, noting his fright. "Come on out in the woods."

They went out in the woods. Barry recited the plot of the play while picking burs off his pants, and Katie said, "Swell! You just go right ahead; I'll not only play in it but I'll help back it."

Taking a Flier on Broadway

It was The Philadelphia Story, and when it opened on the road, she considered it even more wonderful and decided to buy the movie rights for herself. This was brave of Katie because New York had still not seen the play, and what seems good in Boston often frightens even the ushers on Broadway. Also, her last previous appearance in New York, in The Lake, had been a disaster comparable only to the second Battle of Bull Run as seen from the Northern side. Even so, she reached far down in her sock, pulled up many thousand dollars and laid them in Barry's lap for the movie rights. If New York turned thumbs down, she was stuck, but she never had any hesitation about it.

"I saw it like a vision," she says.

The Philadelphia Story played a year and a half on Broadway, and Katie floated in gold, taking both her salary and her share as part owner. Then she sold the play and her services as star to M-G-M, at a figure somewhat in excess of their original offer of $10,000 per flicker.

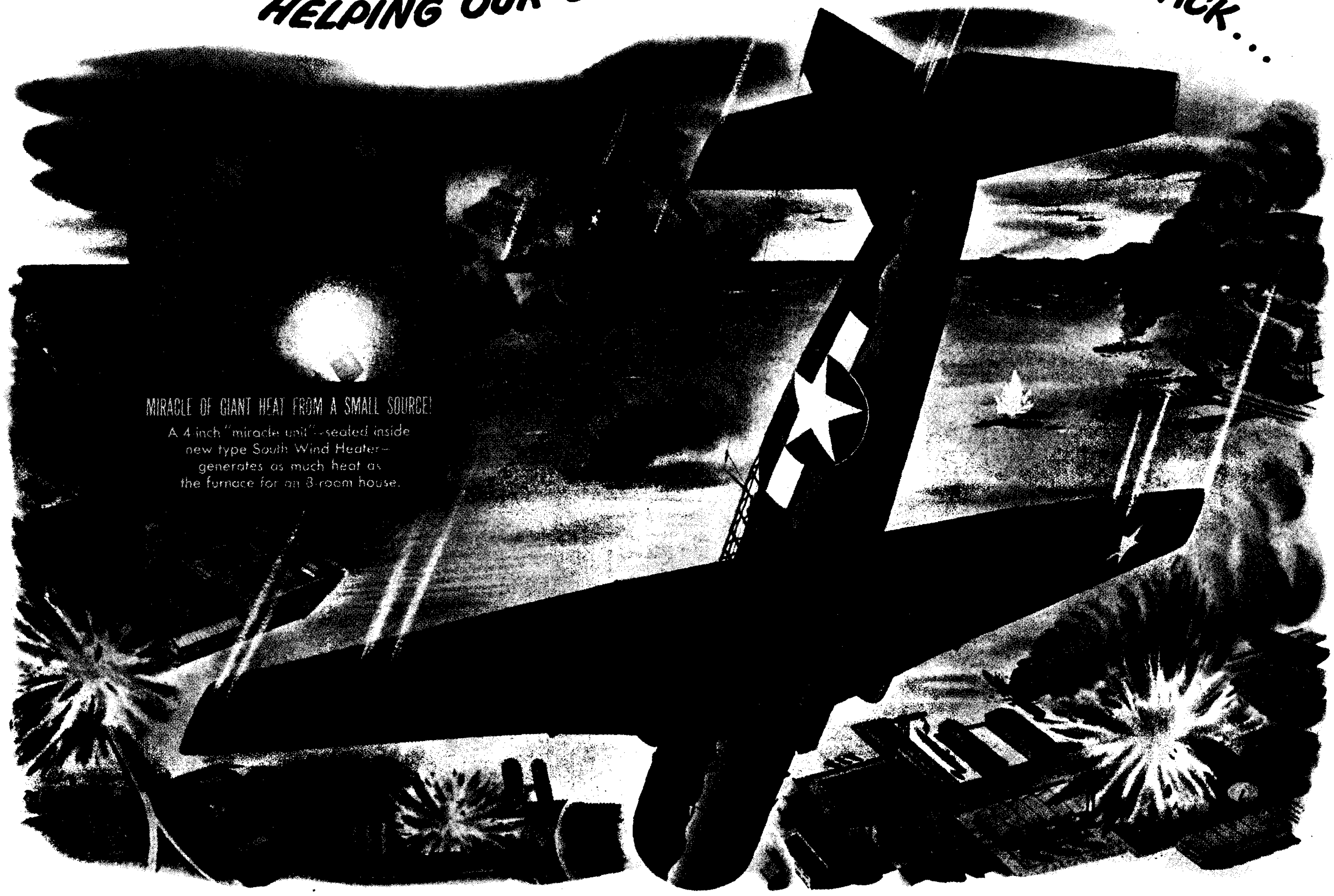
However, nobody has ever questioned Katie's courage and nobody can any longer question her sense of the practical. With all her flair for the unusual, she is at bottom a hard-bitten Yankee and she has the assistance of Doctor Hepburn, who is Papa and also chancellor of the Hepburn exchequer. Father, who is a noted surgeon, handles the dough, and Katie does the battling. When she found the Lardner-Kanin script, Woman of the Year, she marched into Louis B. Mayer's office and said if he knew what was good for his company, he'd pay a hundred grand for the thing and consider himself fortunate. It was the highest price on record for an original script, but she didn't stop there.

"Also ten thousand extra to take care of the tax," she added, a bit of bullheadedness that should forever make her beloved in literary circles.

The sense of family solidarity is the most compelling thing in Katie's life. During the run of The Philadelphia Story in New York, she never missed a week end at the family house in Hartford or the summer place at Saybrook. Up there she sits on her father's lap and considers him the greatest man in the world. Her courage and force seem to stem from her mother, who has always been interested in social reform and political improvement

(Continued on page 62)

TODAY—HELPING OUR DIVE BOMBERS SPEED THE ATTACK...



MIRACLE OF GIANT HEAT FROM A SMALL SOURCE!

A 4 inch "miracle unit"—sealed inside new type South Wind Heater—generates as much heat as the furnace for an 8-room house.

TOMORROW—This Miracle can Revolutionize America's Post-War Heating!

From altitudes so cold that the mercury tries to hide in the thermometer bulb . . . racing into warmer, moister air below . . . the dive bomber hurtles toward the target in a screaming dive. Delivering trouble, yes. But asking for it, too!

Nature says that, as the plane plunges from frigid heights into moister air, the bullet-proof glass in front of the pilot should be coated instantly with frost. Blinding the pilot. Hiding the target. But . . . a new heating miracle says "No!"—and revolutionizes the problem of pilot vision—as it can revolutionize your post-war heating when victory is won.

This was one of many new heating problems encountered by America's aviation engineers when they pushed our combat planes to altitudes where an ordinary flame dies from lack of air.

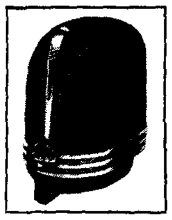
But in the famous South Wind car heater of peacetime, Stewart-Warner engineers had developed a new "sealed-flame" heating principle. And by ingenious application of this principle, in close cooperation with aviation experts, these Stewart-Warner engineers were able to meet many of these new heating needs.

Because these South Wind heating miracles give hotter, faster heat from smaller, lighter sources, they have found places on every fighting front! Midget South Winds keep the dive bomber pilot's vision unobscured by frost. Others, hiding in fighter plane wings, produce more heat than the furnace for an 8-room house! Still others make it possible to start bomber engines in the arctic. Or do other vital but still-secret tasks.

And after victory, these war-born heating miracles promise other, equal wonders. In homes, business and industry, they can affect our lives in a score of ways.

ON THE HIGHWAYS
—THEN IN THE SKYWAYS . . .

This is the famous South Wind car heater that gives "hot heat in 90 seconds" . . . the heater in which the "sealed-flame" principle was first used. If you have one in your car, you're fortunate. If not, there is a limited supply still in dealers' hands. For comfort such as no other heater at any price supplies, have your dealer install a South Wind in your car *before the remaining supply is exhausted*. Easily installed in any make of car. See your dealer now. If he cannot supply you, write or wire us direct.



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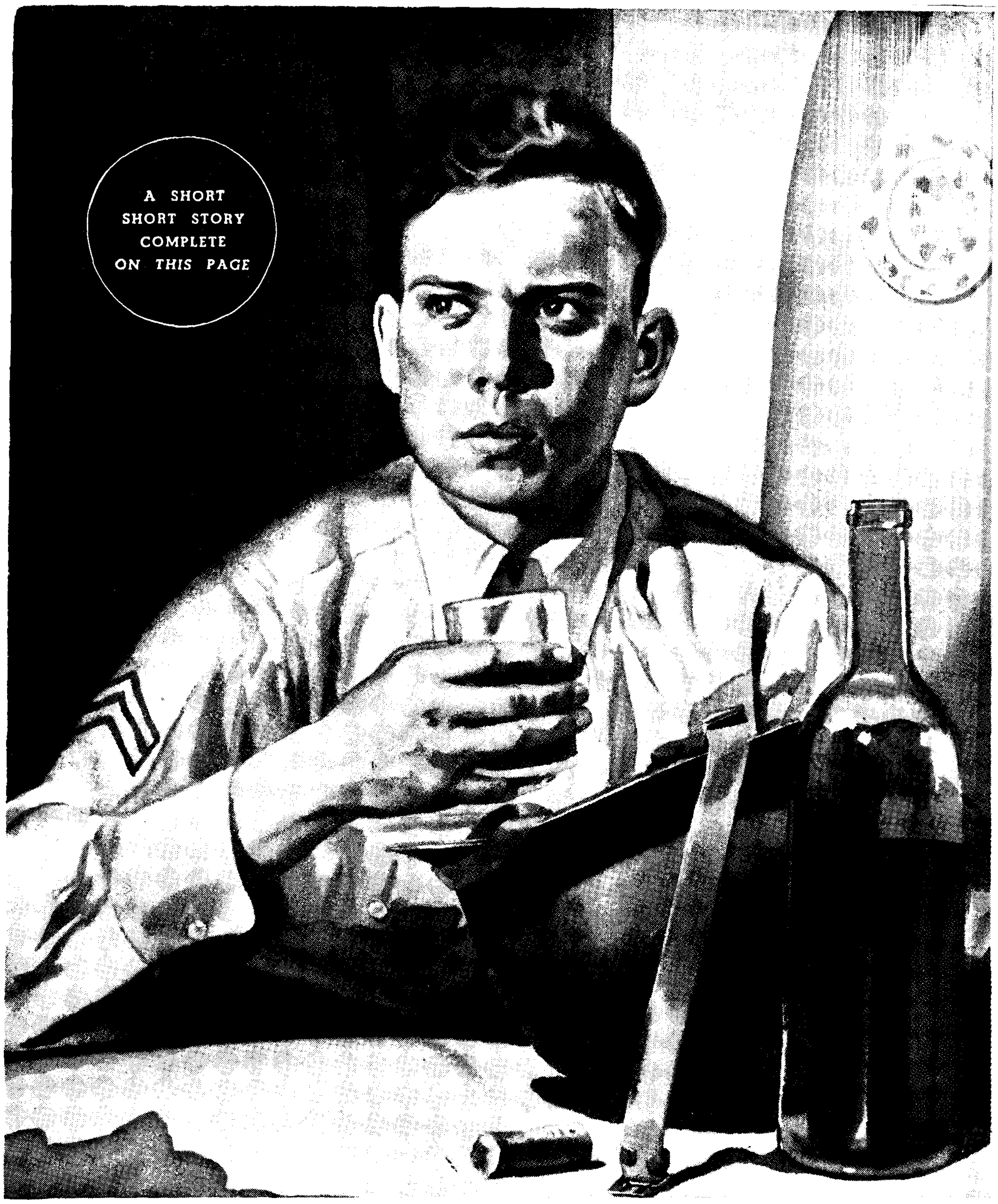
Stewart-Warner Corporation, 1835 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

ARMY E NAVY



A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE
ON *THIS* PAGE

He was lonely. After Randazzo he'd always be lonely. No matter how good it felt to be entirely relaxed and washed and cleanly clothed for the first time in a month

MESSINA

BY PHILIP TALT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

HE SAT at the round little table, elbow resting, staring across the strait at the mountainous, bottle-green shore line of the mainland.

Messina is good, he thought. Just drowsing like this, entirely relaxed: not having that feeling that someone is drawing a bead on you—just *that* is good. And the glass of red wine in your hand with the late afternoon sun in it is good. The body, too, washed and cleanly clothed for the first time in a month, feels good.

Of course, he was lonely. After Randazzo, he'd always be lonely. No matter *how* good it was.

He moved his eyes away from the mainland, lit a cigarette and raised the wine to his lips, sipping slowly.

The round little tables of the dusty old mountain inn were all occupied. They all feel like I do, he thought, relaxed and clean and good—and lonely. Yanks, Britishers, Canadians—all. And like myself, everybody is sitting here, looking across the strait, knowing that it'll begin again, across there, on the mainland.

But now we rest.

He placed the glass back, put both hands inside his trousers pockets and stretched his long legs luxuriously under the table.

Two new ones: a "two-striper" and a private, their dress uniforms still looking fresh and unwashed, wandered up and down the aisles looking for a vacant table. He hesitated a moment and then stopped them with his eyes and pointed to his table. They smiled and sat down.

"Thanks," the corporal, a lanky redhead, said. "We thought we were out of luck for a place."

"We just got here," volunteered the private, a dark-haired boy. "Rode all the way up in a truck. And were we crowded! Did you ride *up?*"

"No," said the man who had been sitting alone.

"Boy! It must have been some hike," said the corporal. "Where you from? I'm from Pennsylvania."

"New Jersey."

"What!" said the dark-haired kid. "Nobody from Brooklyn? I'm from the Bronx." He threw a quick, shy glance at the corporal. "We've been together since our outfit was formed."

"Yeah. We're sort of buddies," said the corporal.

"Say," he went on, nodding his head toward the mainland, "they *think* this one is going to be tough. They say Sicily was easy, but this one is going to be tough."

The older man looked at the two new ones, thinking, for a moment, of Randazzo and the rest of it. "They're all tough," he said.

"That's what we hear," said the redheaded corporal. "They say Sicily was a snap."

"It wasn't." The older man threw his cigarette down and ground it slowly under the heel of his heavy shoe. "It was tough enough."

"How do you know?" the dark-haired kid asked. He stopped. "Were you—?"

"Yeah."

"Oh," the kid said. His blue eyes flicked over the other's uniform. "I didn't know—you don't have a service ribbon."

The man beckoned to the waiter. "Let's have some more wine. All around." Then he looked at the serious face of the boy and laughed shortly. "I haven't had any time for shopping yet," he said. "When I go shopping, I'll get me a ribbon."

"We didn't know," the corporal said.

The waiter leaned over and for a moment the older man watched the glasses being placed on the round little table. The sun wasn't quite so strong now, and the wine was a dull blood-red. "Forget it," he said. "Have some wine."

"Sure," the corporal said. "The next is on me."

"How long were you—? Were you in Africa, too?" the private asked.

The man nodded and lit another cigarette.

"*Africa* was tough," the kid said. "Everybody says so."

The corporal glanced at the kid. "We've just come over," he said. "We don't know anything."

The kid rattled on. "Have you been over long? Have you had time for any fun?"

"Fun?"

"We'll know," the corporal said, "when we're here a while."

"Yeah," the private said. "Horsing around on your passes with some guy and seeing the sights. Like now."

The corporal pointed to the dark-haired kid's untouched glass. "Drink up your wine," he said. "The next is on me."

THE kid sipped the wine, his blue eyes staring dreamily across the strait at the mountainous, bottle-green shore line of the mainland. "I've always wanted to see Italy," he said. "The old Roman buildings and all. Don't you like knocking around with a guy, seeing the sights?"

The kid was looking at the older man eagerly, like a star pupil in a geography class. He looked away from the kid down onto the table and for a moment he sat moving his glass around in little circles. He looked back at the kid. "Sure," he said. "I used to like it."

"Joe and I get a kick out of it," the kid said. He looked across the strait again. "I wonder how long it'll be before we're in Rome. Do you think it'll be long?"

"It might be," the man said. "It might seem long," he added, thinking that, since Randazzo, it would all seem long to him.

The dark-haired kid, suddenly, was looking at him curiously. "Couldn't you get a pass with somebody, or do you always travel alone like this?" he asked.

The man sat for a moment at the round little table, staring down the winding dusty road that fell away from the summit of the mountain. He reached out and brought the glass up to his lips. "Since back there, since Randazzo, I've been traveling alone," he said.

"Why?" the kid asked.

"Don't talk so much," the corporal said. "Drink your wine."

"It's all right," the older man said smiling a little at the corporal and the kid. "My buddy's back there." He nodded down the winding, dusty road. "In Randazzo."

"Oh, I see," the kid said. "He didn't get here yet?"

The trucks were nearer now. They could hear the rumble of their motors as they climbed the last steep grade. The man quickly lit another cigarette. "No," he said. "He won't be coming."

The kid stared at him for a moment, a puzzled frown on his face. Then, suddenly, his mouth dropped open and he threw a quick, half-scared look at the corporal. "Oh," he said, "I'm sorry."

The corporal shrugged his shoulders. "We've just come over," he said. "We don't know anything."

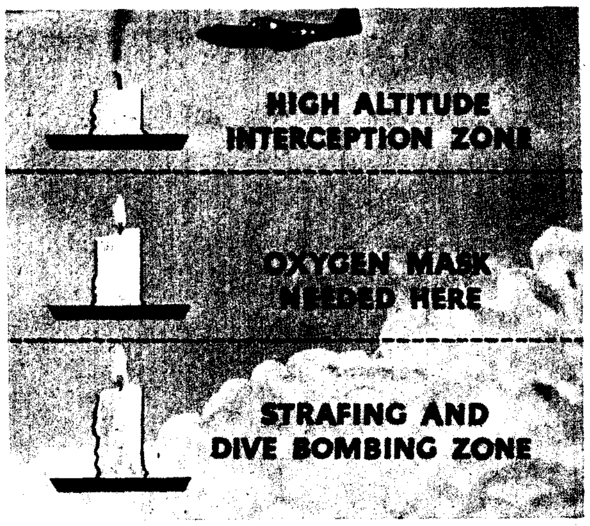
The kid was looking at the corporal again with the wild, half-scared look in his eyes.

The older man sat there, looking over the heads of the two new ones, at the mountainous, bottle-green shore line of the mainland.

"It's all right," he said to the kid. "Have some more wine. It might not take so long to get to Rome."

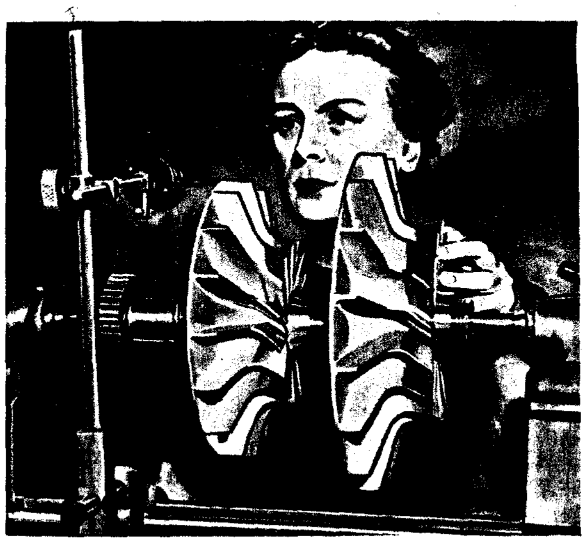
Walter Richards

Engines, too, need oxygen masks

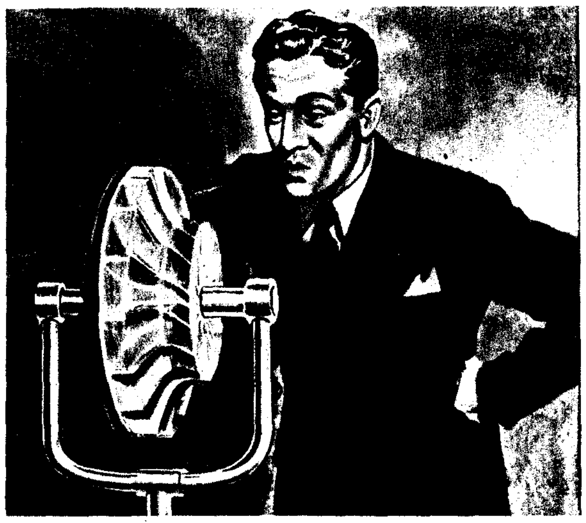

HIGH ALTITUDE INTERCEPTION ZONE
OXYGEN MASK NEEDED HERE
STRAFING AND DIVE BOMBING ZONE

Five miles up, a pilot would die without an oxygen mask, and engines "run out of breath." Higher up, the air is so thin that a candle won't burn. That's why the Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine has an "oxygen mask"—a new supercharger that boosts the Mustang's ceiling *2 miles higher* than it could ever fly before.

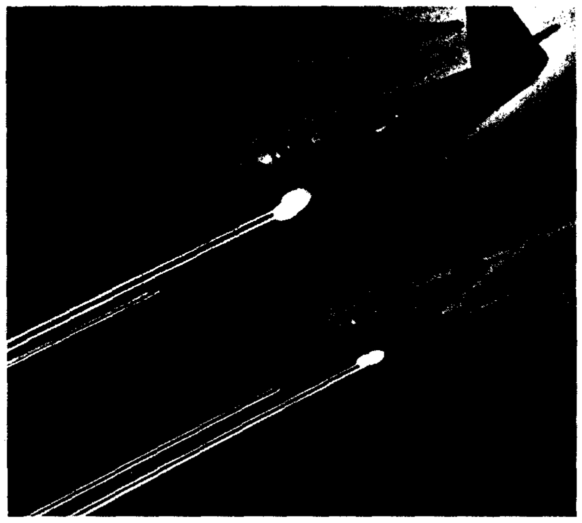
200-pound "oxygen mask"—a compact supercharger unit, mounted at the back of the Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine, holds the secret of the Mustang's high altitude performance. Its whirling fins *compress* thin air, force it into the engine for tornado-like power, even in the stratosphere.



The heart of the supercharger is this pair of impellers which must be balanced to the incredible accuracy of 1/100th of an ounce-inch. This intricate 2-stage, 2-speed supercharger was perfected by British and Packard engineers, aided by invaluable Army Air Corps collaboration.

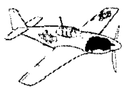


Just a puff of breath on this impeller will start it turning. These metal fins can revolve 25,000 times a minute, thanks to metallurgical, machining and balancing skill. They rotate *faster than the speed of sound*—867 miles per hour. A motor-car flywheel would explode at only half that speed.



Why a Mustang pilot can "stick to his guns": the Packard-built Rolls-Royce supercharger is automatic. The pilot can concentrate on fighting. Packard workers build these complex powerplants by *mass-production* methods—an achievement that adds the famous Mustang to the fighting craft at the right.

MUSTANG
fighter

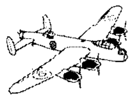


WARHAWK
fighter

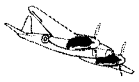
HURRICANE
fighter

Packard

PRECISION-BUILT POWER



LANCASTER
bomber



MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber

NAVY
PT boats

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Oil from Coal: A "Must" for America

Continued from page 19

The vast coal resources of the United States have barely been scratched and we can count about *three trillion tons* still in the ground. It is estimated that this much coal could provide one and a half billion gallons of synthetic liquid fuel each year for 1,000 years and still leave enough coal for all other present-day purposes. We have oil-shale deposits, principally in the Rocky Mountain states, estimated to contain 92 billion barrels of crude oil—enough to supply all our needs for sixty-five years. Oil shale is fine-grained sedimentary rock somewhat similar to slate. It may vary in color from gray, sandy or brown to blue or almost black. The oil is present in the rock as an organic material. Many shales can be ignited with a match and will burn.

Shale is mined by methods similar to those used in coal mining. It is crushed and charged into an oven where heat is applied. This breaks down the organic material and liberates the oil. From 20 to 50 gallons of crude shale oil are obtained from a ton of shale.

These vast coal and shale resources remain in the ground awaiting utilization, but we have not developed knowledge adequate to convert them, on a commercial scale, into usable liquid fuels. By "commercial scale," I mean large-scale production by private industry, with reasonable profits to the manufacturer and at a fair cost to the consumer.

If natural petroleum were cut off tomorrow, we would not be able to produce enough synthetic fuel from oil shale and coal within a year to supply our needs for twenty-four hours. It is interesting that in England, where the coal supply is negligible as compared with ours, synthetic gasoline is being made in large quantities.

One of the bright spots in the domestic situation lies in the fact that, eight years ago, scientists in the Bureau of Mines had the foresight to begin an investigation of the hydrogenation of coal to produce synthetic fuels. We asked the Congress for funds in 1935, and two years later the first drop of oil flowed from the Bureau's small-scale direct-hydrogenation plant at Pittsburgh.

Plant Experiments Continue

Throughout the intervening years, the Bureau of Mines engineers have experimented with a laboratory-size plant, improving the technique, and bringing their work up to date so far as possible with their limited funds and equipment. Fourteen American and Alaskan coals have been tested in this small plant, which handles only 100 pounds of coal a day, and the scientists have proved that most of the nation's bituminous coals and lignites can be liquefied. The yields run from 32 to 70 gallons of crude oil for each ton of coal or lignite. The plant is still operating, producing its driblets of gasoline, Diesel oil, and other valuable by-products, and experiments are still going forward.

Last year, Congress appropriated funds for small-scale experiments in another coal-hydrogenation process, and this work is getting under way at the Pittsburgh plant. However, both series of experiments are on such a small scale that there is a wide gap between them and the commercial production of synthetic liquid fuel.

Two processes may be used to convert coal to gasoline and oil: the Bergius and the Fischer-Tropsch processes.

In the Bergius process, the coal is converted to oil by removing the oxygen and increasing the hydrogen. Coal is mixed with oil to form a slurry or paste and is pumped, with hydrogen gas, into a converter. At high temperatures, under hydrogen-gas pressures of from 4,000 to 8,000 pounds per square inch in the presence of a small amount of tin oxide which acts to promote the reactions, the hydrogen removes the oxygen and then converts the coal to oil. This oil is further treated to yield gasoline or other products that may be desired.

In the Fischer-Tropsch process, coal or coke is burned with a shortage of oxygen and in the presence of steam to give carbon monoxide and hydrogen gases. These are purified and at carefully controlled temperatures are passed over a catalyst made of cobalt and thorium oxide. These gases react to give carbon-hydrogen compounds similar to oil and gasoline, which are further refined by the methods normally used in the petroleum industry. This process gives about the same amount of gasoline and oil per ton of coal as the hydrogenation process.

Oil Squeezed from Rock

From 1925 to 1929, the Bureau of Mines also experimented in the recovery of oil from the shales near Rulison, Colorado, and proved by pioneer work that oil could be extracted successfully. Before a shortage of funds brought the work to a stop, the technologists had mined and retorted approximately 6,000 tons of oil shale that became 3,600 barrels of oil. Like coal hydrogenation, this work was on a very small scale and no commercial-size production operations were attempted. Neither the coal reserves nor the oil shales will deteriorate.

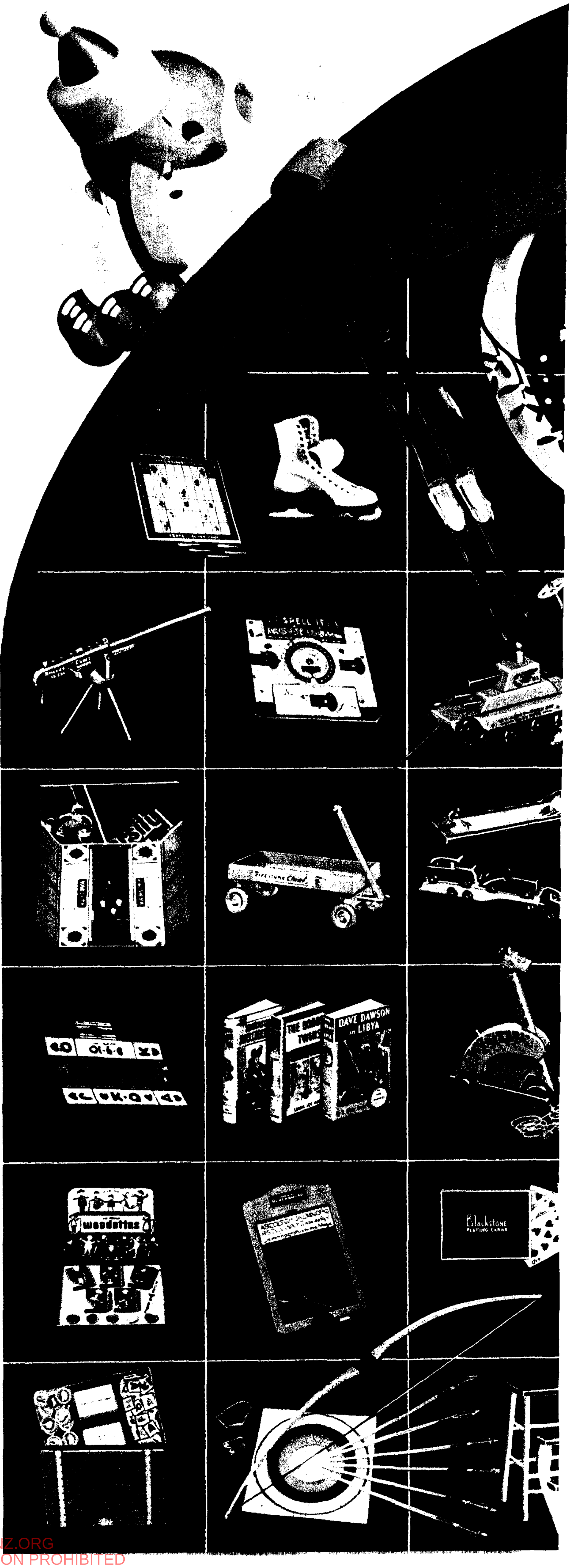
We can learn a lesson from Adolf Hitler in the matter of synthetic gasoline, since he used it to overrun Western Europe and the Lowlands, to conquer Greece and to propel Rommel's tanks in Africa. In 1930, a large hydrogenation plant in Germany was producing 30 million gallons of gasoline a year, and six years later this and three other plants were turning out more than 200 million gallons. The last fairly definite figures that we had from Germany in 1939 revealed that the Nazis were getting about one billion gallons of gasoline a year from coal, and today the figure may be nearer two billion. England's plants have provided millions of gallons of fuel for her warplanes, and other machines.

Hitler's formulas are secret, of course, but we know a good deal about his plants. While we may count on some assistance from Britain, we must build our plants of American materials, by American methods, and adapt the processes to American coals. This calls for research and investigation, and for actual construction and operation on a commercial scale.

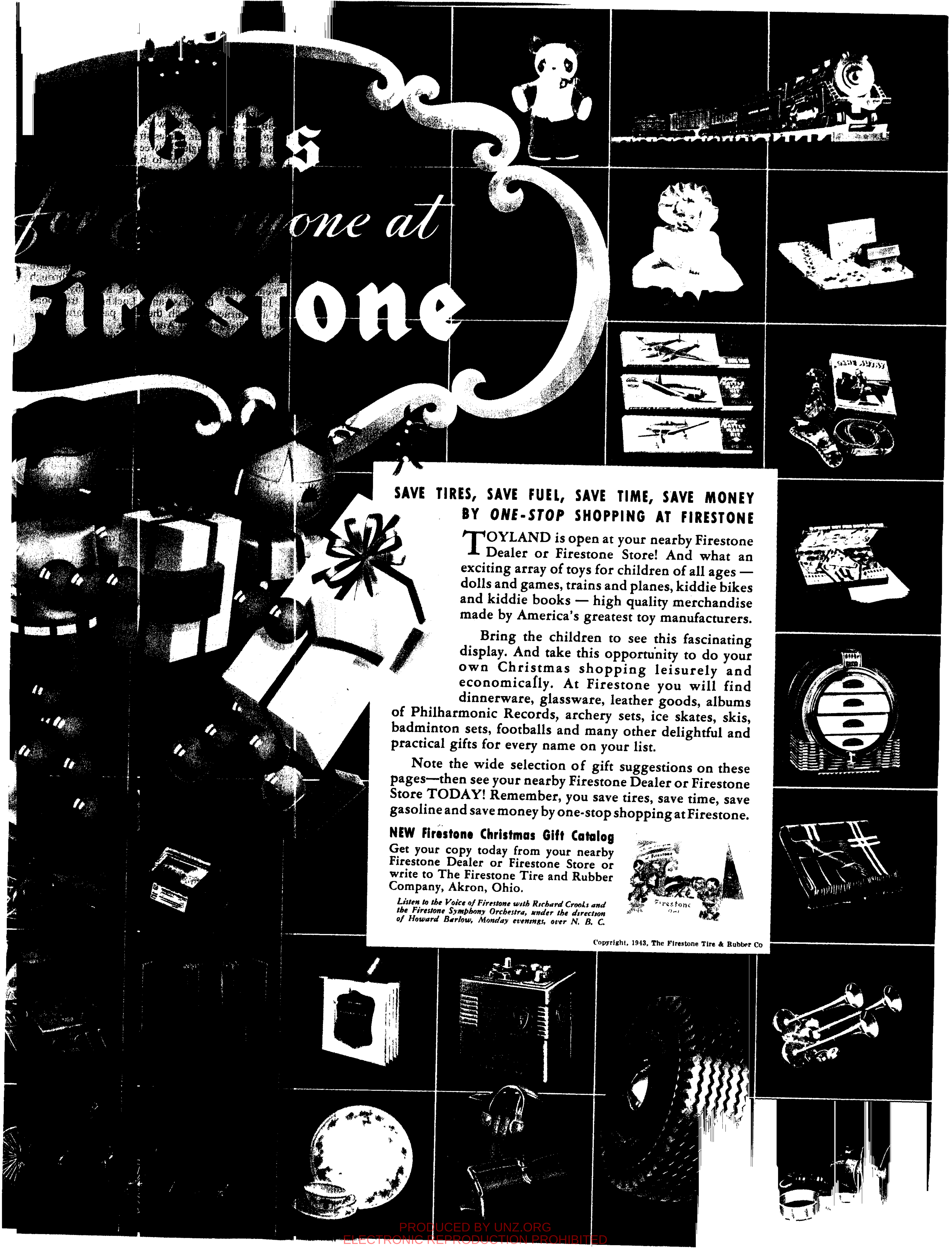
Despite their limited facilities, Bureau of Mines research workers are making real progress. I do not mean to imply that all the research work in this has been performed by the Bureau of Mines. Other research agencies and industrial laboratories have ferreted out and contributed important information on the chemistry of coal and its possibilities. The assistance of every agency is needed and is welcome.

We do not promise to make synthetic gasoline more cheaply than that refined from crude oil. We do promise to blaze the path now for private capital to do a job later, when it becomes a question of synthetic liquid fuel or the end of the gasoline age. Nor is competition with the petroleum industry contemplated. The contrary, rather. The intention of the government in this, as in many other directions, is to encourage industry and help it to help itself.

THE END



Gifts for Everyone at Firestone



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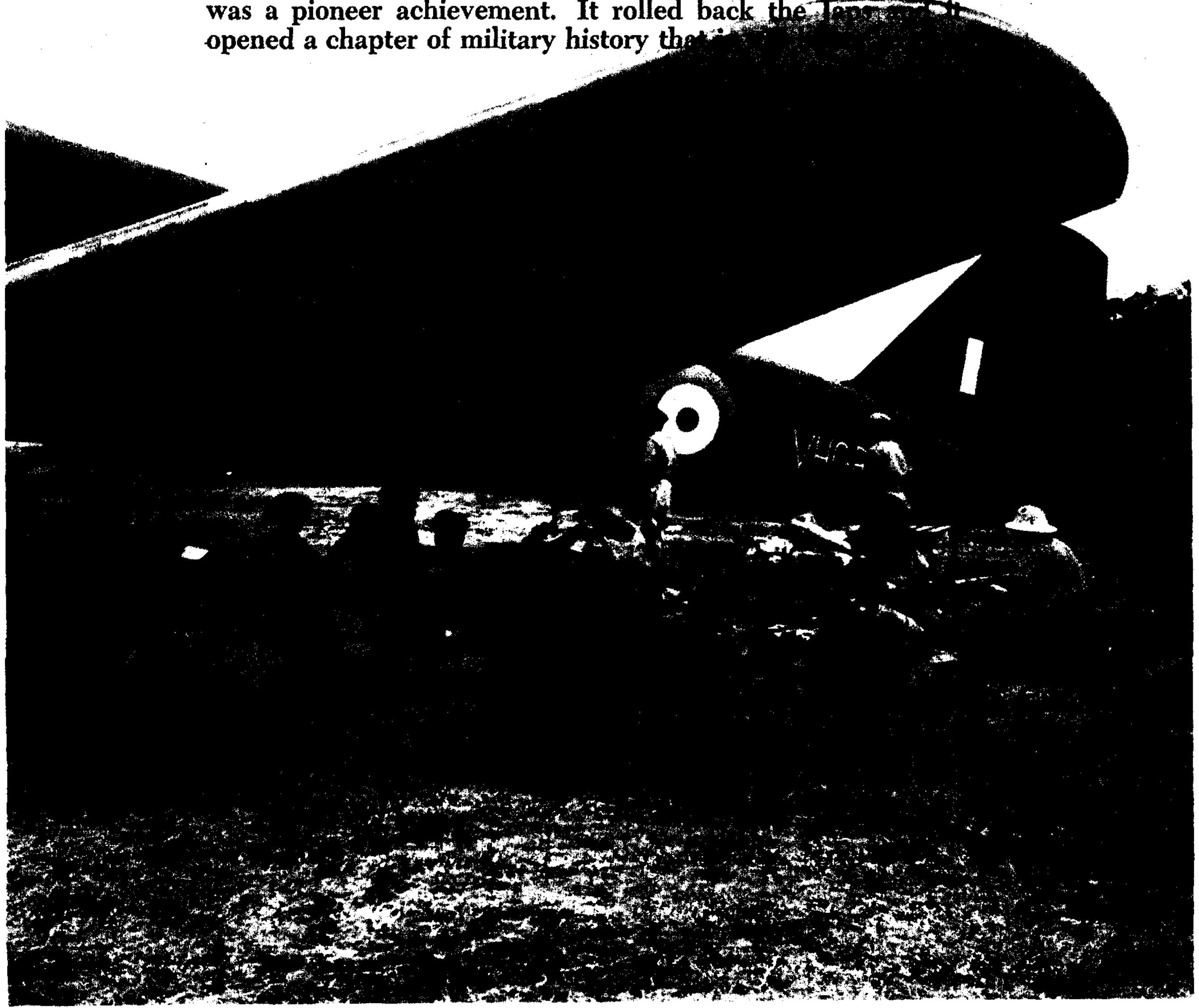
ARMY BY AIRMAIL

BY GEORGE JOHNSTON

OFFICIAL AUSTRALIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC

The "bully-beef bombers" started something when they flew an army into the jungles of New Guinea and kept it fighting. Theirs was a pioneer achievement. It rolled back the Japs and it opened a chapter of military history that



ACME

Aussies daubed bull's-eye markings on this old American Douglas and shipped supplies to Australian and U. S. units fighting 10,000 feet up in the Owen Stanley Mountains. The plane was armed with a tommy gun and pistol

THIS is the story of a few score young Americans with fresh faces and the tan of the Texas and California flying schools still on their arms, who, thrown overnight into one of the toughest campaigns of the fight against Japan, wrote a chapter that will live forever in the history of this war.

These kids flew their planes straight into a first-class war in the central jungles between Buna and Kokoda.

They weren't given time to become accustomed to the enervating heat of the tropics, to primitive shelters and crude food, to the peculiar climatic tricks of the worst flying country in the world, to the jagged peaks and cloud-veiled ravines of the towering 13,000-foot Owen Stanley range over which every flight had to be made, to the constant strain of flying in a combat area in planes which were unarmed and unarmored.

Their story began early in August, 1942, with the pitifully small Australian infantry force of 650 men still trying desperately to defend the pass leading through the Owen Stanley Mountains to Port Moresby against 3,000 Japanese. Douglas and Lockheed transports twisted and turned through the high pass, parachuting stores to the hard-pressed Australians.

In the middle of the month this flying organization, just getting into shape, was almost wiped out in one blow. The transports were loading stores on a Port Moresby airfield when twenty-four Japanese bombers came over. Something had gone wrong with the warning system, and our interceptors were still on the ground. The control tower and operations hut were blown to pieces. Plane after plane, caught in parking areas, was riddled by bomb fragments.

Nine days later the Japanese launched an all-out attack on the weary Australians still holding Kokoda. The battered 39th Battalion, which alone had held Kokoda for more than a month, retreated—252 of the original 650 marching out alive. The retreat through the Owen Stanleys had begun. The position was serious. On September 1st, I wrote in my diary:

Desperation on the Trail

"If the Japs attempt to follow up this break-through we are in a very tough spot in these mountains. There are terrible problems associated with supply and evacuation of wounded. There is something approaching chaos up on the Kokoda Trail, with some A.I.F. units cut off and lost, and burdened by sick and wounded, others decimated. Reinforcements are attempting to struggle up the slimy mountain track, but it's very doubtful if we can send in food and ammunition for any force greater than the miserably small band we have up there, which is exhausted by weeks of battle and outnumbered by fresh Japs, four to five times our strength, who can be maintained over a relatively simple supply road. Everything will probably depend on what air support we can get—and what air support the Japs get. . . ."

Everything did depend on air support and, eventually, on the magnificent courage of the personnel of the Army Air Forces Troop Carrier Command—the boys flying the "bully-beef bombers."

It was in August that Major General (now Lieutenant General) George Kenney, stocky, dynamic commander of the Allied Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific, talked over with General Douglas MacArthur and Australia's General Sir Thomas Blamey, commander of Allied land forces, his plan to make airpower overcome all the tremendous problems of military supply. Divisions would be flown across the Coral Sea to Port Moresby; reinforcements, guns, jeeps, ammunition, medical supplies, food, clothing would be flown up into the mountains and, if necessary, flown over the mountains to the front lines of battle. Where planes could be landed, rough air strips would be carved out of the man-high kunai grass. Where planes could never land, in the chasms and ridges of the upper Owen Stanleys, dropping grounds would be prepared and supplies would go in by parachute. It was a new conception of the employment of airpower—a conception as far ahead of the Luftwaffe invasion of Crete as that operation was ahead of previous logistical theories. Some said it wouldn't work. Kenney swore loudly that it would. Kenney was right.

Civilians in Australia didn't know why all air transportation on the civilian airlines suddenly ended. Every plane that could fly was ordered by night to a secret rendezvous—"Airfield X." Over the unbelievable emerald of the Coral Sea swarmed the strange armada of aircraft, crammed to capacity with Australian and

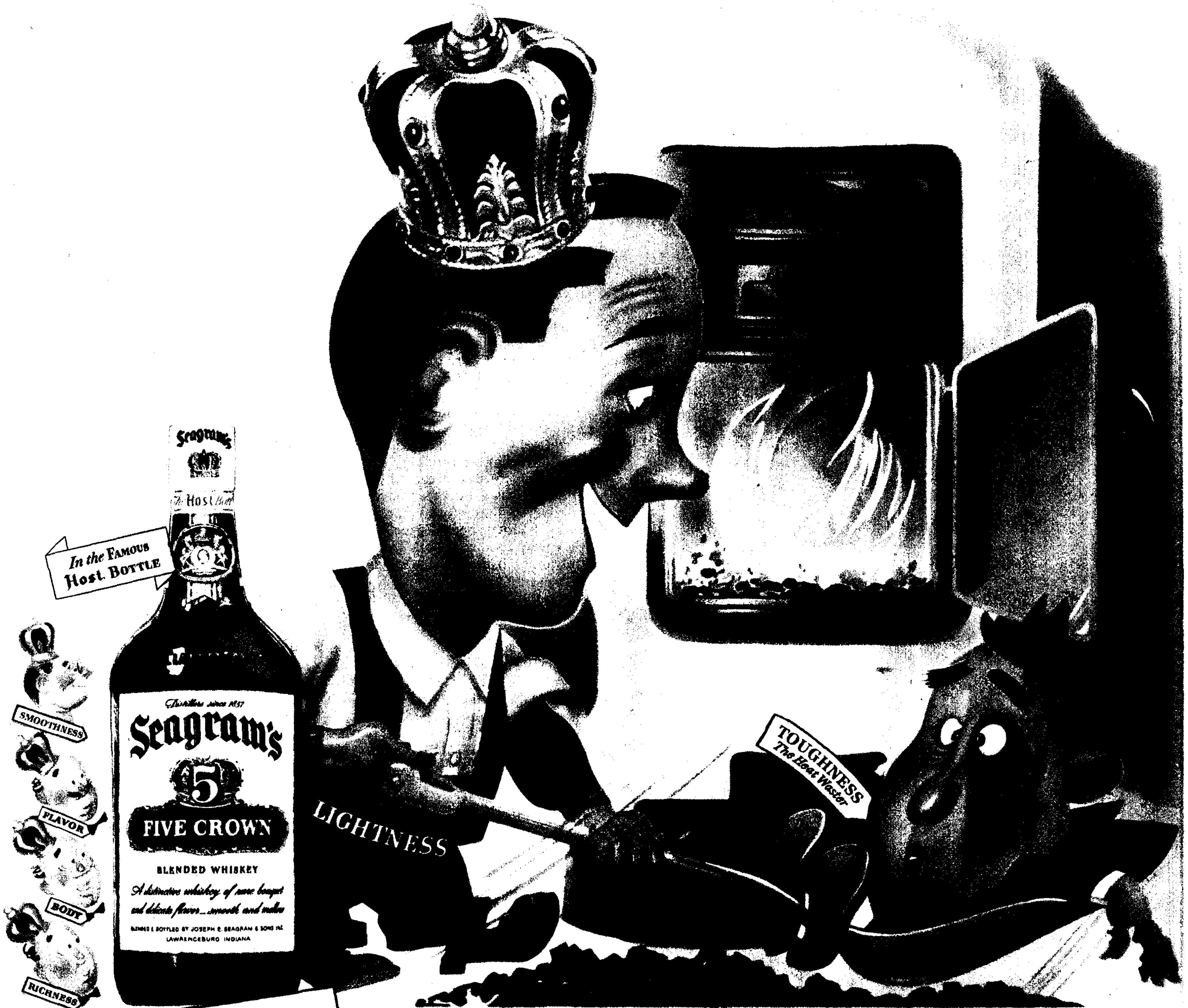
ACME

Watch out below! Ammo boxes, food bags, even artillery were flown over to Kokoda and dropped to the ground fighters. Everything that could fly was thrown into a desperate airborne operation to stop the Japs

"FUEL-ISH WASTE BURNS US UP!" SAY THE 5 CROWNS

We're not disconcerted
That fuel's diverted—
Our quota will do, "under wraps"—

There's comfort in knowing
The balance is going
To shrivel the Nazis and Japs!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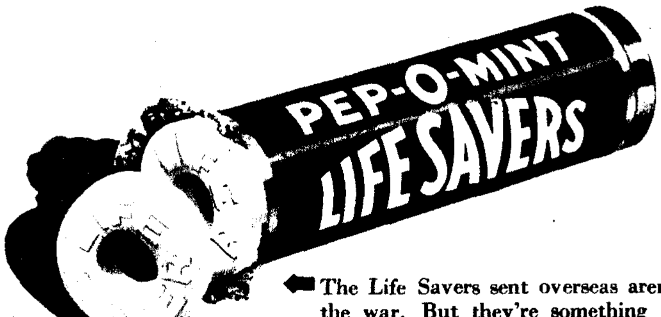
TUNNEL OF LOVE

when you'd rather run around like this . . ▶

◀ TRY THIS

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen yours—after eating, drinking, or smoking.



◀ The Life Savers sent overseas aren't winning the war. But they're something from home that's awfully good. So if you can't get your favorite Life Savers flavor—you'll know why.

American troops. Cargo space was overladen with guns and mortars and tins of hash and beef, crates of blood plasma and jars of sulfanilamide, boxes of .50 caliber bullets and bundles of brown mosquito netting. The men streamed on to Moresby's airfields, marched through the rising dust of the new, primitive camps hewn from the jungle.

Within a month the fresh-faced kids from Maine and Florida, from Oklahoma and Texas, from Nebraska and Michigan, had lines carved round their eyes, and the set of their jaws had stiffened. Most of them had accumulated between 180 and 200 hours of flying time in combat areas. That was quite a bit different from flying-training school. The fact that their planes were virtually unarmed—what are two tommy guns and a pilot's .45 against the cannon and machine guns of a Zero?—added to the fun.

Victory Through Airpower

By September 16th the Japanese advance had ended; by September 28th the Australian infantry was smashing through the first of the Japanese-held villages on the long march back across the range. By November 2d, Kokoda had fallen. The bodies of 2,000 Japanese were strewn along the terrible trail of mud and death and desolation that ran from Port Moresby to Kokoda. The advance and the initial defeat of the Japanese had been made possible only by the bully-beef bombers.

We had seen them, day after day, as briefly seen specks scooting through the gaps in the giant jungle trees. Occasionally, when we were in an area cleared out of the jungle for use as a dropping ground, we would see them come banking in with motors throttled back, great wings almost scraping the trees. As they circled, you could see the men in the open doors frantically hurling and kicking out the boxes. The black specks streamed down.

There was a bit of anxiety after it was discovered that mortars dropped in specially padded boxes gave trouble when they were used in action. The troops found out about it the hard way. Several Australian mortar crews were blown to pieces when the bomb exploded inside the mortar. But mistakes had to be made in an organization that was groping its way along the tough road toward perfection. When a mistake was discovered, it was never repeated. The mortars, in a new kind of packing, went down suspended from a new kind of parachute and there was no more trouble.

There were only two kinds of flying conditions for the young American pilots: "lousy" or "goddam lousy." There is only one negotiable air pass *through* the peaks of the Owen Stanley range—a narrow, twisting gap at a height of between 5,000 and 7,000 feet. The high peaks are hidden in clouds, and mist and rain hang over the pass and trail, away down to the foothills. The pilots on the coastal air strips would look savagely up toward where the great purple range was smothered in cloud and mutter, "Those clouds are full of rocks today!"

I flew several times across the range in these transports. But I can't remember any trip when my stomach didn't feel as if it were doing slow rolls or when the hair at the nape of my neck was not bristling with fear. I never could get accustomed to driving through a gray rain cloud, seeing a vaguely darker shape ahead, realizing sickeningly that it was the side of a mountain wall just as the plane lurched violently and nearly rolled over as it turned to get out of trouble.

Once, with another Australian war correspondent, I was leaving the front-line positions near Buna to bring some dispatches back to Port Moresby. Clouds were down over the entire range. There was a dogfight between Zeros and P-40s in full swing over Buna as we circled endlessly to gain sufficient height to cross the summit. Each agonizing circle took us almost into the middle of the whirl of Japanese and American fighters. Eventually we popped out of the cloud, came into sunshine above a sea of rolling cumulus through which the high purple peaks protruded majestically. My colleague and I breathed profound sighs. Then my friend pointed behind. The blood was draining out of his face. I looked. A little black fighter had poked out of the cloud about a mile behind and was diving in our direction. The American sergeant shifted his gum to the side of his mouth and braced himself against the doorway with his tommy gun poking out into the air.

"I think it's a P-40," I said, without even convincing myself.

Everybody was uneasy until the plane swept past. It was a Kittyhawk. Nobody said anything for a while. I spoke first.

"As a matter of fact I didn't think it was a P-40. I thought it was a Zero."

My shirt was drenched with sweat.

The men who flew the transports crossed the range six, eight or ten times a day, and for some of them it was a job that lasted without a break for five months. That took guts and stamina and morale and will power and all the other things that are easy to write about. Yet the main topic of conversation among these kids was how much stuff they could get through to the troops.

In that period there was one airfield at Port Moresby—the transportation field—that must have been almost the busiest airfield in the world. Four hundred take-offs between dawn and sundown were everyday stuff. When we were back at Moresby we practically lived there.

The great Douglases and Lockheeds were looking the worse for wear, now. For months they had not only moved armies, but they had fed, maintained and supported them, supplying them with every shell and mortar bomb and every bullet that had been used to smash down Japanese resistance.

The kids had been tickled pink when their total weight of supplies transported in a day had reached 50,000 pounds, all taken to one dropping ground, but now they were handling 300,000 pounds a day, and delivering it to more than 20 air strips and dropping grounds carved out from an area of tens of thousands of square miles of trackless jungle.

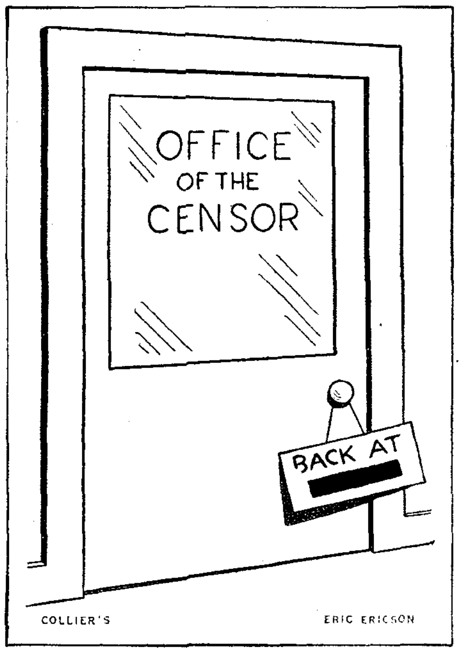
They were up at 4 A. M. every day, in the air by "first light," and flying right through until dusk if the weather was even reasonable—"reasonable," that is, by Papuan standards.

For Want of a Plane—

Once a Jap sniper, by a lucky fluke, brought down a Lockheed with a single shot from his rifle. The plane burned before the bully beef could be saved and a company of Australian infantry went hungry that night. That was the narrow margin between adequate supply and starvation. If the planes failed to get through, the troops couldn't fight. No air transportation—no campaign. On one day a storm of cyclonic dimensions swept the Owen Stanleys. All day the transports tried to get through, but none succeeded. That day the Australians took Gona village at bayonet point. Next day there was no supply. They fought on without food, but when their ammunition was gone they had to get out. It was to be another seventeen days before Gona was again taken. Everything depended upon support from the air. And the support from the air was magnificent.

Strip after strip was carved out of the jungles just behind the forward positions—strips that shook each day to the thunder of artillery barrages and aerial bombardments. One strip alone was averaging 59 transport landings a day. The planes brought everything. They came with hundreds of American and Australian troops. They came with entire mobile hospitals, with operating tables and sterilizers, and with artillery. Jeeps came up, two to each Douglas. Other planes brought American howitzers. Planes brought Australian mountain artillery and 12 of the famous Australian 25-pounder field guns, which were towed into action by jeeps. Planes brought ammunition, dumped it on the strips, and it went straight up to the guns either in jeeps or on the heads of native carriers.

The advance had marooned 250 badly wounded Australians at Myola, right up in the cloud-drenched gap through the range. They had been there for weeks. They couldn't walk out, they couldn't even be carried out along the terrible Kokoda Track. Even according to the minimum standards of the transport pilots Myola was "a hell of a hole!" A dropping ground had been set up on marshy Myola Lake. Even that was tough. Planes had to dive down the slope of a steep spur, turn sharply as they dropped their loads and half-roll away to prevent smashing into a sheer face of rock that rose for 1,000 feet above the lake bed. One day a kid pilot of a Lockheed Lodestar heard that the Australians at Myola were dying one by one, with not much chance of any of them getting out alive. Without telling anyone what he intended to do, he took his Lodestar up through the clouds, dived down into Myola Valley and landed his machine on the swampy, uneven surface of the dried lake. He gave cigarettes to the wounded, chucked them a bundle of magazines and newspapers, took off in a shuddering leap that almost crashed his plane into the mountain, and returned to Moresby.



"You can land a transport on Myola Lake," he announced.

"Like hell you can!" said his superior officer.

"The hell you can't," countered the pilot, a second lieutenant. "I've just done it!"

An air ambulance service was organized and the Australian wounded were brought back to Port Moresby.

Each day, when the dropping and landing of guns and food had been completed, the pilots ran the "mail run" with letters from home and the day's issue of the local Australian Army newspaper printed in Port Moresby—Guinea Gold.

The transports never came back empty from the battle areas. Always there were wounded to be brought out. Without aircraft it would have taken more than two months to transport a wounded man from the Buna front to Port Moresby, and many would have died on the way. With air transport it was possible for a man wounded in a dawn attack at Buna to be in a modern operating room at Port Moresby by midafternoon.

By January 23d, when General Douglas MacArthur announced that all fighting had ceased in Papua, the first big job of the bully-beef bombers was over. They had enabled an army to fight a war right through to victory. They had successfully carried right to the front lines more than *one million tons* of air-borne supplies. And in five months they had lost fewer than fifteen planes.

But their work didn't end there. Down the green slopes of the Bulolo valley came a full-scale Japanese attack against the important gold-fields airport of Wau. The small Australian garrison, outnumbered 5 to 1, was pushed back almost to the outskirts of the landing field. It was then, when it seemed impossible that the vital little tropic town could be held, that the bully-beef bombers were again rushed in to save the day. They rushed to and fro across the great jagged peaks of the Owen Stanleys, bringing everything else needed to stem the waves of Japanese troops that swarmed across the low rounded hills of the mountain valley. They came under a patrolling top cover of P-38s and P-40s in which every pilot's finger was itching on the gun button.

Combat Among Mountains

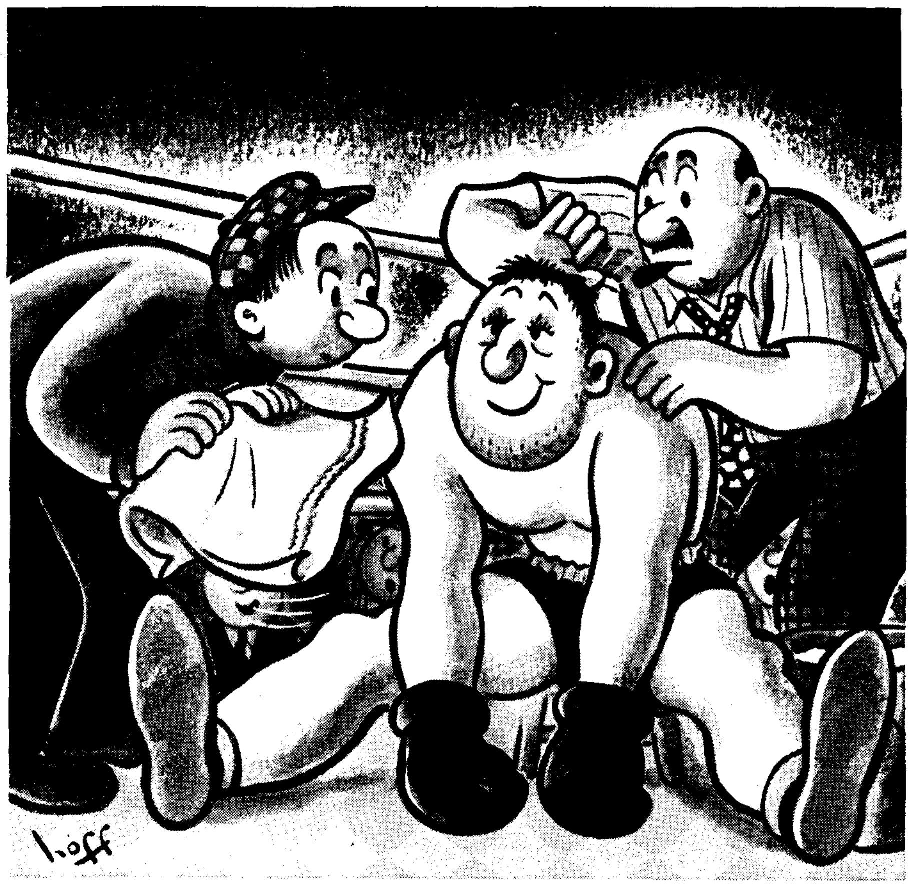
Once the Japs decided to smash the resistance and fracture our aerial supply by launching a fierce "blitz" on Wau airfield with scores of Zeros and dive bombers. The sky was black with aircraft and pocked with the gray and white puffs of bursts from antiaircraft guns. Plane after plane came crashing down, trailing black smoke and red flame. A Douglas transport on the field was disintegrated. Another Douglas raced up the valley with two Zeros chasing it, guns and cannons blazing. But out of the sun came the P-38s, and the Zeros went smashing straight into the great green mountain wall, belching oily smoke into the sky as they hit. Altogether 40 Japanese planes were destroyed in that wild melee. The rest were driven off. Natives on the Wau 'drome bent their backs to their shovels as they filled in the bomb craters. Within an hour the Douglas and Lockheed transports were streaming in again.

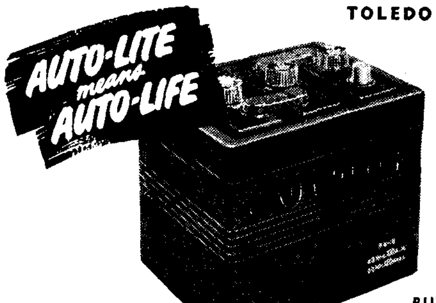
Twenty-four hours after the beginning of the Japanese attack on the Wau airfield the enemy was in full retreat, leaving a thousand enemy dead.

The victory was won by Australian artillery and infantry, but without the eleventh-hour support of the American transport planes it would have been a disastrous defeat. Often the Americans who manned the transports grabbed their revolvers and Tommy guns and sprinted down to the front line 500 yards away, to empty magazines at the Japs in the few minutes they had to spare while their planes were being emptied of supplies and loaded up with wounded.

Out there, today, they are still on the job. The bully-beef bombers have become part of the New Guinea scene and they just can't be done without. The war in the Southwest Pacific is just beginning. There is a lot of tough, bloody fighting ahead, fighting in which airpower is going to be the trump card. And when the curtain goes up—as it will go up—and when you read of jungle fighting and aerial warfare, remember the unsung heroes behind the scene: the kids from Maine and Florida, from Oklahoma and Texas, from Nebraska and Michigan, the kids who became men overnight in the toughest campaign of the war—the kids who fly the bully-beef bombers in New Guinea.

THE END





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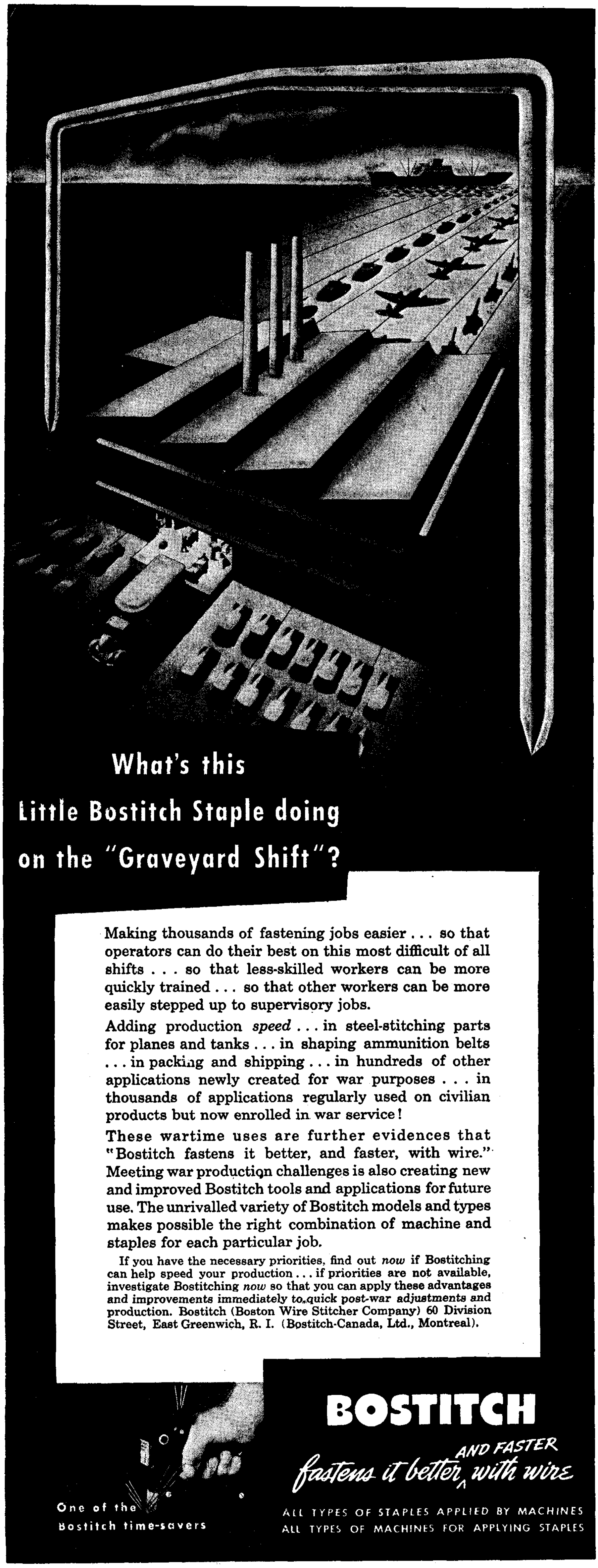

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ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Continued from page 13

of further explanations, especially now, since she had heard about what he had done at school. Tonight, she had counted on antagonism (which she had every right to feel) to get rid of him automatically. Now, here they were, talking. Not he, but her own antagonism, was leaving, and in its place she felt an irrational urge to explain and justify all over again. It was as though she could not begin to walk away until she had convinced him, finally, that his brother had no claim on her.

When the sound fell from the sky, she was saying, "If Bill and I were engaged it would be different. But we're not even close friends. And as for Larry Flanagan, I do see him occasionally but it doesn't mean any more than seeing Bill used to. . . ." And then, before she could take precautions, it was racketing all around her: the usual, the harmless, the nevertheless mysteriously terrifying noise of planes. Her head snapped back, and through an opening in the leaves she saw them, sweeping low in practice flight over the town. They were gone in an instant. Already the reverberations rolled more softly along the street, but she didn't move.

"AT-10s," the boy said, but she did not move or speak, knowing that she could never explain this thing away. . . .

Whether or not they were close friends made no difference; the pain he would some day surely give her did not matter. Only one thing in the whole world mattered and that was her feeling for him, as sudden and terrifying as the noise of planes. Yet she always had it, really, and the fear it inspired was strangely mixed with delight. He was the only one who could make her feel this way, she knew, and in her heart she knew he would be killed. . . .

From springs almost as deep as those from which these thoughts had flowed, the part of her which wanted pleasure, which wanted to live easily and carelessly, drew the strength to revolt, and all at once, as though by banishing the boy she could exorcise the conflict within her, she turned on him, exclaiming, "Go on home!"

He took a surprised step backward and replied, "You said you'd go to the movies."

"I only said that to get you out of the house! I knew you'd hang around for hours if I didn't!"

"Where are you going?"

She looked at him incredulously, seemed about to speak and then, instead, pushed past him, keeping her eyes straight ahead. When she heard the soft pad of his rubber-soled shoes, she swung around.

"If you don't stop following me, I'm going to tell your mother and father! And if they don't do something about it, I'm going to the police! Now will you go home?"

He remained still.

"All right!" she said and began to walk again.

WHEN she came to the corner, she turned left and crossed the street. The boy tagged after her with the apologetic air of a stray dog. Halfway down the block a car was parked, facing them, its blind headlights blinking in the glare of oncoming cars. The girl kept to the middle of the walk, then veered toward the curb. As she did so, the door of the car—a rakish-looking convertible with the top up—opened and a man in a tan gabardine suit clambered out.

"Hi, Beautiful!" he said, "You're late."

His voice was mellow and deep. He was a big man, whose plump face, with its turned-up nose, had the mobility of a clown's.

"I couldn't help it," the girl said and, edging past him, she slipped into the car and pulled the door shut.

The man glanced at the boy, who had halted a few feet away.

"Who's this?"

"His name is Howard Martin. Let's go."

"Is he with you?"

"He's not with me. He's just haunting me. Tell him to go home."

"Go home," said the man, adding after a moment, "He doesn't go. Does he talk?"

"He talks," the girl said. "He does everything but leave me alone."

"What's his name again?" And, when she had repeated it, he continued, "What are you haunting the little lady for, Howard?"

THE boy faced him stiffly, as though at attention. "She said she was going to the movies with me."

"No kidding! And she had a date with me all the time!"

"I'll tell you about it later," the girl said. "Don't waste time talking to him."

"Aw, I wanna talk to Howard," replied the man in a burlesque, child's voice. "Have you by any chance been courting Miss Maxwell, Howard? Have you been sparking her?"

"Are you tight?" the girl demanded.

The man cocked his head.

"I wouldn't say tight. Just slightly buzzed is all." Suddenly, he slapped his thigh and began to laugh. "Here I been trying to figure out why I haven't gotten to first base with the fair Louise! I thought I must be losing my charm! And now it all comes out—right out in the open! I've just been running against tough opposition! I got a rival I didn't know about!" His voice broke again in laughter. "It takes oomph-plus to get them this young, Louise!"

"Don't be a fool!" the girl said. "He hates me!"

"How's that again?"

As he leaned forward, she answered furiously, "He thinks I'm deceiving his brother or something! That's why he's been following me around for four days! He thinks if I'm out with him I can't be out with you!"

"Well, what do you know! How did all this get started?"

"He heard some kid at school talking about us and they got into a fight, and now it's all over town!"

"Well!" said the man. "You must be quite a lad, Howard. Who is your brother, by the way? Do I know him?"

"No," the girl said. "He's in the Army."

"Army Air Forces," the boy said.

"And you think I'm cutting in on his time. Am I, Louise?"

"Listen, Larry, are we going or not? If not, I'm going home."

He looked at her curiously. "Well," he said, "we got a problem here. What do you think we better do, Howard? Toss a coin to see who goes out with Miss Maxwell?"

"She shouldn't go around with you while she's Bill's girl," the boy said.

At the words, her face loomed in the opening above the car door.

"For the hundred and twenty-ninth time: I'm *not* your brother's girl! Can't you get that through your head?"

"He says you are," the boy insisted. "He told me to look out for you."

"You think it would be all right for me to escort Miss Maxwell, if you came along, Howard?"

"Larry, if he comes, I'm not going!"

"Well, what do you want to do with him?"

"Leave him here!"

The man stroked his chin. Then, with a wink at the girl, he stepped onto the sidewalk.

"Come along a minute, Howard. I want to tell you something."

The boy held back against the pressure on his arm, but let himself be led toward the rear of the car.

"Don't try any rough stuff!" he said.

"Sh!" The man patted the air. "You know where the Red Horse Inn is?"

"Yeah."

"That's where we're going. If you want to follow us in a bus or something, I can't help it, can I?"

"How do I know that's where you're going?"

"Because I'm telling you, Howard. Here's a buck in case you haven't any money."

"I don't want your money."

"Okay, Howard. I'll be seeing you." And, stepping off the curb, he approached the driver's seat from the street side.

The boy looked after him doubtfully and then started back along the sidewalk. Before he had reached his former post, the starter whirred, and the man's voice called:

"So long, Howard."

"What did you tell him?" the girl asked as the car sprang forward.

"I said I'd break his neck if he didn't go home."

"You don't whisper something like that."

"So! Eavesdropping, eh? All right. I told him we were going out to Ed's and Helen's. I gave him their address."

"They live 'way over on the other side of town."

"I know," the man said. "It was a dirty trick in a way. But if he goes, maybe it'll teach him a lesson."

A ONE-STORY stucco roadhouse, standing alone in the fields beyond the point where Main Street becomes Route 9, the Red Horse Inn boasted a five-piece colored band, drinks and rudimentary food at gala prices. Its proprietor, Joe Lucci, was said to have once been associated with Al Capone. Before the war, his place had been the resort of the town's gilded youth; now it catered to a clientele, older but scarcely more sedate.

Larry Flanagan was a frequent customer of the Red Horse Inn. He seldom danced, preferring to sit drinking and talking at the bar or in one of the booths around the walls. But tonight, after remaining seated in a booth for nearly two hours, he exposed himself to the hazards of the small, tightly packed dance floor. Impervious to the band's solicitations, he walked his partner halfway around the room and, opposite the bar, began to shuffle back and forth monotonously.

"You know," he said, "I'm getting a little fed up with Howard."

When she made no reply, he tilted his head to look at her face.

"I'm sorry, Louise."

"Why did you tell him to come out here?"

"Just for a gag."

SHE looked up at him, her eyes heavy with anger. An hour ago, seeing the boy walk across the floor toward them, she had felt anger, as simple and direct as fire. If she had let it swirl her out of here, it would have died out by now. Self-consciousness had banked it. To escape the laughter of the man and woman with them in the booth, she had pretended a contemptuous indifference; she had tried to side with them against the boy, knowing that she was the butt of the joke. And all the time he had sat there, silent unless spoken to and then answering seriously, while they made fun of him. The fun had not touched him. She, who wanted so desperately to have fun, was the only one it had touched; and the anger had spread inside her until it was like a fever. Now she could not get rid of it or spend it on one thing. Hearing her own voice, answering, she knew it was only parroting the words of a very angry person might have spoken.

Larry had wanted to humiliate her before Ed and Helen, she said.

"Don't be silly!" the man replied. "I just made a mistake. I never would have done it, if I'd had any idea what this kid was like." He lowered his head and went on ingratiatingly, "What do you say we sneak out of here, Louise? Leave the kid with Ed and Helen. Let them worry about him. It'd be a swell joke."

"I've had enough of your jokes for one evening."

"Come on, kitten! Why spoil the whole night? We can do it easy. All we got to do is go out that door by the bar there."

"What about my coat?"

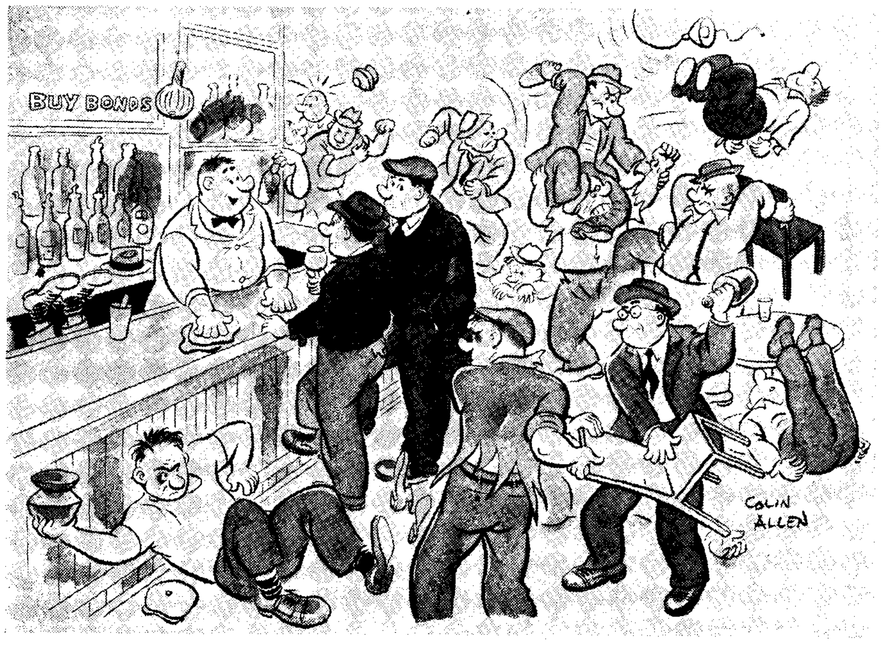
"Ed and Helen'll bring it—or I can tell Joe to put it away for you."

"If I go home without my coat, it's going to take some real explaining—more than just getting in late."

"Why go home? We can ride around a while, or even drop into my place for a little drink. I'll keep you warm."

She drew back and looked at him.

"Okay," he said. "I just thought I'd mention it. We don't have to go there. But for Pete's sake, let's get out of here;



"You should have been here last night. I had to call the cops"

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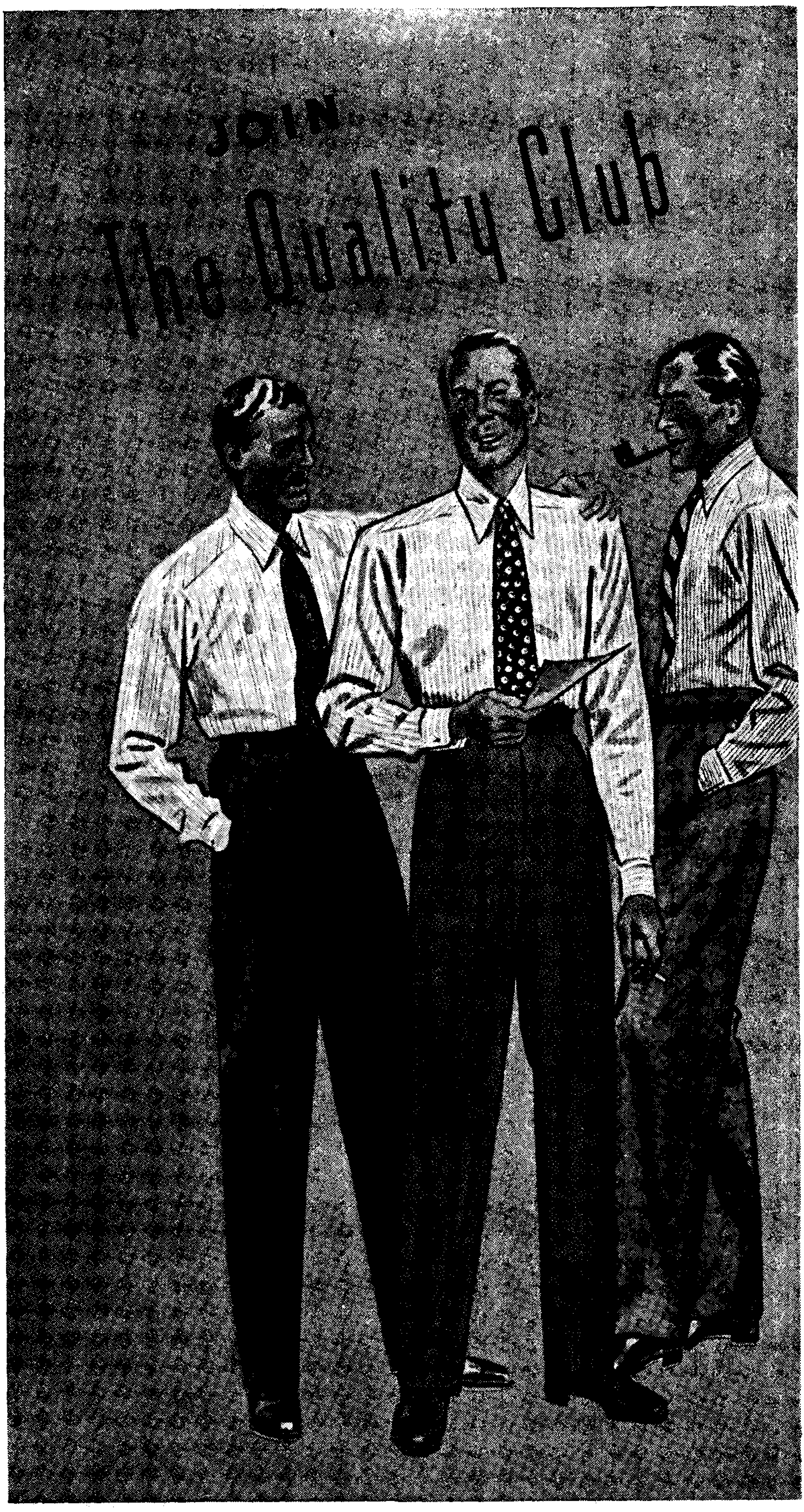

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maybe we can save some of the evening, anyway."

"We could have saved it all, if you hadn't been so smart!"

"Okay! Okay! I made a mistake! So what?"

"So now you want to crawl out of it!"

He caught her arm. "Don't be like that! I never saw such a girl! Why can't you just relax once in a while?"

"Would you mind letting me go?"

"Aw, for gosh sake! I admit I pulled a boner, and you act like I'd murdered my mother or something! What's the matter? Are you really sold on this guy?"

"Who?"

"This Bill guy? Has Howard got the right dope after all?"

She jerked her arm away and started for the booth, skirting the dancers. The man followed sullenly.

THE boy was sitting next to the wall. There was an untouched glass of ginger ale in front of him; his back was straight and his face impassive. Beside him sat a ripe, disillusioned-looking young woman, her too-blond hair done up ornately in curls. On her other side, leaning forward and fingering a highball glass, was a man whose grinning mouth failed to communicate its mirth to protruding, pale blue eyes. Though his plaid sports jacket suggested the college student, he was at least ten years beyond college age.

"Howard's been giving us the low-down on aviation, Larry," he said, watching Louise take her seat. "I been flying my own plane for twelve years, but after getting a load of this I figure it must be just dumb luck I never cracked up."

Larry sat down. "How about going home, Howard? It's getting late. What do you say?"

"Are you going, Louise?" the boy asked.

"What's that got to do with it?" Larry retorted. "I said you. I'll drive you back to town, if you want."

"I'll wait for Louise," the boy said.

"Now, look, Howard. You been here a long time, and you're just a kid. It's time to go home. Are you going to come with me?"

"No."

Louise gazed down at the table while Ed Clark's pale eyes preyed on her above his constant grin. Even his wife seemed interested. Larry let himself back.

"I don't want to be unpleasant about this," he said, "but I'm getting awfully fed up with you, Howard. We all are. We want you to go. Not just me. All of us. Now, are you going to come quietly, or am I going to have to make you?"

The boy's face was white and still. "Who's going to make me?" he asked. "You and your friend—a couple of slackers?"

"Okay, Howard! Get out of there, Ed! You get out, too, Helen!"

"Larry!"

"I'm sorry, Louise! But nobody's going to call me a slacker and get away with it! I don't care how young he is!"

As Ed Clark stood up, the music stopped, and amid a scattering of applause the dancers began to melt away from the floor. Helen inserted the last of the sandwich in her mouth and in little sliding bounces moved toward the end of the table. The boy picked up a steel knife.

"Put that knife down!" Larry said.

A waiter and a heavy-set man in a dark suit detached themselves from the bar and headed across the floor.

"You want to fight, why don't you go in the Army?" the boy said. "You're yellow!"

"Anything the matter, Mr. Clark?"

The man in the dark suit, who had asked the question, had slick black hair and black eyes in a face of clay whiteness. As though something funny had been said, Ed Clark burst out laughing.

"Just a little insubordination, Joe. Mr. Flanagan is handling it—I think."

With the waiter at his elbow, Joe Lucci took in the scene: the two all alone in the booth, sitting opposite each other, their glances coming together on Larry, who stood, poised in uncertainty, looking at the boy from under his brows. Above the backs of the seats appeared the faces of two girls and two men, all wearing variations of the same expression of watchful anticipation.

"The kid been making trouble, Mr. Flanagan?"

"A little," Larry admitted. "Nothing to worry about, Joe."

"He a friend of yours—and Mr. Clark?"

"No."

"You wanta get him outa there?"

"It's his bedtime," Ed Clark said for the benefit of the audience. "Why don't you put the knife down and go to bed, Howard?"

"Maybe we better take care of this for you, Mr. Clark. We don't want any trouble here."

"It's okay by me. What do you say, Larry? Let Joe do it."

The words seemed to give his friend the direction he had been unsure of, for he took a step forward, saying, "I'll do this."

"Leave him alone, Larry!" Louise said as he crouched to slide into the seat.

But he just said, "This is your last chance to put that knife down, Howard. If you do, nobody's going to hurt you."

"You better not come any closer!" the boy said.

Muttering something to the waiter, Joe Lucci stepped lightly toward the booth behind the boy. He might have been leading an attack, for people simultaneously started across the dance floor.

As the boy's eyes followed Lucci, Larry had him by the wrist. They performed a caricature of a handshake; then the knife clattered to the seat. Larry retrieved it with his free hand, still keeping his grip on the boy's wrist.

"Don't hurt him!" Louise pleaded.

A man's voice replied antiphonally, "He's just a kid!" and a chorus of exclamations arose from the spectators.

A moment later, translated by some sleight of hand from booth to floor, Lucci was passing among them like a choirmaster, arms raised, hushing and dispersing. In response to one of his gestures, the band loosed a brassy torrent that swept around the room; and, clutching one another, looking back over their shoulders, men and women were carried along by the current.

ONLY Ed Clark and his wife and Lucci and the waiter were left beside the booth, where Louise was still arched over the table, propped on her arms. Sitting side by side, facing her, the man and boy were linked at one point. The boy's clenched hand opened slowly as it was forced against the table's edge; slowly the palm disappeared, but his slim brown fingers were caught and bent back until they showed white. Swinging his other hand over, he tried to free his imprisoned fingers, then tore futilely at the man's hand. The two faces, one white and strained, the other red, its grimness beginning to relax into amusement, were suspended above the play of hands.

Suddenly, as though she were giving the boy an example of how to break loose, Louise spun around and with a sweeping gesture caught up her coat from the bench. The four silent spectators gave way before her, and she was through them, blundering along the edge of the dance floor. She heard a voice call her name, but did not look back. The hatcheck stall on one side and the cigarette counter on the other swam by. Pulling open the door, she stepped into a yielding blackness, rouged by a neon glow. Her feet let her down unsteadily, then bore her past an embankment of parked cars. The night withdrew in front of her, spinning out a cinder driveway, bordered by artificial grass and shadows, the shadows of trees and beyond them shadowy space, swollen between her and the stars. A gleam of light gave substance to the closer shadows, and she heard voices and steps.

"Louise!"

She turned and watched his blurred approach. He loomed above her, his face dark above his collar.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Why don't you get in the car?"

"I'm going alone. On the bus."

"What's the matter?"

"I want to go home alone."

At a crunching sound they looked back and saw the slight figure coming toward them, silhouetted against the building's rosy façade. The boy halted, watching them. No one said anything until the man began to swear softly. The girl had started walking again before he was through.

"Louise!" he called. "For the last time, are you coming home with me or not?"

The only answer was the sound of steps, the boy's close by on the cinders and hers farther off, like an echo. The man waited without moving. Then he strode back toward the roadhouse.

THE boy looked after him and, turning, followed the girl, whose retreating figure was barely visible in the darkness.

When he reached the concrete highway, she was standing on the other side, beside a white-ringed telephone pole. He crossed obliquely to a point some yards from the pole. A car went by, the beam of its lights, like a plow, cutting a green furrow in the night. The throb of the band filled up the hollow behind it, and above the music's source, a red neon horse pranced statically against the black sky. The throbbing went on after the music had died away, shriller now, spreading far across the fields.

Once, a scraping noise turned the boy in time to see her face start out of shadow above the flame of a match, but the rest of the time he kept looking up the road. Before she had finished her cigarette, the lights of the bus trembled into view, and the long stream of concrete, flowing toward them, seemed to undulate.

She climbed in first, settling into the vacant seat behind the driver, while the boy sat down across the aisle. Each time they stopped, his eyes came around to her, but she was gazing out the window.

AT Maple Street, the stop before the girl's, a woman with a suitcase rose to get out; the door snapped open for her, but instead of stepping down, she drew back. And this time, its presage lost in the rumble of a truck, the thunder broke over them more abruptly than before. The whole town rocked under it; the bus shuddered like a skiff in a rip tide. The noise held together solidly and then, receding, split into a constant whine and clatter that ricocheted in great bounds between the sky and earth.

The girl did not move; she kept her face turned to the rattling window.

"There must be about twenty of them in that bunch!" the driver said as the woman got out.

"B-17Es," the boy said.

Easing in the gear lever, the driver glanced at him.

"Yeah? How do you know?"

"I ought to know. My brother's a gunner in a B-17."

"Is that a fact?"

"Tail gunner," the boy said.

"Shot down any planes yet?"

"Sure: three Messerschmitts and a Focke-Wulf, the last I heard."

"He must be pretty good."

"Bill's a good gunner," the boy said.

HE WATCHED the girl reach for the bell, and, when they stopped again, followed her to the door.

"Tell your brother good luck for me when you write to him," the driver said.

"Okay," the boy said.

He stood beside the girl on the corner while the bus pulled away. The hissing sound of its tires grew fainter; there were no other cars in sight; but she did not move.

"He'll be killed," she said.

"Bill?" replied the boy. "No, he won't."

They walked silently along the dark street toward her house.

"Anyway," she went on, as though to herself, "he doesn't really care about me. He is almost as much of a kid as you are."

"Bill's not a kid. You don't know him the way I do."

"You know an awful lot for a twelve-year-old kid."

"Thirteen," the boy said.

When she did not reply, he glanced at her and then averted his eyes tactfully. They came to the break in the hedge in front of her house. The house was dark. She stepped onto the gravel walk and stopped there, with her back to the boy, who remained on the sidewalk.

"Good night," she said.

As he echoed the words, she lowered the handkerchief she had been holding to her lips and turned around.

"I'm sorry you missed the movie."

"That's okay, Louise."

"Do you want to go tomorrow night?"

"Sure. Do you?"

"All right."

"Okay. I'll drop around for you," the boy said.

THE END

SOMEBODY WAS WRONG

If you have confidence in yourself and your potential abilities, don't let anybody talk you out of them. Consider the following:

F. W. Woolworth, founder of the five-and-dime chain, was once hired as a janitor for fifty cents a day by a retail store owner who didn't think Woolworth had enough business sense to wait on customers.

When Zane Grey was still an unknown trying to sell his book manuscripts, a publisher told him he had no ability for writing fiction; and Louisa May Alcott (Little Women) was a tomboy marked by her fellow townspeople as a girl who would never amount to beans. A publisher once told her to give up the idea of writing.

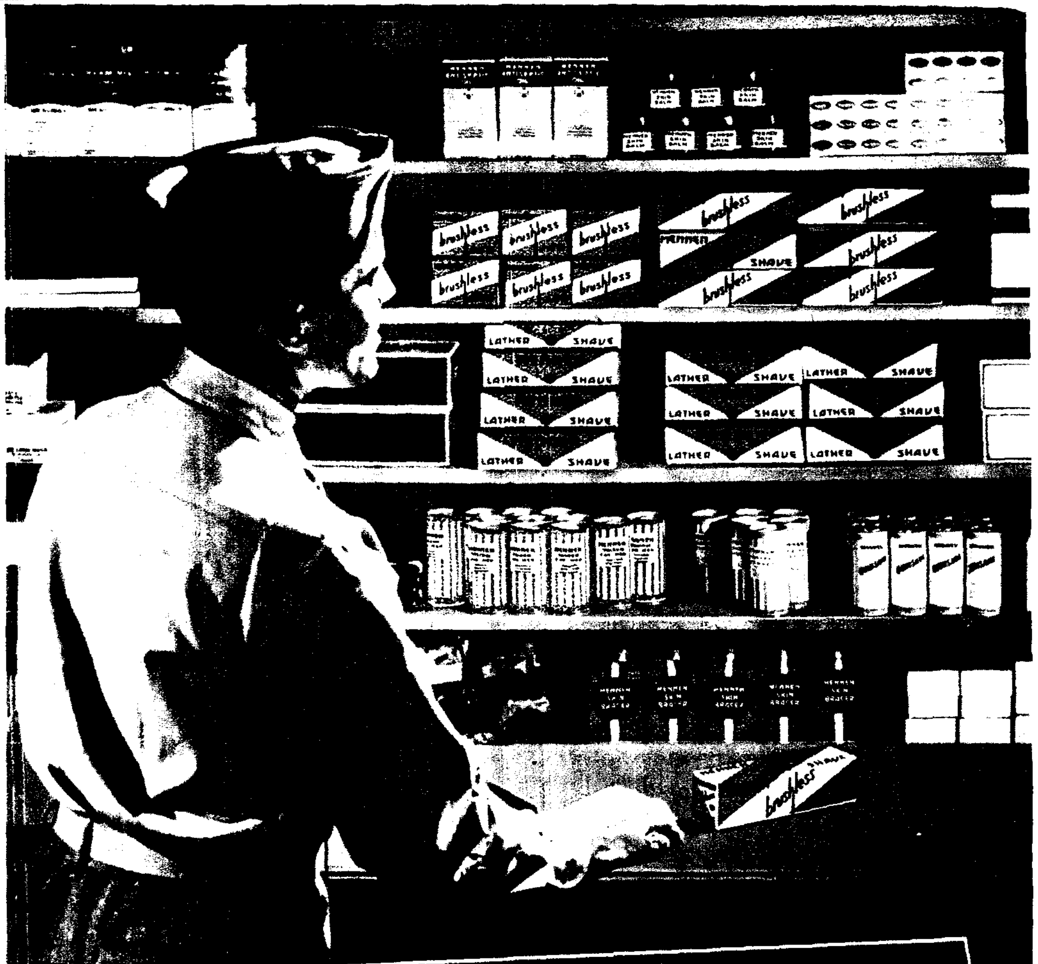
The first time George Gershwin ever played the piano on the stage he was laughed out of the theater by both the audience and his fellow actors.

Marconi was bawled out by his father for wasting time when he first began to experiment with radio.

Albert Einstein's teachers classified him as a dunce, and even his parents thought him backward.

And when Thomas A. Edison was in school he was always at the foot of his class because he couldn't remember his three Rs. His teachers called him stupid and doctors predicted he'd have brain trouble.

C. H. PROUT



He gets what he wants

Where our fighting forces go, their favorite products follow. All branches of the Armed Forces have their Post Exchanges, Ship Service Stores or Canteens, where the men can buy those necessities which make life away from home a little easier.

For the past three years, U.S. forces here and abroad have been asking for and getting ever-increasing quantities of Mennen Shave Products and Quinsana Foot Powder. Despite these heavy demands on production facilities, we have been able to provide our civilian customers with limited quantities of all products...excepting Mennen Skin Bracer, which goes entirely to the services, mostly overseas.

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A Novel Radio Program—Ed Sullivan Entertains
CBS Monday nights 7:15 p.m. EWT 6:15 p.m. CWT 9:15 p.m. MWT 8:15 p.m. PWT

MENNEN

for men in service — for men at home

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EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

1 ***Blame It On The Three Blind Rats*** that plunged the world into war. Of course, your folks will be disappointed, particularly if there's a new *member of the house* they haven't met yet. But they know that the space on trains, planes and buses is needed for moving men and materials for the war effort.

2 ***Be Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus*** to some of the "boys" who can't get home for Christmas either. And don't forget the girls in uniform. Only a small fraction of them can get leave at Christmas time. So brighten up your home, and their lives, by asking as many as you can take care of conveniently.

To the Family that can't go home for CHRISTMAS

3 ***Look At All The Enchantment*** distance will lend you tomorrow. Home will be just around the corner from *anywhere* when you're flying your own Cessna Car of the Air. And that's exactly what that amazing Cessna airplane will be . . . your own Car of the Air . . . because it will be more like driving an automobile than flying. You'll think nothing of covering a thousand miles or more in a day. Why, there won't be a corner of this country you won't be able to reach over a week end. Today, of course, we're devoting all of our time to building twin-engined Cessna Bobcats for the U. S. Army Air Forces. But the tomorrow of Victory and Peace is just around the corner, too. Then you'll discover a whole new world of enchantment in your Cessna Car of the Air.

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To Robert Rouse (left) and Morris Purdy, nobody is ever "hopelessly" in debt. Here they're working out a design for living for an old client

DEBT TAKES A HOLIDAY

BY WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

There is a little company in Detroit that has nothing to sell you except your self-respect and an easy conscience. To families who have been yanked out of a morass of debts, the Credit Adjustment Company is a friend indeed

SO YOU think you've had money troubles? You think you have faced, with do-or-die heroics, more dreadful firsts of the month than anyone you know? Well, listen to the story of the Credit Adjustment Company, which, translated, is Morris Purdy, Robert Rouse and an idea. For a price, they chose to assume the financial worries of others. And they have. Take the case of a defense-plant foreman (we'll call him John Brown), who walked into C.A.C.'s office in Detroit and said:

"I'm licked. I've got eleven judgments against me, and my wages are garnisheed every pay day."

"Well," said Purdy, "you've still got your health, and they can't put you in jail for debt. How much do you make?"

"Fifty-two dollars a week."

"And how much do you owe?"

"I don't know," said John. "I'm afraid to add up the bills. Here!" And he emptied his pockets of statements, installment contracts and account books.

Purdy had already taken from his desk a form for listing a dozen items; now he reached for three more. He began figuring.

"Forty-two payments a month," he said finally, "amounting to more than you make! Have you any children?" he asked.

"Seven."

"You owe $2,200," said Purdy. "Come down tomorrow and bring your wife. We'll try to fix things up for you."

Next day Purdy and the Brown family went into a huddle which lasted for several hours, and from which they emerged with a plan. The Browns were to buy no new clothing for six months. They were to live on a rigid diet of wholesome but inexpensive food. Pleasure spending was to be confined to picnics and an occasional movie. Every effort was to be made to retain the car, the furniture and the modest home on which John had made a few payments. No new obligations were to be incurred, and no money was to be spent, except for listed necessities, without the consent of Purdy and Rouse. Joe's weekly pay check was to be sent directly to the office of the Credit Adjustment Company, and Mrs. Brown was to be sent $29 each week for living expenses. The balance of $23 was to be applied to the debts.

The next step was to satisfy the creditors. Those who had obtained court judgments against John were induced to forego collection long enough to see if the plan would work. Others agreed to take their merchandise back and make no trouble. Several promised to cut payments in half if regularly made.

Within a month, every one of John's creditors had received a token payment, and had the promise of the Credit Adjustment Company that more would be forthcoming. The gas bill had been paid, car installments had been reduced and extended, the house payment had been met. In another six months, half a dozen items had been wiped out entirely, and the total debt had been reduced by about $500. Today the family is in the clear. Moreover, John's work at the factory has improved so much that he has been promoted.

Both Purdy and Rouse (the latter a lawyer) believe in going the second mile with their clients. They not only want to get them out of debt; they want to keep them that way and to help them on to thrift and profitable investments.

One day a woman hospital attendant on a modest salary came into the firm's office in great distraction. She had assumed the debts of her husband who had deserted her. She felt a moral obligation, even if there wasn't a legal one. Bills were overdue for jewelry, an auto, medical care and rent.

Design for Thrifty Living

She agreed to have her check sent direct to the company and take back just enough to live on. In the course of a year, they paid her out. Then she came back with an unusual request:

"I like the arrangement and wish to have it go on. Will you continue to receive my money and to put it into War Bonds, instead of debts? You see, I have a lot of relatives who like to sponge on me, and I want to be able to tell them I haven't got any cash on hand."

She has already put by $500 that way, and she's on good terms with her relatives because she treats them all alike.

Clients run the gamut from the lowliest to the highest. An ex-convict applied for guidance in liquidating debts he had made before going to prison; he wanted a clean conscience in everything. He paid up, and has steadily moved ahead in his corporation. . . . An executive normally making $10,000 a year found his commissions slipping and his creditors galling in their demands. He balked at only one thing: giving up expensive parties. But Rouse and Purdy were adamant. He finally yielded and now is out of debt, with business on the upgrade.

Occasionally a weird case breaks the routine for the partners. For instance, there's the young man—a hard drinker and lavish spender—who found himself at the end of his financial rope. Then he concocted the scheme of buying refrigerators on time, with a small payment down, and reselling them at a fraction of their value for cash, pocketing the difference. He was tossed into jail for selling mortgaged property.

His employer thought a lot of him, though, and put Purdy and Rouse on the job. A sister agreed to underwrite any loss. The buyers agreed to take their money back on the installment plan, and the boxes went back to the dealers. The offender contracted to keep sober, turn over his pay for the debts, and live on a modest plane. He paid up everything and is now going strong.

Purdy and Rouse are more than partners; they are pals. Their friendship began in college, where they agreed that sometime they would go into business together. Purdy is a village lad from Michigan, son of a hardware dealer, and worked in his dad's store as a clerk while in high school; in college, he made part of his expenses running the fraternity-house concession on candy bars and soft drinks. Rouse is a Hoosier, son of a steel-mill executive, and worked summers in an

(Continued on page 53)

VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS

GUNS COMING UP—
in plenty and in time!

When war came to this country, the first cry was for arms in quantities such as only mass production methods could provide.

To the men of General Motors, however, the changeover to such production was but the first step, to be followed promptly by full application of those principles of technological progress which steadily bettered their peacetime wares.

In one instance, such progress took the form of process changes that made it possible to rifle thirty-three machine gun barrels in the time it once took to rifle one. In other cases, it involved many "small" improvements that trimmed hours from manufacturing time and reduced cost. These and other important improvements were worked out in collaboration with Army Ordnance.

The result today is that American fighting men are getting these guns—in quantities, getting them in time, and, benefited in part at least by General Motors "know-how," getting them in quality that keeps pace with ever-rising Army and Navy standards.

This result is a serviceable contribution to the victory our fighting men are winning.

After victory, when we return to building our peacetime products, we shall, as in the past, have as our purpose the production of more and better things for more people.

• • •

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

BUY
WAR BONDS
★
Keep America Free

PROGRESS THROUGH VICTORY

Another Woman

Continued from page 15

Owen's mad passion for changing his car every year, in peacetime, for a larger and shinier one. Even when the one he had was still quite good.

"I bet she is larger and a lot shinier than me," thought Mrs. Fortune, as she neatly fitted sandwiches together and laid a fresh lettuce leaf on top. Owen loved lettuce. He said it was full of vitamins, so she grew some for him in the window boxes, but it never flourished much, on account of that brick wall.

"There . . ." she murmured. "I think that should do."

"What pretty hands you have, my dear." He raised one gallantly to his lips and kissed it lightly. She looked at him, astonished. This looked serious! "Mind the ham," she said, and wondered what he was really up to, and where he was going. Last time he said Edinburgh. The time before, Doncaster. . . . Dear Owen! Such a liar. Ready, but bad.

"Well, my dear. I wish I hadn't to go off like this and leave you."

"But when duty calls . . ." she said, softly.

He stooped and tickled her dutifully with his mustache. Then he departed. She watched him down the street, from the sitting-room window. Tall and distinguished, carrying his mackintosh and suitcase. . . . The only man I ever loved, she thought. Indeed, she loved him still, but it was in a different way, now. The way you loved a spoiled and naughty child you couldn't trust out of your sight for two minutes.

"Nottingham!" she said scornfully.

A distant rattling in the mousetrap told her Mrs. Crispin had arrived. She was a slim greenish woman, a widow exempt from war service on account of pernicious anemia. She was cramming some buttercups into a jam jar rather unhandily when Mrs. Fortune entered.

"You can't live without some beauty in your life," said Mrs. Crispin. "Will you have the meat cold or hot, Ma'am?"

"The colonel has gone away for the week end. To Nottingham. So I won't have it at all. We'll keep it for Tuesday, when the colonel's brother is coming."

"Friday!" said Mrs. Crispin, sucking her teeth. "Not a good day for a journey. . . . He left his knives crossed, too, on the breakfast table. Ever so unlucky, that is."

"Oh, well, we must all take a chance now and then," laughed Mrs. Fortune.

"I saw one magpie on my way through the park. Sure sign of a death."

"All flesh is grass," said Mrs. Fortune, "and death is no respecter of persons." She never took Mrs. Crispin's warnings seriously. She went into the sitting room and pinched the bottoms off the roses, to try to make them last another day. How wonderful it would be to go into your own garden and gather your own flowers. Through many a burning Indian afternoon in the Plains (for Owen did not believe in women leaving their husbands to go to the hills) she had lain on a red-hot sheet, picturing that garden. . . .

IT NEVER came off. Owen didn't want to take a house anywhere. He did not want to feel tied, he said. He liked furnished flats which committed him to nothing. Or very little. He said the country gave him rheumatism, and for all she knew, that might be the truth. But she suspected the real reason was that it was easier to get from London to Edinburgh—to Doncaster—to Nottingham!

She could laugh about it now, but at the start she hadn't laughed. She had lain awake nights, picturing the other woman. She would be large and showy. (Owen's favorite flower was the rhododendron.) She would probably have carrotty hair. Owen liked red hair. Jolly and blowzy and rather vulgar, Mrs. Fortune pictured her. The old-fashioned chorus-girl type, who could drink even with him and never turn a hair.

One thing she couldn't understand, and that was why he spent so little. She knew what he took away with him, and what he brought back, and she did hope, if he had to do this thing, he wasn't doing it in a niggardly cheeseparing manner. Her pride was somehow wounded at the thought of Owen doing anything mean. It cost a man a lot to have a mistress. And unless Owen had a secret hoard of which she knew nothing (which was more than probable) he wasn't spending a lot. . . .

She lunched early, condoled with Mrs. Crispin on having broken a plate in three pieces—a fearful portent—and went to a symphony concert. While he had been courting her, Owen had professed a passionate love of music. She knew now that it had been but a twig limed to catch her. He liked a tune he could beat time to with his foot, but he never understood what she saw in Beethoven.

She did a little shopping on her way back. Claud's ship was in again, and he would be with them on Tuesday. She was fond of her brother-in-law and always tried to give him a good dinner when he came. She often wondered whether he knew what Owen was up to and about this mistress he had, but she knew it wouldn't be any good asking him. He would have been shocked to the soul. Not at what Owen was doing, but at her knowing anything about it. *The whole family had an Early Victorian hang-over.*

When she got back, the telegram was there. The Admiralty regretted to inform them that Captain Claud Fortune had been killed in action in the Channel.

She stood for a moment, stunned by the news. Poor old Claud. He had enjoyed life so. How angry he would be, at being dead! But Owen would have to be told at once. She couldn't wait to break the news on Tuesday. Besides, he might see it in the papers and it would be a frightful shock. . . . Also, there were things he would have to see about. Things with lawyers. . .

"There!" said Mrs. Crispin. "What did I say? Those crossed knives, and the plate broke in three. I knew there was something coming."

"The thing is," said Mrs. Fortune, tapping her front teeth with a pencil thoughtfully, "how to get hold of the colonel."

"Send him a wire. I don't mind slipping out."

"No . . . Yes . . . I must think it over."

SHE went into his dressing room. She was always meticulously careful not to spy on him, not to probe, or examine his bureau when he wasn't there, but this was different. She had to get hold of him. A quirk of pride had kept her from ever looking through either his pockets or his papers, but now it was almost her duty.

The first thing she saw was his pocket diary. It was most unlike Owen to leave his pocket diary lying around. He must have been unusually excited! Quite obviously it was a mistake. She picked it up and turned the pages. Funny, she thought, to be able to delve like this into Owen's secret soul, so to speak, without her heart beating an atom faster.

Owen's secret soul seemed to consist mainly of telephone numbers. Some she knew; some were enigmas to her. Right at the end, tucked discreetly between his tailor and a bone setter someone had recommended, she found what she probably wanted. The entry read: "F. Little Hallingsford 432."

She rang the number and waited. . . . Funny to think that Owen would hear the telephone bell ring, and wouldn't know who it was. Wouldn't realize she had tracked him to his lair. . . .

A nice honest country voice answered her . . "Yes . . . This is Mrs. Felicity Franklin's house . . . No, she's not in just now. She'll be back tonight . . . No . . . No one is in just now."

Mrs. Fortune hung up. So that was who it was . . . Felicity Franklin the actress! One hadn't heard of her for years, and that was why. She had been bogied away in Little Hallingsford by Owen. . . .

And suddenly she knew what she was going to do. She would go down to Little Hallingsford herself, and surprise them. She would walk in on them. . . . Owen would be very pained, of course, and he would invent some entirely plausible story, which on principle she would believe. And maybe the shock of seeing her, where he never expected to see her, would take away from his shock at losing Claud. He had been very fond of Claud. He would realize her motive was good, and that she was trying to break bad news to him gently. But she did not deny to herself the fact that she wanted very much to see this Felicity Franklin, of whom she knew so little. And so much. . . .

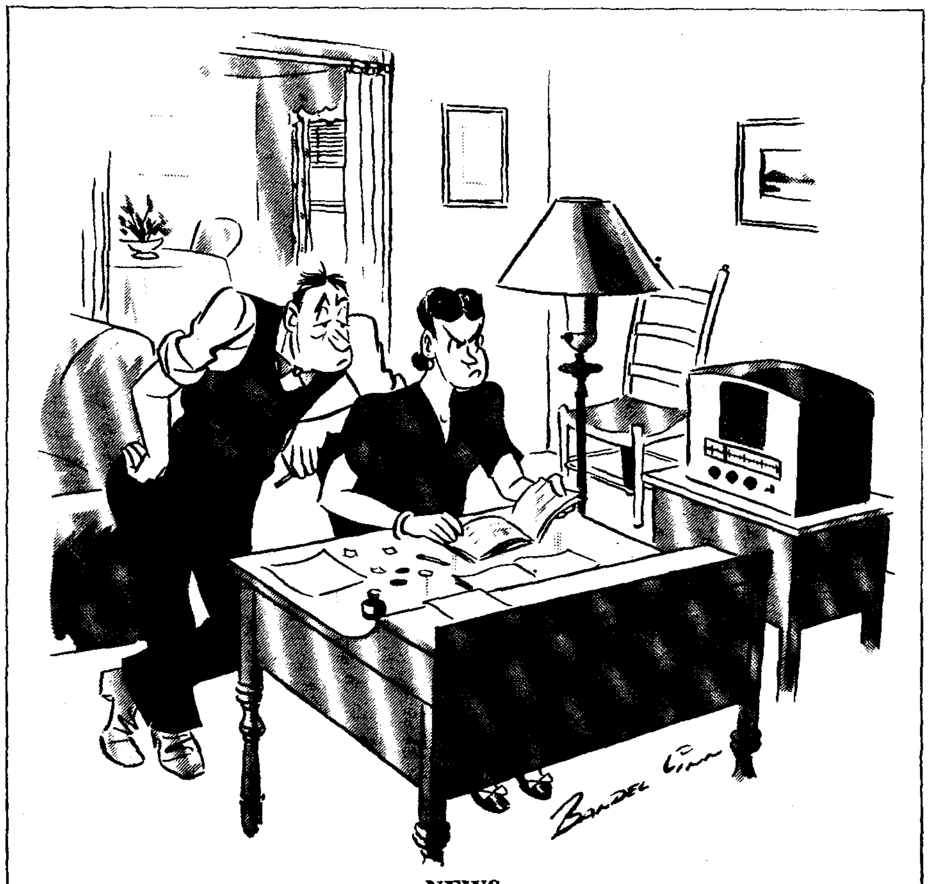
Little Hallingsford had that slightly woolly look an English village takes on about midsummer. The trees were dusty and bloated, and everywhere there was a little too much of everything. Too much hedge, too many buttercups, too much meadowsweet in the ditches under the hedge. Every cottage garden seemed to be boiling over with flowers, and spilling its contents out into the road. Creepers ramping over the houses made you think of people in need of the barber. There was a little square church sailing like a frigate in a churchyard gone to hay. . . .

"Oh . . ." said Mrs. Fortune. "How I would love to live in a place like this!" At first she thought the square was empty. Then she saw that in the cobbled square, anchored beside an ornamental fountain, either because he was part of it, or because he suffered from chronic thirst, was an old, old man. He was the oldest man Mrs. Fortune ever remembered seeing. He sat with his legs apart, his stick between them, his hands on top of his stick, his chin on his hands.

OF COURSE he knew where Mrs. Franklin lived. He said he had lived in Little Hallingsford himself, man and boy, eighty-six years. He seemed ready, moreover, to tell her all about it, but she made her escape by hurrying off, leaving him still talking. It was the only way.

The cottage she wanted, the old man said, was just beyond the duckpond. She was guided to it by the quacking of ducks. As soon as she saw the place, her heart swelled up with sick envy. It was the house she had always dreamed of. It would have taken a saint not to feel cold rage at the thought that, after all, Owen had given it to someone else.

There was even the row of Madonna lilies, tall and cool and dignified, against a background of clipped yew hedge. Feeling as Bluebeard's wife must have felt when she entered the forbidden chamber,



NEWS

"... and, as you can see, ration book four is made up of 384 stamps—both point and unit—printed in red, blue, green and black. The stamps marked 'coffee' we may disregard. As soon as change tokens are issued we may also disregard the numbers on red and blue stamps. As they will all have the same value, and change will be given in the form of tokens. Now, if I understand it correctly, some tokens will be red flecked with blue, while others will be blue flecked with red; the blue flecked with red will be used with the blue stamps, and the red flecked with blue will be used with the red stamps. Do not be concerned about the spare black stamps. They may be disregarded . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 9 of a series, Airplane Spotter.

Somewhere in this global war, your boy may be watching the heavens tonight. He is reminded of the Star of Bethlehem and is resolved that he and his comrades will bring us a world ruled by the precepts of the Prince of Peace. We at home must continue to furnish them with all they need to make this dream come true.

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IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

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He's counting on YOU!

To bring peace sooner — at lower cost in precious lives — he needs overwhelming superiority in weapons. Keep those weapons flowing to him by buying War Bonds *regularly* — till the day of final Victory!

DON'T WORRY, MR. GOODWIN, I WON'T BITE YOU!

MURRAY GOODWIN'S eyebrows shot up toward his receding hairline.

"What? What's this? Who's doing the talking around here?"

"I am—you're looking right at me! The *Postum* you just ordered. You've been eyeing me as though I were *anything* but good to drink! And I'll have you know, sir, I don't like your attitude!"

After recovering his eyebrows and his voice, Mr. Goodwin managed to answer, "How in heaven's name do you know anything about my attitude?"

"Oh, I know, all right. You're just like lots of other people who've never tried me. You think I'm just a substitute for coffee, don't you?"

"Well, since you ask me . . . yes."

"Hmmm-mmmph! Let me tell *you* a thing or two, Mr. Goodwin. *I'm no substitute!* I have a *very* special flavor of my *very* own. So special, in fact, that millions of Americans call me their favorite mealtime drink!"

"Say, that's *quite* a record! And what brought on all this success, may I ask?"

"Sure you can ask . . . I was just going to tell you anyway. Get this: I'm all wholesomeness. No harmfulness. Add that to my tempting flavor—and you've got good reason why I've become One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks!"

Mr. Goodwin didn't say a word. He was busy drinking the Postum. And when the cup finally met the saucer, a pleased smile settled over his face. Two remaining drops of Postum heard him murmur: "Mmm-mm-m . . . I really *have* discovered something special!"

And to the waiter he turned and said, "I'll have another cup of Postum, please!"

P.S. Postum comes in two delicious forms: Postum, the kind you boil, "perk," or drip; and Instant Postum, made instantly right in the pot or cup by simply adding boiling water. Both are very economical, too.

☆ *Tune in "The Aldrich Family," Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.*

Instant POSTUM
POSTUM Cereal

POSTUM

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

Mrs. Fortune opened the wicket gate.

A tall woman was weeding the garden. She had graying hair, and wore large gauntleted gardening gloves. . . . A mother? thought Mrs. Fortune. . . . An aunt? An old governess? Women of what Mrs. Fortune designated That Sort, often did have a discreet middle-aged female hanging around. . . . The woman saw her, looked puzzled and stripped off her gloves.

"Do you want me?"

"I came to see Mrs. Felicity Franklin."

"I am Mrs. Felicity Franklin." She had a very pleasant voice. Soft and rather husky. She was so unlike anything Mrs. Fortune had pictured, that for a moment she felt there must be some fearful misunderstanding. . . . This was no blowzy gold digger. I was getting out of date, thought Mrs. Fortune.

"I am Mrs. Owen Fortune," she said, gently. "I expect you've heard of me. . . . Of course I've known about you for ages. . . . I feel it's rather dreadful, coming here like this, but the circumstances are rather unusual. . . . I—I had some rather bad news—family news—that he ought to know about at once."

THE other woman pulled the dead heads off the flowers within reach, automatically. She did not seem shocked or surprised. She looked, if anything, a little sad.

"Did he tell you he was here?"

"Oh, no. Owen is very discreet. He told me he was in Nottingham. The time before he said it was Edinburgh. The time before that, Doncaster. . . . I am afraid I had to do a little prying, to find out. . . . I managed to get your telephone number. From his diary."

The other woman said nothing.

"I—I don't mind. Not any longer," said Mrs. Fortune quickly—to put her at her ease. "Of course, I did at first, but these things arrange themselves. Besides, you aren't in the least what I expected. I feel he is in very good hands. Perhaps if I tell you the news, you could break it to him gently. He was very fond of his brother. You could just say you got the message, and not tell him how, and I would go quietly away."

Felicity Franklin looked at her then. There were little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. She is not a very new model herself, thought Mrs. Fortune, appeased but astonished.

"My dear," said Felicity. "He isn't here. He hasn't been here for months. He told me he had had to take you to Bournemouth to see your mother, who has been very ill."

"My mother has been dead for years!"

"The time before that, he told me he was unable to leave you, as you had undergone a serious operation."

"I have never had an operation in my life," said Mrs. Fortune indignantly, "since I had my tonsils out when I was seven."

They stared at each other a trifle blankly. Then Felicity laughed.

"I'm afraid we have got to face the fact that he has been unfaithful to both of us. . . ."

Mrs. Fortune said, "Well!"

"Not much good being theatrical and emotional about it, is there? Come and have some tea. I know it's rather a strange situation, but you look as if you needed a cup."

"I do," said Mrs. Fortune. She sank into a deep chintz-covered chair gratefully. The house was charming, and Old World, and smelled of good polish and dried rose leaves. . . . If this is the sort of thing Owen really likes, why on earth couldn't he . . . She dropped that unprofitable line of speculation watching Mrs. Franklin pour tea into delicate willow-patterned cups. . . . Yes, she thought. Owen must certainly have had a hidden bank account. . . . It has taken something to pay for all this. . . . Mrs. Franklin was looking at her with a puzzled expression in her candid gray eyes. I'm as little like she expected me to be, as she is what I expected her to be, Mrs. Fortune thought, amused, and she fell to wondering what sort of picture Owen had painted of her!

She leaned forward.

"Supposing we both forget how we ought to be feeling under the circumstances, and are quite frank with each other," said Mrs. Fortune. "I felt as if I was entering an enemy's camp but somehow I don't feel you are my enemy."

"Thank you. . . . I feel rather bewildered at the moment. You are so very different from what I expected. I pictured you as a lady of fashion. Owen always said you couldn't be happy out of London—that you pined for town life."

"That he longed to live in the country himself, I suppose," said Mrs. Fortune, dryly.

"He did rather imply that. . . . But of course, I had long ago come to realize that he—that . . . some of the things he told me weren't strictly true."

That was putting it mildly, thought Mrs. Fortune. Mrs. Franklin went on: "I don't want you to think he paid for any of this. I did very well on the stage, you know, till I got tired of it. The house is mine, and living in the country isn't expensive. . . . I wouldn't like you to think that I took from him anything that—that should have been yours."

"Oh, dear . . ." said Mrs. Fortune, ashamed. "I am afraid that he *has* been mean!"

If men had to break the conventions, at least they should break them conventionally, she thought. To have a mistress and spend no money on her seemed to Mrs. Fortune quite disgraceful. . . .

"Well, thank you for taking it like that," said Mrs. Franklin. "And I think I ought to tell you that at the start of it all, I honestly believed him to be a widower."

"Did he bury me too?" asked Mrs. Fortune, interested.

"Not exactly. But I must say he implied . . ."

"Owen," said Mrs. Fortune, "is a thwarted novelist. The plots he can think up—well, I mean anyone who had to make a living that way would be glad of them! But the question is: Where is he? I had this telegram, and I've got to find him. Do you suppose he really *has* gone to Nottingham?"

"We could ring up the War Office and find out. Maybe they would tell us."

"That's the thing. He has a secretary, I know, for he told me just before he went that she was rather a muddler. . . . Still, she must know how to get in touch with him."

"Would you like to?" Mrs. Franklin lifted the receiver and held it tentatively in Mrs. Fortune's direction.

"No, you go ahead. . . . I expect you've done it before," she said magnanimously. She was very comfortable where she was. The bus had racketed her about a good bit, and it was pleasant to sit quiet, looking out onto that lovely garden. . . . A pretty room, and flowers. . . . A cup of tea and a good cigarette. . . . The hot-water bottle joys of life, she thought, but no doubt everyone comes to them in time!

SHE looked at Mrs. Franklin's straight, slender back. . . . A lady, she thought —in my own understanding of the word. The sort of woman you would lend two pounds of sugar to, without a moment's anxiety. . . . Only somebody rather nice could have made for herself surroundings like these. . . . There were pink-and-white sweet Williams in the borders. And lemon-colored hollyhocks. . . . And brilliant patches of the Himalayan poppy so hard to grow . . . heavenly blue. . . . A bird sang in an apple tree whose boughs were bending under the weight of the fruit.

She thought of the mousetrap kitchen in the dark flat. She thought of the sorry lettuces growing in the window boxes, flabby and pallid. . . . And Owen said . . .

No good letting it upset you. To the end of time Owen would say just what suited him best at the moment, and women would go on believing him, because he was a dear, and so handsome, and because, say what you like, a uniform does *something* to a woman. But she knew she was through with him now, herself. She wasn't going to dither any longer, conveniently on the outskirts of his life. She would buy a cottage down here herself. She would make her own plan, and maybe, when Owen had finished with all his fun and games (and surely some day he would be finished) he would come and live with her there. After all, he had to live somewhere, and he was always very averse to bothering over where.

BEHIND her in the pleasant room the telephone conversation was going on. A note of surprise had crept into Mrs. Franklin's voice. "Oh . . ." she said. "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . I see. . . ." She laid the receiver down and came and stood beside Mrs. Fortune, half sorry, half amused.

"His secretary is away," she said. "In Nottingham!"

Their eyes met. They both burst out laughing. Of course, thought Mrs. Fortune. How very silly of me! She did have red hair. He said so himself, and that she was useless in the office. . . .

"The best thing is to laugh," said Mrs. Franklin. "Once I would have minded horribly. . . . But now . . ." Her eyes rested on the Himalayan poppies, heavenly blue. "Do have another cigarette."

Mrs. Fortune lit another cigarette. She said, softly, "Poor child. I hope she isn't very young."

"They said at the War Office that if you sent the telegram there they would see that it is delivered at once."

"I'll do that. . . . I suppose I should be getting back. Can I look around your garden first?"

"You'd really like to?" Mrs. Franklin's face brightened. "I'm passionately interested in my garden, and it's so nice to find someone else interested. Owen never was, really, though in the beginning he told me . . ."

Mrs. Fortune nodded.

"I know. He told me he adored good music. . . . It was some years before I discovered he did not know God Save the Weasel from Pop goes the Queen."

She laughed.

"Dear Owen! I shall always be very fond of him. . . . But there comes a time when all one wants is peace and quiet."

"I shall always be very fond of him, too. But after this I shall make it quite clear." Mrs. Franklin picked a rose. "Smell that. Did you ever see anything lovelier? . . . And they come back," said Mrs. Franklin, softly. "Every year the same. . . ."

Joyce Fortune closed her eyes. There is something eternal in the scent of a rose, something beyond the fickle joys and pitiful schemes of men. . . . She had for a moment the same feeling she got when she listened to good music, when she heard the great symphonies of Beethoven go sighing round the concert hall like an unearthly wind in celestial trees. The feeling of almost knowing what it was all about, this our mortal life. Or at least, knowing there was something to know.

"When you have a garden, you owe no man anything," said Mrs. Franklin. "The roses do not let you down. The lilies come again. . . . The pear blossom stands out white against that old yew in early spring. . . . It is a beautiful thing I wait for and every year it happens to me."

"I am not going back to London. I won't live in a flat any more. I am going to buy a cottage, and live down here. Mrs. Crispin will come with me. She can have some beauty in her life, too!"

"Who is Mrs. Crispin?"

"Oh, a greenish woman who works for me. Pernicious anemia, but a good cook. Do you know of a cottage?"

"Not offhand. . . . Everyone wants one. A cottage you can work yourself at a pinch." Felicity looked at Mrs. Fortune, half doubtfully. "I suppose—I know it's an odd suggestion, but ours is an odd situation—I suppose you wouldn't care to come as my guest till you find one. . . . You could look around. . . ."

"Make it paying guest, and I'll jump at it. . . . It's unusual, I know, but as you say. . . ."

"I feel we would get on. . . ." murmured Mrs. Franklin.

Mrs. Fortune nodded.

"So do I. . . . After all we have a great deal in common."

Mrs. Franklin looked about the pleasant scene and frowned faintly, and said, "His secretary. . . . You said she had red hair?"

"Yes—poor thing."

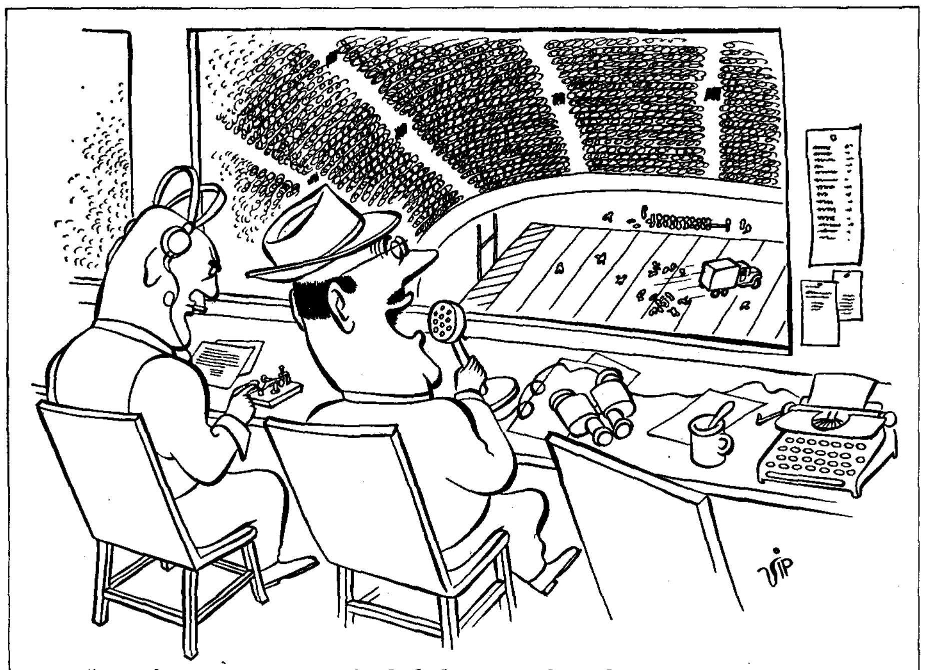
"She'll be happy for a while."

"Oh, of course." Joyce Fortune nodded. "But then. . . ."

"Exactly." Mrs. Franklin nodded, and added gently, "Do you suppose *she* likes gardening?"

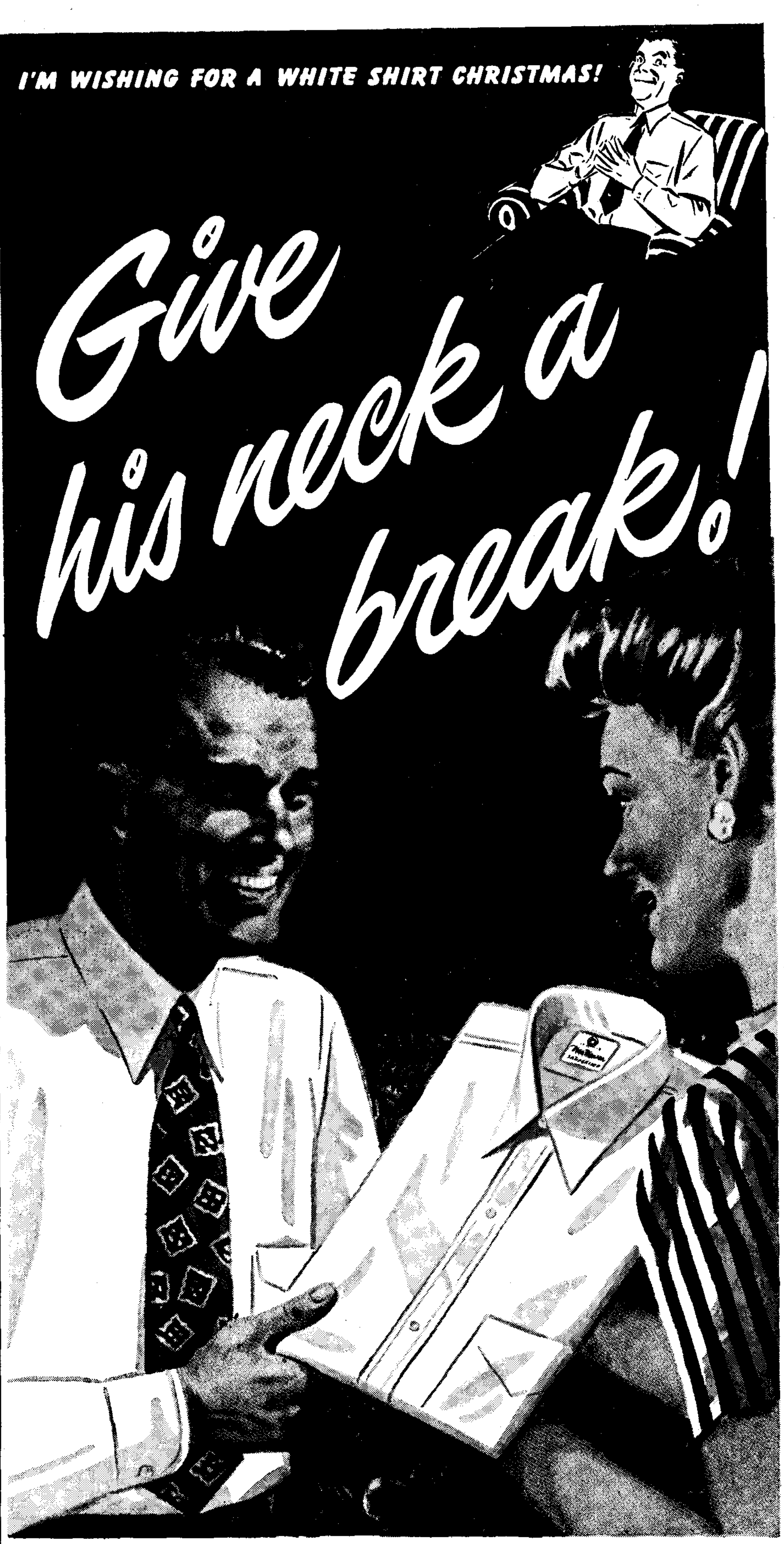
"I—I—" Mrs. Fortune gave a little sigh. "I suppose we really ought to know."

THE END



"Wow! State just opened a hole big enough to drive a truck through"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH


I'M WISHING FOR A WHITE SHIRT CHRISTMAS!
Give his neck a break!

A man can't have too many Van Heusen Shirts!

THIS Christmas, the way to a man's heart is through his collar... through the famous collar on a Van Heusen white shirt. The collar that can't wilt, can't wrinkle, *looks* starched but *isn't*. That's so-o-o comfortable because it's woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck. Get him some Van Heusens and give his neck a break! Sanforized, laundry-tested . . . . **$2.25** and up

Van Heusens also come in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles

1 *Smoo-ooth! Collar can't pucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!*

2 *Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly, for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.*

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Distinguished sack coat of smooth capeskin leather. Bi-swing back. Padded shoulders.

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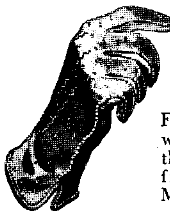
Choose a genuine Albert Richard coat or jacket. Superbly fashioned in handsome styles that stand out in a crowd . . . made of quality leathers and fine fabrics that will stand up faithfully under long, hard wear. Tailored with the same precision as the apparel Albert Richard makes for our Armed Forces. And most important, Albert Richard coats and jackets have Action-Fit*—an exclusive tailoring feature which combines perfect fit with complete freedom for action. At leading stores everywhere.



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Widow's Mite

Continued from page 17

van named him for me, lad"—but he shut it, because Tommy Gallivan was no longer a friend. Then, too, the girl was there.

"Come now, Gerry," she said. "Thank the gentleman." And she had that smile on her mouth.

"Thank you," the kid said. Turning after his mother, he reached to give the dog another pat, a kind of see-you-again pat. And then he stopped and looked along his shoulder at Shea. "Thank you," he said again, and then suddenly he turned back and took Shea's big hand in both his own and gave it a quick, self-conscious pump, trying to be grown up. "Thank you, indeed," he said. And then he marched quickly away, his shoulders stiff with the effort that gesture had cost him.

The dog started to follow, and Shea put a hand down to stop him, and then waited while the woman and the boy turned into the little place next to the saloon, a little box of a place that had once been a cigarmaker's and now had its windows full of hats and dress goods.

WHEN the door had shut behind them, he looked down at the dog and said, "Where's Tommy?" And suddenly in his mouth was the dirty taste of the wish that he had not come.

The dog flipped its tail and moved toward the saloon's swinging doors.

There were two men in that shadowed place, dank and dead at that hour. They looked up at the sound of the swinging doors and saw Pat Shea only as a bulk against the morning in the street. But both recognized him, recognized the shoulders square against the light; and Tommy Gallivan said quickly, "It's past time ye got back here, lad."

Tommy Gallivan, the round little man, was standing not behind the bar as he should have been, but at one corner, neither in nor out, behind nor before. He had the smooth, happy-cheeked face of a politician or saloonkeeper, the face of a man who doesn't work for a living. He stood there smiling at Pat Shea with his little baby's mouth. "I'm glad to see ye, lad."

"Good mornin', Tommy," Shea said. Then he spoke to the other man: "Last time I met you, Ira, you were behind that bar, too."

Ira Brutelle had his hands pressing the bar as though to help him move swiftly, if such were necessary. He said, "That was the night I licked you, Pat. I was just makin' a good fellow of myself that night, helpin' out with the beer an' such." His voice was restrained and watchful as his eyes.

"You must have been good," Pat Shea said. "Tommy gave you a job."

"If I was Ol' Nick himself," Tommy said, "I wouldn't give him the job spittin' on the griddle to test for heat."

"Hell!" Brutelle said. "This ain't Tommy's place now. I'm runnin' it." He was a man built on powerful sloping lines, with his head running into his neck and his neck into his shoulders. A rough man, but now he had his hair and his mustache greased, and a broadcloth coat lay smooth and rich across his big shoulders.

Tommy Gallivan said, "Don't make yerself out a businessman! Ye're tendin' bar for Arch Simons, may the divil see him soon!"

Brutelle said, "I am a businessman, an' don't you forget it, Tommy." His eyes moved back to Shea. "Fightin' is just a business with me. Like that fight we had. What I wanta know, Pat—you got hard feelin's?"

"No," Shea said. And then, "You don't look natural there, Tommy."

"He took out a mortgage on the saloon," Brutelle said, and he laughed. "Arch Simons collected. The only business Tommy's got now is makin' dresses."

"It's respectable, anyhow," Tommy said angrily. He said to Pat Shea, "I give a young widow a bit of a hand, an' I'm now the laughin'stock of the town."

"You won't be long," Brutelle said. "Arch Simons'll have that half interest away from you before long."

"Not with the lad back, he won't," Tommy said. "Oh, lad, what they've done to the place that I tended like a dear wife's grave. Stoopin' even so low as to dope the drinks of them poor innocent lumberjacks!"

Pat Shea stood there, sudden stillness on his face and in his eyes. He let his breath out and said, "You never doped a drink, Tommy? You never used that little black bottle you used to keep alongside the beer pump?"

"Ah?" Tommy said. "Ah? . . . Well, now and again, maybe, on a noisy customer. But never for the sake of a poor lumberjack's winter's wages."

Pat Shea turned from him. "Bourbon," he said to Brutelle.

With surprise, Gallivan said, "You, lad? At this time of day? 'Tisn't the way a gentleman drinks."

"I feel the need of it," Shea said.

"Then, by all means," Gallivan said. "Keep yerself sharp, lad. Because I'll be fixin' up another fight for ye with this dressed-up baboon."

Brutelle said, "I told you I was a businessman, Tommy. I don't fight except for profit."

"So?" Tommy Gallivan said. "Do ye forget I've an interest in the business next door, which is goin' to be very profitable?" He turned to Shea. "She's a wonderful girl, that Mollie Parsons. I thought of you, lad, when first I saw her."

"Let her pick her own friends," Brutelle said. "She's payin' her rent to me now. She knows which side her bread's buttered on."

"So?" Tommy said. "So? When the lad finishes with ye, ye dirty . . ."

Shea said, his voice cold, "I'm not fightin' him, Tommy."

There was a little silence, and Tommy Gallivan said faintly, "What?" And then Brutelle laughed. "I knew it," he said. "A man can't take a lickin' like I give him an' want any more of it."

Tommy Gallivan had only puzzlement in his little black eyes. And then he chuckled. "Ye're thinkin' of yer condition that last fight, lad?"

"Yes," Pat Shea said. "I went into the back room that night with my fists like pillows and my arms like rope. An' you both know that."

Brutelle said, laughing: "It wouldn't've made any difference, Shea. I could lick you the best day you ever lived."

"Listen to the man!" Tommy Gallivan said, and chuckled again. "Think no more of that last fight, lad. It's all in the business, an' business is business. So forget it."

"No," Pat Shea said. "I won't forget it, Tommy. If you're broke, I'll pay for your chuck and a place to sleep—but I'll never lift another fist for you, Tommy."

And he turned, then, and walked out.

HE GOT his breakfast at Johnson's boardinghouse, and a noonday lunch in his pocket; and then went up and rented a room at Mrs. Biddle's up on the hill. Then he walked back down to the yards at the foot of the hill.

He went to work on a midmorning job, and at noon he got his sandwiches from the fireman's seat box and his coffee in a flat-sided whisky bottle that had roosted all morning snug and hot on the engine's

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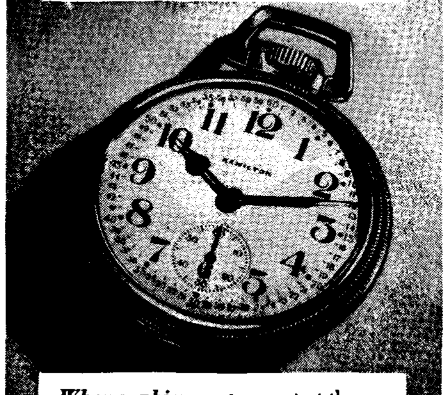

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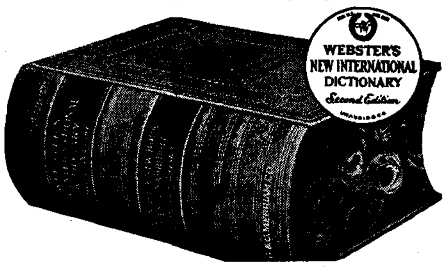

"THE SUPREME AUTHORITY" IS WORTH WAITING FOR

boiler head; and he turned up the tracks to the solitary shade of the icehouse, away from the switch shanty.

The sun laid its full weight on the flat yard before him, on the pounded cinders and the bright and quivery rails. The switch engines, resting in the clear for dinner, sent the hot drumlike panting of their air pumps in low, slow waves. Through that heavy, breathing heat there was much movement; for in those days the yard was a great hangout for boys and dogs and men—like Tommy Gallivan dangling his short legs from an express truck at the depot.

His back against the icehouse, Shea saw the stir start there in the yard, saw those kids coming out from among the men, converging like chickens at feeding time. And he saw the lad, Gerry Parsons, coming up the track, conspicuous in those clothes of his as a woman in a barbershop. And all up and down the yard, men turned to watch, as though it were a dogfight or a rat hunt or a bold woman walking by.

Then, suddenly, with no perceptible start, the lad was in full run. His shoes gave him an advantage on the cinders, and he ran without panic, as though he'd done it before, one hand holding his hat, angling and circling among the cars and the shanties, working closer to the icehouse all the time.

Shea sat up, but he wouldn't get to his feet or take a step to interfere.

The chasing kids came streaming until they saw Shea, and then they slowed and stopped. Shea said, looking beyond the lad, "Go away."

A chunky, black-haired kid said, "You ain't so much. Brutelle licked you." And he swaggered his head, looking at his pals.

Gerry said to Shea, "If you'll hold my coat and hat, I'll fix him!"

"Too late for that," Shea said. Still looking at the kids, he said, "Get out of here." And slowly and resentfully, they moved back, and back.

The boy said, as though the chase were a thing over and done with, "The Gentleman was with me but he stayed with Mr. Gallivan. Is it all right that I told Mr. Gallivan we were friends? He said you were here."

"Yes," Shea said. "Sit down." And then he said, "Once you start runnin' from anybody, lad, it's awful hard to stop."

"I dasn't fight," the kid said. "We can't afford to get my clothes torn. I'm kind of an advertisement for my mother."

Shea said, "Your mother tell you that?"

"I figured it out myself," the kid said. He picked up some grass and chewed it. "It's these fancy clothes. If I could only have some overalls."

"Hell!" Shea said. "I'll get you overalls."

"My mother wouldn't want me to wear 'em," the kid said. And then he said hastily, "It's not her fault. That's just the way she makes our money. I don't mind much."

"You're a good kid," Shea said. "With a good left hand, they couldn't get close enough to tear your clothes. I could teach you that."

"What?" the kid said, and he sat straight up, his eyes wide as when the dog had butted him in friendliness. "Honest?"

"If your mother wouldn't mind."

"Oh, no!" the kid said. "But if you'd ask her. . . . And say! Could I wear overalls for when you're teachin' me?"

"I'll get 'em tonight," Shea said. "And I'll see your mother."

IT WAS deep suppertime when Pat Shea came walking up Main Street, and at that hour, the millinery shop, modest and demure alongside the saloon, would be empty of customers. When Shea opened the door, he stepped into a room where a man had no place, a small room full of dress goods and big fancy hats and the scent and feel of many women.

The girl came through the curtained doorway at the rear, her smile bright on her face like a brooch pinned in place. But when she saw him, she dropped the smile, and it left her face tired and her eyes withdrawn.

Uncomfortable in that woman's place and anxious to be gone, Shea said abruptly, "I told your boy I'd give him some boxing lessons."

"Yes," she said. "But why ask my permission? If I said no, you'd teach him, anyway."

Shea hesitated a moment. "Maybe I would," he said.

"Of course," she said. She stood in the doorway, her arms crossed, as though she were holding herself. "A boy needs a man's hand, doesn't he?"

"I guess so," Shea said.

"Yes," she said. "And a woman needs

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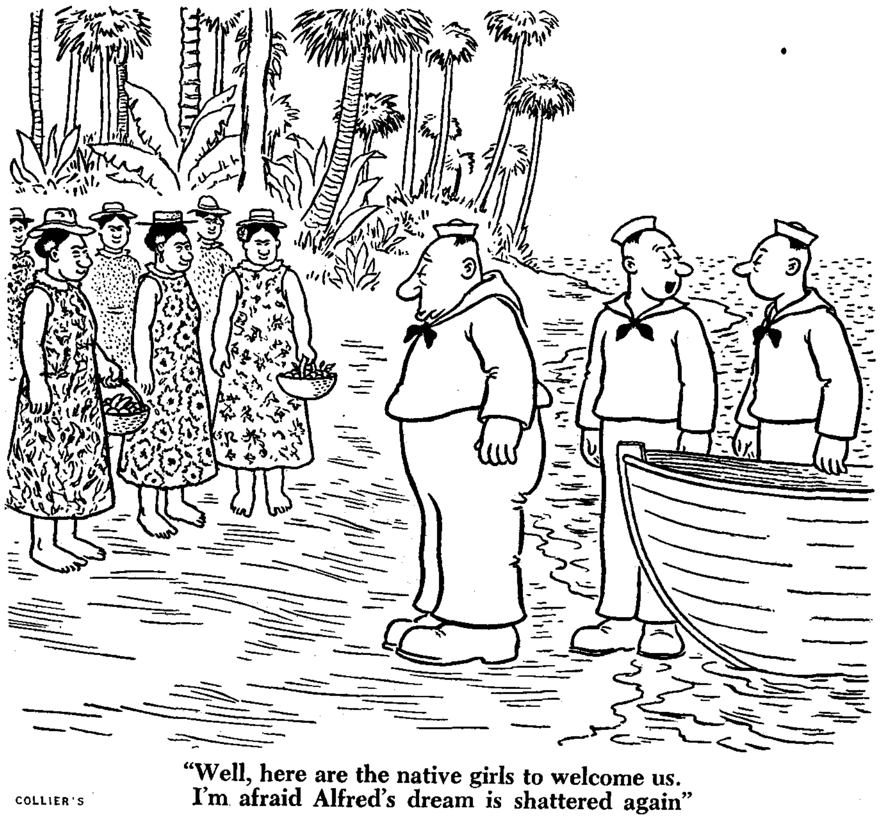

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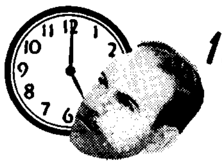

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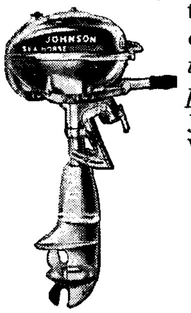


JOHNSON SEA-HORSES FOR DEPENDABILITY

a man, too. Can you guess, Mr. Shea, how many men have told me that? Usually they start with Gerry and end up with me."

"Something's wrong here," Shea said. "I don't follow you."

"Men think Gerry is a good approach," she said, "and men like to approach a widow."

She leaned there on the counter, her eyes on him, angry and hard.

"You think that's what I had in mind?" Shea asked.

"No," she said. "I'd feel better if you had. I'm used to that, and it's a compliment to me in a funny, nasty sort of way." Her anger came closer to the surface now and her words were tight, jagged, cutting things. "You have no use or want for me. You don't even want friends like Mr. Gallivan. But you feel sorry for Gerry because his mother has made a sissy out of him. So you'll take him and make him hard, teach him to fight—like you."

He said slowly, "I'm sorry you feel that way."

"Well, don't be!" she said, and her anger was alive in her eyes. "Why should you feel sorry for me? At least, I have my son! But you—you don't have anyone."

SHE stopped then when she saw his face and the anger and hurt that clamped it tight. "That's true," he said. "That's true—I don't have anyone. I'll teach your boy to box if you'll let me. I won't take him. I won't make him like me."

Her own anger went from her. "I'm sorry," she said. "I've hurt you. But Gerry came in this afternoon and told me. . . . I've never been able to give him anything that meant as much to him as what you offered."

"It's all right," he said, and turned his back on her.

He ate his supper at Johnson's boarding-house, and, finished, he went on up the hill to the place where he had taken a room, stopping at a saloon for a quart of whisky.

The lamp on his dresser, trained and trimmed by the landlady, burned yellow and without any interest in its light. He stood the quart beside it, and hung his coat and his hat on a nail in the door. He had the seal off the quart when he heard steps in the hall, and he stood there, listening. They were light steps, hesitant; and behind them were soft padding steps and sloughy breathing. The knock on his door was not a sure knock, and given by a light hand.

"Come in," he said, and the door opened, and the kid said, "Hello." He stood there in the doorway with his eyes big and questioning in the lamplight. Behind him, the dog, up to that moment just tagging along, saw Shea and he started in, swinging his big shoulders, his thick head bobbing with affability.

"Come in," Shea said, and the kid stepped forward with big steps, holding out his hand. Shea set his quart on the dresser, and gravely they shook hands. The kid said, "We thought . . . we'd just . . . come visitin'."

"I'm glad you did," Shea said, "but I don't think your mother'd like it."

The boy said, "No?" shaking his head, his eyes getting big. "I ast 'er, an' she said she thought it'd be nice."

Very still in the lamplight, Shea said, "I don't understand that. She was awful mad at me."

"What for?" the kid said.

"I don't know."

"Lots of times I don't know, either," the kid said, and shook his head, pondering. "I just ast 'er could I come visit you because maybe you'd bought . . ." He stopped then, and looked at Shea with guilt and confusion coming over his face. "I didn't mean that," he said apologetically. "I didn't mean to hint."

Shea stared at him. Then his face opened. "I forgot!" he said. "What a friend I am! I forgot those overalls."

"That's all right," the kid said.

Shea reached for his hat and his coat. "Let's go back."

When they came down the dark hill the millinery shop was empty, but both the man and the boy were aware that someone was in the house. The boy said, "I'd like to tell my mother, if she'll wait a minute. . . . Then I can try my overalls on here?"

When they stepped into that small room, close-packed with the feel of and smell of women, they heard the movement in the back room—tight slithering movement that went on and took no account of them.

The lad was looking up, his eyes wide with question when Shea slid a bill into his hand.

"Go down to Simons' Store," he said. "Get yourself those overalls. I'll see you in the morning."

And the boy went, hurrying to get out of there.

Pat Shea heard the girl's voice say with great calmness, "No. No. Don't." Her voice was not loud or angry or entreating. It was as though she used the words with little hope.

Brutelle laughed at them. It was the laugh, pleasant sometimes to a woman, of a man when he has his power on that woman.

They moved then into the doorway, and Brutelle nailed her there with one arm around her waist. With his free hand, he caught her face and turned it upward. She stopped her movements of resistance then when he laid his mouth upon hers and shifted his offensive hold to bear down for enjoyment. And when he did, she moved outward, shoving and twisting with a practiced twist.

"That's enough," she said.

"No, it ain't," Brutelle said.

"The hell it ain't," Pat Shea said, and stepped forward. He heard his voice with surprise and until then he hadn't known his anger. He could feel his chest and the muscles of his shoulders swelling with the heat of it.

THEY turned on him then with consternation. Violently, Brutelle swung from the girl. "I'll smash you bloody!" he said. His voice was thick, a shout squeezed into a whisper by his clamped teeth, by the anger of a man caught with his hands in secret ways on a woman.

"Will you, now?" Shea said. "With the street full of listeners?"

The girl said, "There's no need for fighting."

Shea's eyes touched her once and moved away.

Brutelle's anger was slipping from him, for under such circumstances, the best man can have only an anger of wind. "You'll pay for this snoopin', Shea."

"I came with the boy," Shea said, and he spoke only to the girl.

Her breath came in. "Did Gerry see?"

"No," Shea said. "He was outside."

"If it's family business," Brutelle said, and relief was in his voice, "I'll leave."

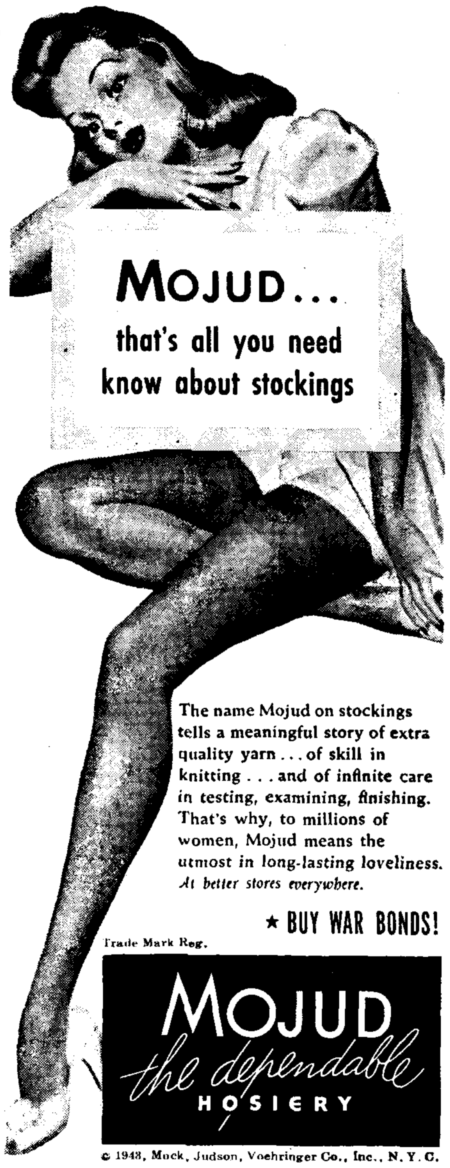
"By the back way," Shea said. "I'll be in to see you."

Brutelle stopped with his foot out of the door. He could grin now. He said, "Start actin' up in my place of business, an' I'll shoot you. If you want to fight me, bring your money with you. I'm a businessman, Shea."

When the door shut, the bright flame of Shea's anger went from him, leaving the banked heat deep in his chest.

The low lamp on the worktable was behind the girl, and she stood straight and quiet with the light flowing around her, her face in darkness. But when she said, "You're proud of yourself, aren't you?" her words were bitter in her mouth. "You've acted the gentleman."

"It's a funny thing," Shea said. "I had



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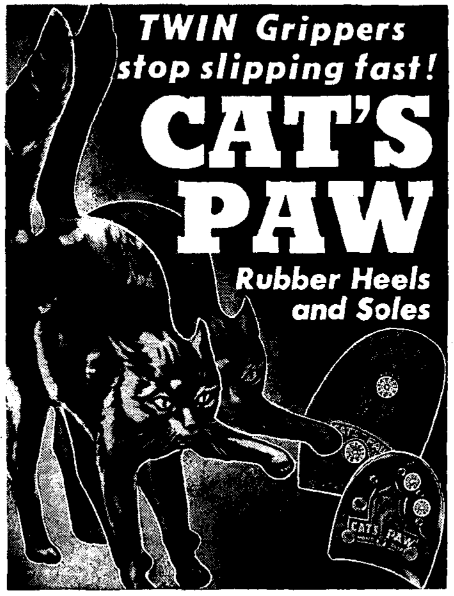


nothing against him till I saw his hands on you."

"Why, how righteous!" she said. "How very gentlemanly!"

"Shut up!" he said. "And stop bitin' me. It's because I want you myself—and you know it."

There was silence in the room. The girl's body moved against the light and her breath went in with a gentle sucking sound. "All right, Pat Shea," she said. "Take me."

"I will," he said. "But I'll take Brutelle first."

"You don't have to fight Brutelle for me," she said. "Do it for Tommy Gallivan. He's a good man, Pat Shea. He could have sold me out to Simons and kept his saloon if he'd wanted to."

"To hell with Tommy Gallivan!" Pat Shea said.

OUTSIDE, he walked through a group of men and into the saloon. The men came in behind him, and left little movements of sound running up and down the street. The place was full, but quiet, too, as though those there had been waiting for something they couldn't talk about aloud.

Standing near the center of the bar, Ira Brutelle said, "Something on your mind, Shea?" And silence exploded in the room.

"I don't like your face," Pat Shea said. "I've come to change it."

With great speed, Brutelle jerked a sawed-off shotgun from under the bar. "Where's your money?" he said, grinning.

"Right here," Tommy Gallivan said. He sat alone in a corner as though he'd been there a long time, his hands locked comfortably on his belly. "I'll put up a half-interest in a business against a half-interest in this place, run down as it now is."

Old Simons, slipping through the swinging doors, snapped at the words. "'Tain't enough," he said. "All or nothin'."

"I'm fightin' this for fun," Pat Shea said, "so forget your purses. I'm comin' over, Ira."

Tommy Gallivan called, "Don't do it, lad. He'll really shoot."

Then through the swinging doors came the boy, hurrying with the dog behind him, and he stopped just inside the door. He said, looking at Pat Shea, "My mother told me to say she gives her interest to either Mr. Shea or Mr. Gallivan, whoever'll use it, an' she'll work for wages in the shop."

"That's me," Tommy Gallivan said quickly. "Ah, the darlin'. . . ."

Pat Shea said angrily, "What're you doin' in here, lad?"

The boy said, "My mother told me to tell you that, after what you said, she has the right to put her money on you."

"Maybe she has," Shea said, and he smiled. "Did you get your overalls?"

"They're in the shop," the kid said and dug in his pockets. "Here's your change. An' they got brass buttons, shiny."

Old Simons called out, "It's one on the house, boys. And Mr. Shea's regular drink, Ira. I remember he takes one before fightin'."

Tommy Gallivan came out of his chair and across the room as though he'd have to pay for the drinks himself. He gave a little hop and rolled on his belly over the bar like a kid. "Ye tricky divil," he said. "Dope the lad's drink, would ye? I'll pour it meself."

The glass in his fingers, Pat Shea said, low-voiced, "I didn't think I'd do this again."

"How is that, lad?" Tommy said, and stood there with a little smile on his face as though waiting for a joke.

"The last fight you doped me, Tommy."

"Ah?" Tommy said, and stared at him, his little mouth open. And then he lifted his hand and swung, openhanded, like a father striking a grown-up son.

The sound was like the slap of a board upon board, and it stopped the growing, excited noise in the room. Pat Shea stood there with the side of his face reddening from the blow, and the whisky unspilled in his hand. Then he said, "An' now I know it wasn't you, Tommy."

Tommy Gallivan said angrily, "Ye wouldn't stop to think Brutelle was makin' a nuisance of himself behind the bar that night, an' Simons standin' alongside ye! And whyn't ye say so when ye felt the dope in ye?"

"I didn't want to shame you," Shea said. "If you needed money that bad, you ought to have it. And I knew you loved a dollar."

"May God forgive you," Tommy Gallivan shouted. "It was that fight cost me the place." And then his voice changed. "It's two fools we are, lad. I thought you'd got drunk on me—you who never got drunk."

Brutelle said, laughing as though it made no difference, "It's a pack of lies, gentlemen. Pay no attention, gentlemen, and drink up. It'll be an hour or two before we can get some gloves—if we can find gloves."

"Make it bare fists," Pat Shea said.

"Ye're playin' into his hands," Tommy Gallivan said. "Ye're a boxer. And a fool."

"And a strong man," Pat Shea said. "Let's get goin'."

And so they went into the back room, the faces of the men sharp with fight hunger.

Slowly, as though proud of himself, Brutelle bared his great heavy shoulders and his thick, long arms.

And then the back door opened, and the boy entered, and behind him, Mollie Parsons stood where no lady ever could afford to be, standing straight and proud with her blood in her face.

The men turned upon her, shocked out of their own excitement, and Tommy Gallivan called to them, "Her money's up. She has the right to watch."

"More than my money," Mollie Parsons said. She looked at Pat Shea and laughed a quick, excited laugh.

Pat Shea, half naked and with all his restraint gone from him, laughed back at her. And he raised his arms, loosening them, and the muscles moved under the fine white skin. He looked at Tommy Gallivan and he gave a little nod, and he looked at the boy and said, "Watch my left hand."

He moved then, smoothly and softly, toward Brutelle, waiting, with his shoulders hunched and his hands up. And Shea's left hand moved once, twice, and then the sound of his fist was the sound of meat on a butcher's block, and it hung there in the silence till the drawn "Ah!" of many breaths erased it.

"You'll be careful where you put that mouth again," Shea said.

Brutelle laughed through his broken mouth. "I don't fight with my mouth," he said, and came in under Shea's next blow, his great arms clubbed.

AH, THAT was a fight that they still talk about here in Crystal Falls. It was a fight that squeezed the breath and the sweat from the men watching it, and their strength, too, so that they were weak when it was over.

Probably it was strong meat for the boy, but he stood and watched beside his mother.

And the girl watched with her eyes wide and staring, and her breath hot in her mouth, following the movements of Pat Shea as though each move were pain but pain that she loved. It was a fight which a woman could watch that way but once in a lifetime.

And when it was done, she turned and went out, and Pat Shea followed her across the dark back yards and through the door into the little room in her shop where she had a basin of water waiting. She came to him and laid the wet cloth against his battered face and her deep breasts against his moving chest.

"I'd hate to see it again," she said, "but, oh, it will be a wonderful memory!"

And then the lad came bursting in the door, tearing off his jacket, the dog behind him. With one hand he unwrapped the overalls that lay on the low table, and with the other he unbuttoned his trousers from his waist.

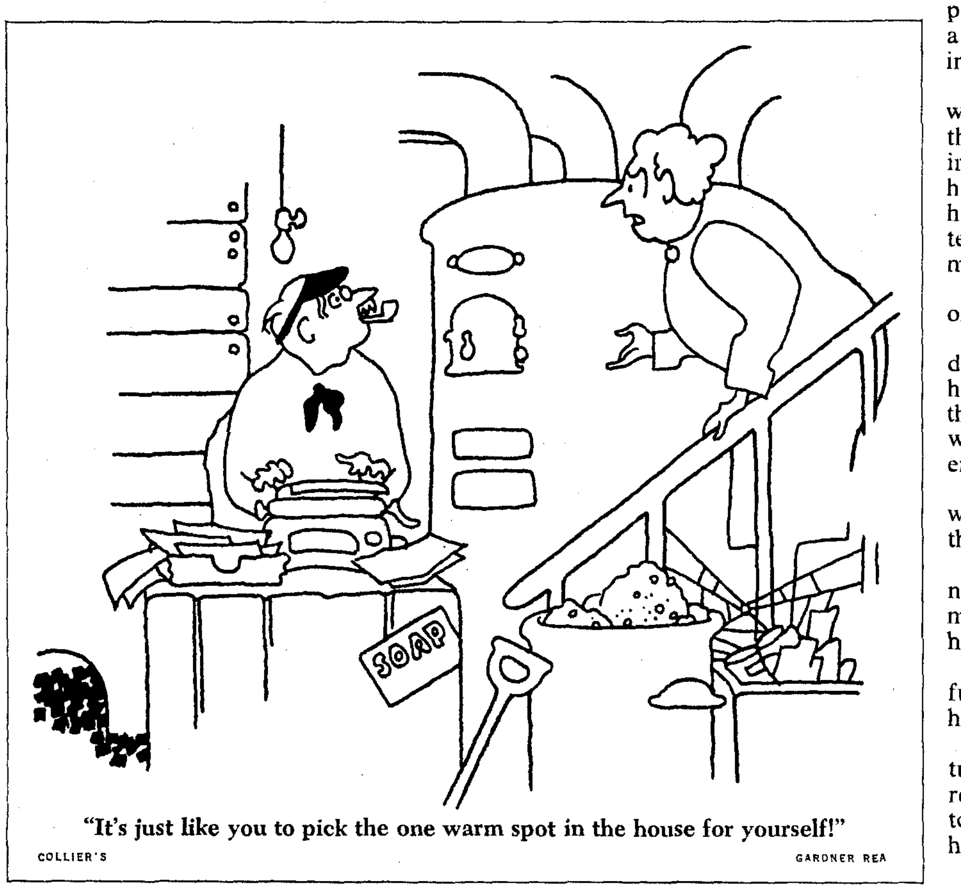
"Where you goin'?" Pat Shea said, and without his knowledge, his voice was more the father's than the friend's.

"Those kids stay up late," the boy said, not bothering to look at them. "You remember that black-haired kid at the icehouse this morning?"

That was a long time ago, and painfully Shea put his mind back to it. "Yes," he said.

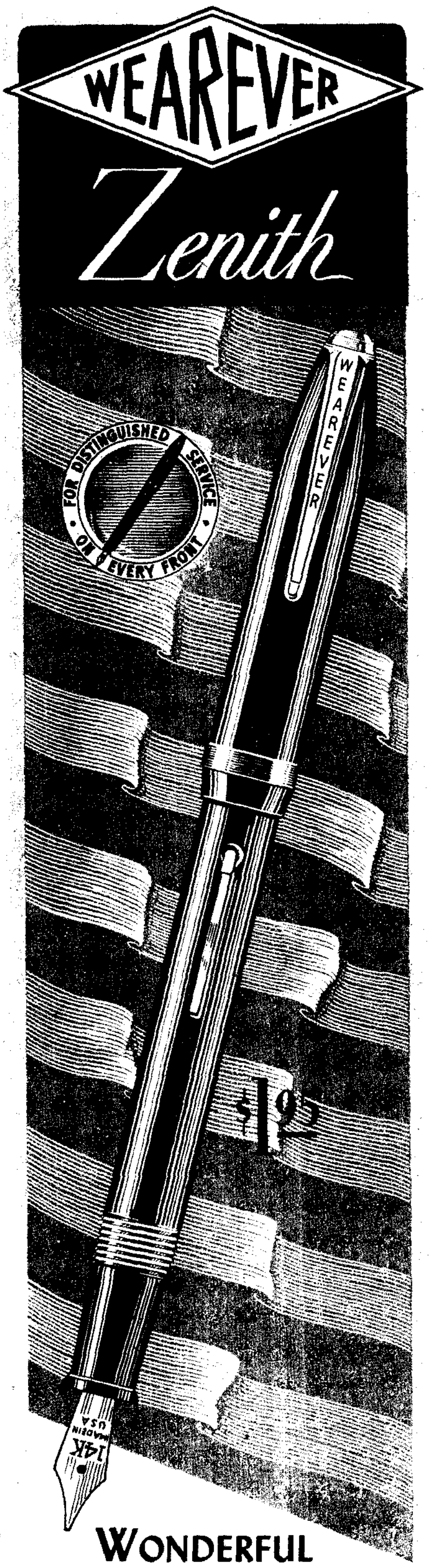
The boy was into his new overalls and turning up the stiff cuffs. "You won't recognize him tomorrow," he said, and tore out of the door with the dog behind him.

THE END



"It's just like you to pick the one warm spot in the house for yourself!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA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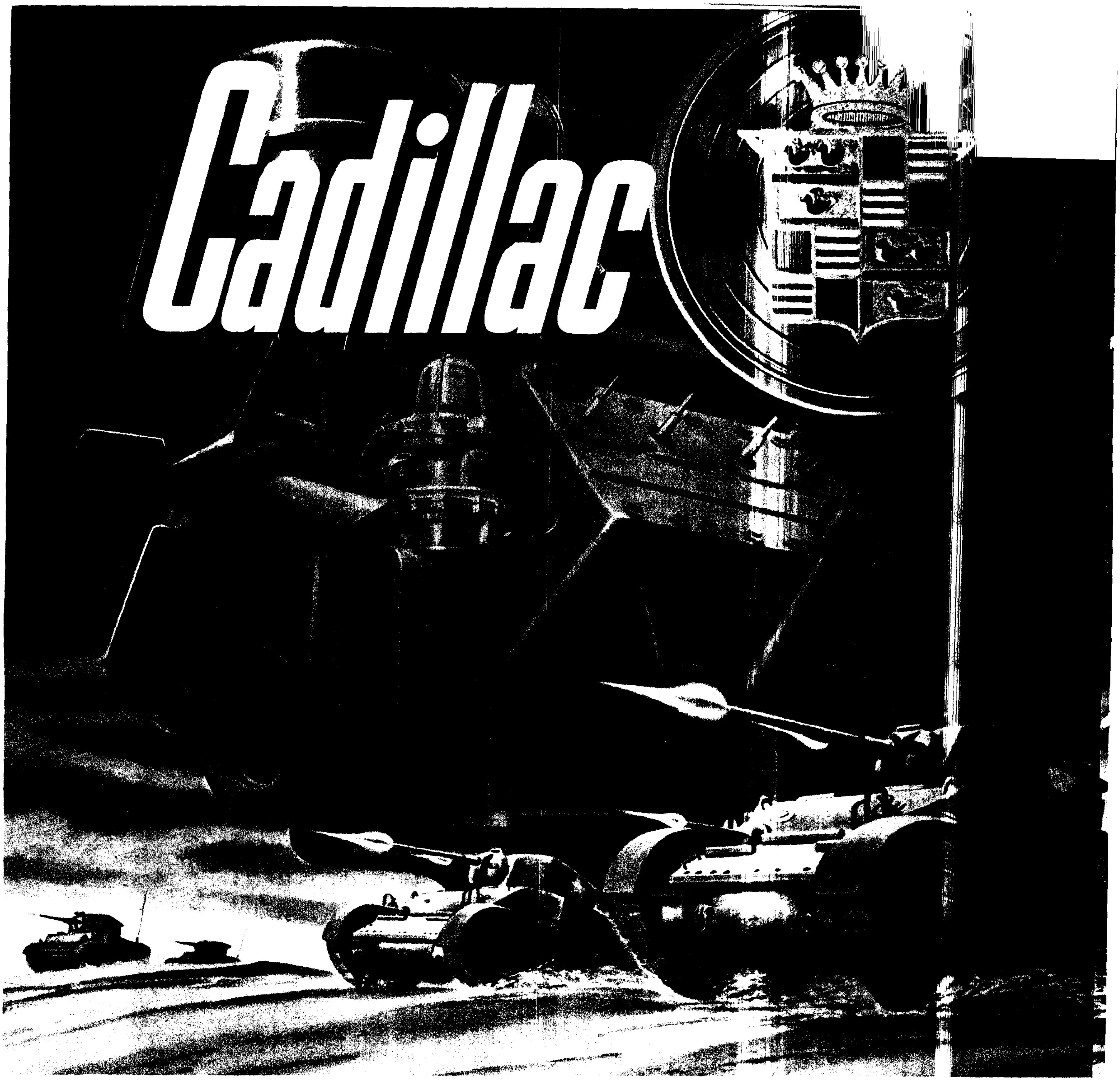

Serving with distinction...in war as in peace

Unless you have seen an M-5 light tank in action, it is difficult to imagine how fast and agile it is. These qualities come largely from the adaptation of Cadillac-built, automotive-type power and power transmission.

U. S. Army Ordnance engineers accepted the Cadillac V-type engine, with its powerful, rugged and compact design, for adaptation to tank use. In tests, the combination of these engines and Hydra-Matic transmissions gave the M-5 light tank great speed and maneuverability. In actual service on several fronts its fighting ability is a matter of record—a source of genuine pride to us.

Producing the M-5 tank is but one of the major war assignments on which Cadillac skills and production facilities are being exercised to the limit. Another is the manufacture in great volume of high precision assembly units for the V-type Allison—America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine which powers many famous fighter planes.

Into both assignments goes everything that we at Cadillac have learned in adhering to our 40 year immutable Cadillac principle, "Craftsmanship a Creed—Accuracy a Law." Into both goes the determination that, insofar as it is within our power, these implements of victory will be worthy of the men who use them.

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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

his mistake and brought the plane under control—chastened and alert.

Often a bad habit can be corrected by accentuating it. One instructor compels a stiff-neck to go through an entire flight looking straight ahead. Another field developed the "casualty" or "dead man" system to make students alert to the approach of planes. If an instructor can get within 500 feet of a cadet's plane without being noticed, the cadet has to wear a yellow armband bearing the letters CASUALTY. One field even uses a speedy P-39 to tail lazy, careless cadets. This technique of bringing the battle front to the training field worked so well the Flying Training Command ordered it used at all training fields.

Most instructors sneer at the attention movies give to cadets freezing at the controls. They say that a serious case of freezing happens only once in a coon's age, that 99 times out of a 100 the instructor can get the controls back by laughing, wise-cracking, soft-talking, shouting or simply wrestling them away. Airsickness is an affliction for which no specific remedy has been found. Sucking lemons sometimes works, though it has no physiological basis—simply psychological. One flight surgeon hands out bottles of unlabeled medicine, which has no value but often works because the cadet thinks it will. One instructor has found that much airsickness is prevented by simply informing the cadet that the flight will be terminated any time he wishes.

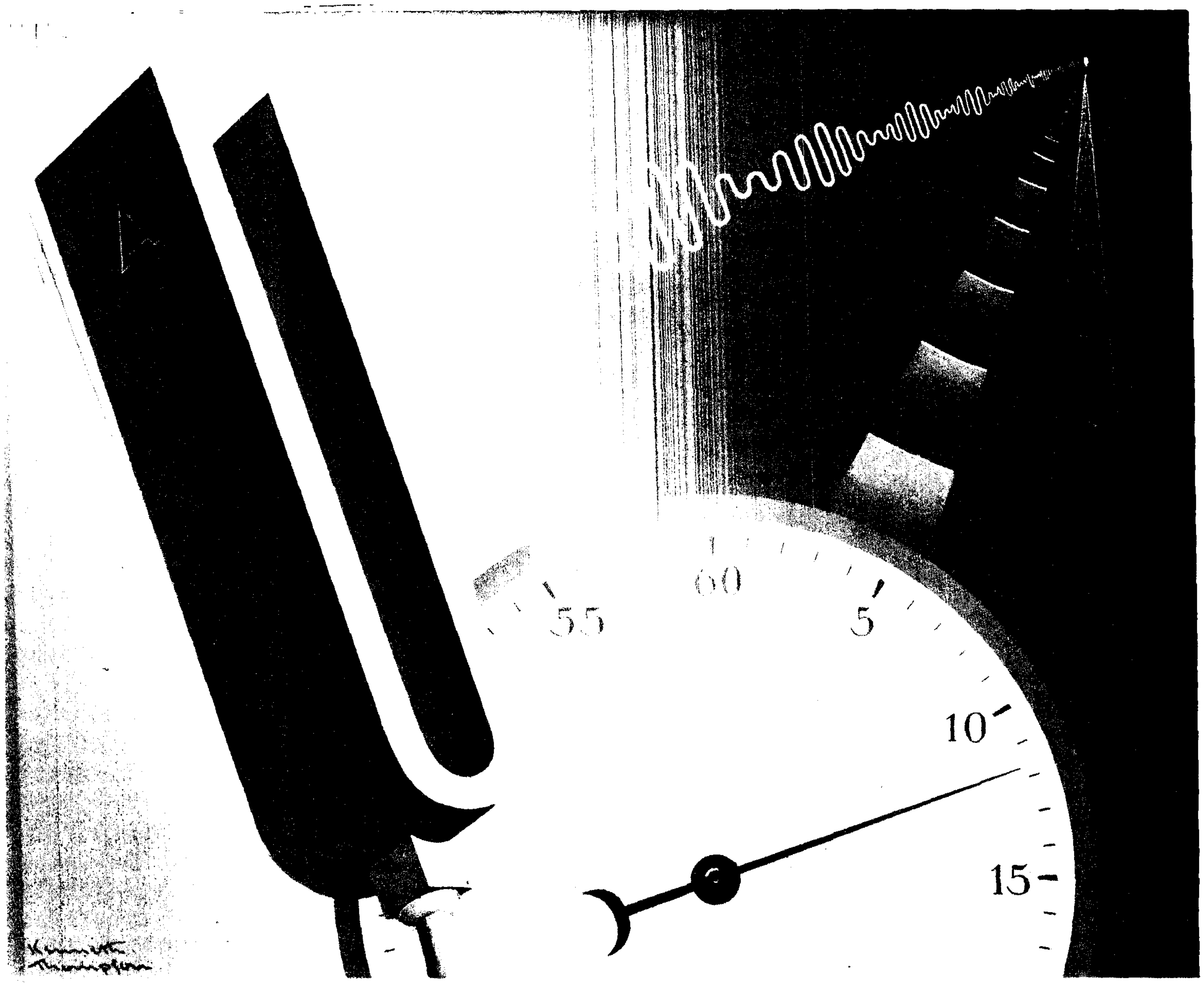
A Versatile Character

A good instructor, in addition to being coach, teacher and father to his cadets, must also be a first-rate actor. One instructor at La Junta Field in Colorado has a little act which he uses on a nervous student just before soloing a B-25. Instead of sitting in the co-pilot's seat, the instructor puts a man there who cannot fly at all. The instructor loafs casually behind the student, just in case . . .

In cross-country training it is not uncommon for cadets to become lost. To make the cadet stay on course, many instructors put on the following act: Immediately after the take-off the instructor makes a great show of going to sleep, even faking snoring. Later, when the cadet realizes he has missed his landmarks he becomes apprehensive, wakes the instructor and tells him he's lost. The instructor looks worried—so much so that the student believes they *are* lost, and makes some rapid calculations, locates an orientation point and finds himself.

One group commander at Tarrant Field always takes several magazines along when giving check rides to B-24 pilots. On going aboard he says something to the cadets and their instructor about "glad to get the ride . . . sick of sitting behind that desk." Then he plumps down at the radio table, opens a magazine and pretends he's reading. Often these check rides get into some terrible weather, but the group commander remains engrossed in his magazine. In a tight spot, the most he'll say is, "Getting into quite a bit of soup."

Today, instructors themselves are being instructed at Randolph Field. The Central Instructors School there—the Teachers College of the Air—is now graduating some 1,200 instructors a month. These men are equipped with the latest teaching techniques and experiences fresh from combat zones. But the ingenious little psychological tricks used to get their knowledge across to cadets are the products of the instructors themselves. Their resourcefulness is daily paying dividends on every battlefield. DON WHARTON



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

Pop, Whistle and Buzz

The radio air will soon be filled with a strange assortment of noises going on steadily for twenty-four hours a day. Not static, but carefully prepared signals, they will be broadcast by a powerful government radio station fed by the U. S. Bureau of Standards in Washington. Anyone in the United States or Canada—often anyone in the world—will be able to pick them up on an ordinary set.

The signals will be sent out on special wave lengths reserved for them. One will be a series of ticks exactly one second apart, for the use of scientists and makers of clocks in checking precision time measurements. Another group of signals will establish standard broadcasting frequencies, so that radio stations will have a quick, convenient way to adjust their wave lengths accurately. Sending- and receiving-set makers will also use these signals, as will the commercial airlines and all others who depend on radio communication. A third signal will be the audio note A. This will be invaluable to musicians, piano tuners and musical-instrument manufacturers.

Radio time signals have been available before, but precision standards, broadcast direct from the bureau where they are determined, constitute a vital new service to thousands. It will be rendered free.

A warm sleep in midwinter—without blankets—is ahead for everybody. Infrared lamps, installed on bedroom ceilings, will radiate lightless heat upon the sleeper. Controlled by an automatic thermostat, the lamps will keep him warm no matter how the room temperature varies.

A higher standard of safety will be achieved in coal mines when the explosive coal dust is eliminated by a new wetting-down process using special chemicals instead of water. The microscopic dust particles often resist wetting by water and remain floating. The new chemical agent will not miss the tiniest grain.

The Future's on Ice

Your refrigerator of tomorrow is to be not merely an "ice" box but a highly organized machine for generating special climates—just the right cold and humidity for each standard food item.

This refrigerator of the future is likely to be circular in shape rather than boxlike, with revolving shelves and baskets to save you the trouble of unloading a dozen bottles and jars in order to get at something stored behind them.

The machine will be big enough to serve the largest family, yet it will be sufficiently compact to fit into the average kitchen space. Laminated plywood, foam glass, plastics and aluminum will produce high-efficiency insulation at a fraction of the weight and bulk of the present-day refrigerator.

The lower part of this new cooling machine will maintain a temperature around zero for the storage of frozen foods.

A feature that will please housewives will be special, labeled compartments for green vegetables, milk, eggs, and such oddities as oversized bottles. Ice cubes will pour out at the turn of a crank in quantities before undreamed of.

A faucet inside the refrigerator, connected to the house water system, will run ice water instantly and for as long a time as you wish.

One compartment, devoted to meat, will use ultraviolet rays to sterilize and tenderize, so that every cut will be as succulent as a tenderloin.

New Help for Polio Victims

The oscillograph, a highly technical laboratory instrument, will soon be helping the infantile paralysis victim by revealing muscular spasms now difficult to measure. The instrument is essentially a moving photographic film swept by a beam of light from a tiny mirror, which is swung back and forth by infinitesimal electric currents generated by the heart muscle or other source under study. The oscillograph makes a permanent record of any electrical condition desired.

The new instrument will have twelve mirrors, each connected electrically to a pair of small disks. The disks will be fastened to the soles of a paralysis victim's feet. When he walks, the varying pressure will alter the resistances of the various circuits and record itself as a wavy line on the photographic film.

Normal walking produces a definite pressure pattern, as shown by thousands of tests. When the records of paralysis patients are compared to these patterns, the abnormalities will show up instantly, and the damaged leg muscles will be identified. Proper treatment can then be given.

Paralyzed muscles in other parts of the body can be analyzed by the new oscillograph with like effectiveness. No pressure disks will be used; currents generated by the muscles themselves will tell the story. With this new information, doctors believe that it will be possible to tell just what muscles or parts of muscles are in spasm, so that rapid and accurate diagnoses of the paroxysms can be made.

Automobiles of the future may be fitted with pneumatic rubber bumpers to replace the present bumpers of steel. Fully inflated, they will eliminate the crash and produce a harmless bounce instead. ★★★

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National Distillers Products Corporation New York

Your Throat

Continued from page 16

move like seaweed in a gentle current, propelling intruders away from the body cavity. Unfortunately, if a germ succeeds in entering a cell, the cilia become paralyzed. They are then unable to carry on their housecleaning. Though new wetting agents are constantly being developed, one that can be used successfully in the nose and throat has yet to be found. Finding it would end the common cold and a host of other ills.

Your vocal cords are white, elasticlike bands which, flanked by muscles, stretch from front to back across the inside of the larnyx. In men, they are about three quarters of an inch long; in women, about half an inch. Speech is only incidental to their main job, that of closing together and keeping foreign material out of the air passages.

When you speak, a column of air rising from the lungs causes the edges of the cords to vibrate like the strings of an Aeolian harp. This produces sound waves, which you amplify in the caverns of the chest, mouth and head, and fashion into words with the help of the soft palate, tongue, lips and teeth. Pairs of muscles tense the cords for high notes; relax them for low ones. In construction, the larynxes of men and women are exactly the same, even to the Adam's apple. The difference lies in the fact that men's are larger, and that their longer cords permit lower notes.

Overstrain of the voice can produce a number of throat ailments. Sometimes singers develop nodes or calluses on the cords that are not unlike corns on the feet. These can usually be removed by rest and by humming exercises, though occasionally surgery is required. Sometimes a singer is able to capitalize on a node; some husky-voiced crooners have learned how to vibrate the growth and thus produce appealing overtones.

When a person is hoarse, it means that, for some reason, his vocal cords are unable to come together in a straight line. Usually this is caused by the swelling which results from a cold, or from overuse of the voice. It can also be due to the blunting of the edges by too much smoking or drinking (there really is such a thing as a "whisky tenor"), or to the development of an obtruding growth.

Hoarseness a Danger Signal

Anybody who suffers from an unaccountable hoarseness for as long as two weeks should hasten to have his vocal cords examined. This is usually done with the aid of the laryngoscope, a mirrored instrument invented nearly ninety years ago by a Spanish singing teacher who liked to look at his pupils' throats. When tuberculosis, syphilis, or cancer attacks the voice box, it is likely to announce its presence by constant hoarseness. Many a person with a malignant growth has lost weeks of life-giving time by dallying with gargles and steam inhalations. Medical statistics show that cancer of the larynx is increasing, though its causes remain unknown.

Earlier recognition and better technique have greatly improved the chances of those with cancer of the vocal cords. Fifty years ago, the victims were almost entirely without hope; today their outlook is the brightest of all patients having malignant growths on the inside of the body. Removal of one cord is just about as dangerous as a tonsil operation. Removal of the entire larynx, once almost inevitably fatal, now has a mortality rate of only three per cent; and, due to progress in teaching made at the National Hospital for Speech Disorders and other institutions, people without vocal cords do not need to be speechless. Not long ago they depended largely on an artificial larynx. The most commonly used kind looks like a pipe and produces a sepulchral, boxed-in voice similar to that of a radio phantom. Today most of these patients are being taught to speak with the aid of the stomach and the esophagus.

The patient swallows air, then releases it in such a way as to set up vibrations in a fold of tissue. The result, after much practice, is likely to be hoarse but understandable speech. Instead of remaining hopelessly handicapped, many such patients have been able to go back to their jobs.

Inability to speak may have various causes. It might be the result of an injury to the nerves or muscles controlling the cords, or to the speech center in the brain. In the condition known as "functional aphonia," the cause is not physical but emotional. Treatment takes the form of tricking the patient into speech. The old method was to douse him suddenly with a bucket of water, but today's remedies are a little more subtle. A doctor examining such a patient with the laryngoscope is likely to press his tongue so hard against his teeth that he is impelled to make a few remarks. Put under a light anesthetic, he usually emerges talking a blue streak.

Down the Wrong Way

Of throat accidents, the commonest is what we call "swallowing the wrong way." This means that food, liquid, or some other material has got through to the air tracts. We cough, and it usually rides out again on a heavy blast from the lungs.

But, once in a while, this doesn't happen. If a person inhales a metallic object, it can be found quickly by means of the X-ray, but if it is a chicken bone, a bean, or something else that doesn't cast a shadow, skillful detective work is necessary. Often the fluoroscope furnishes a clue by revealing a stationary, distended air lobe in the lungs. It is much worse to inhale a dry bean or a pea than it is a dime or a button, because the former release corroding acids and also have a tendency to swell. Unless quickly removed, a piece of peanut in the air passages means certain death. On the other hand, buttons and little metal beads have remained in the bronchial tubes for as long as three or four years without producing any alarming symptoms.

Most of these accidents can be prevented. You don't have to hold pins in your mouth, or sleep wearing a loose dental bridge. If mothers would make a practice of closing all safety pins not in use, numberless tragedies could be averted.

A frequent source of trouble in the throat are those guardians of the gate—the tonsils. Remember the germ-digesting crypts? Sometimes their digestive powers break down, and the crypts overflow with trapped bacteria. This is likely to mean frequent throat infections, and possibly damage to the muscles, the kidneys and the heart. In such cases, removal is the only effective cure.

Now that there are fewer doctors for the civilian population and urgent reasons why working time should not be lost, taking good care of one's throat becomes a patriotic duty. The person who gets enough of the necessary vitamins, keeps his teeth in good repair, doesn't smoke too much, dresses warmly enough in winter and avoids, as far as possible, the hazards of carelessly washed dishes, stands a good chance of escaping most of the illnesses that originate in these pink-lined corridors.

THE END

Debt Takes a Holiday

Continued from page 39

open-hearth furnace to help with his educational expenses. After college and a European trip, the two partners worked a while to get capital for their business venture. Both are married and have children. Each is about 30 years old.

They have strong convictions as to the social value of their work. They believe that far more families are broken up by financial straits and quarrels over money than by any other cause; they know a number of cases in which their aid in solving family problems has prevented divorce, and one or two instances in which suicide has been thwarted. Once they get a family out of debt and started on its way up, it usually stays that way.

One of their major aims is to keep up the morale of the debtors. While the Credit Adjustment Company puts its clients on a disciplinary basis of self-denial, it doesn't make life so barren that they'll default. The company lays aside a small surplus, so that mother can draw on it for a new dress, or father can have a night out with the boys.

Rouse and Purdy try to convey to their hundreds of clients that credit is like love. Harnessed, it is a good thing; unbridled, it can ruin you. They don't urge an all-cash basis of living.

Joneses Only Partly to Blame

"Theoretically, that may be best," they say, "but it wouldn't do any good to preach it, because practically everybody today uses credit. It's the abuse of it that causes the trouble. That abuse is double-barreled: People wanting to live beyond the Joneses, and not having the money to do it; and conscienceless, high-pressure credit concerns, whose practice is always to keep people in debt to them."

The two young men have discovered that relatively few deliberately plan to beat their debts. Most victims get in too deep unintentionally. Where debtors cooperate by turning over their pay checks and otherwise following the company's plan, 95 per cent of them land on their feet. Failure in the other five per cent is attributable to loss of jobs, family disaster, or other unforeseeable circumstances.

This credit business has queer twists, the partners have found. For instance: The gentler sex doesn't deserve its reputation for thrift. As many wives drive their husbands crazy by extravagance as husbands annoy their wives by irresponsible money handling.

Many people are willing to risk their jobs and loss of their homes to save an expensive fur coat or a sports-type automobile from being seized by an installment dealer. They would rather let go what they need than what they want. The more hopelessly in debt some get, the more they go out and spend—using the "one last fling" philosophy before the crash.

The credit adjusters have had some unusual experiences. A railroad fireman assigned $42 out of his weekly pay check of $52 to apply on his debts.

"Can you live on ten dollars a week?" Rouse asked.

"No," said the man in overalls. "More than that, I have a sister and an aunt to support. But I give boogie-woogie piano lessons on the side to make up the difference."

Another day, a man with bloodshot eyes came into the office. "I'm drunk," he said to Purdy, "but right now I'm sober enough to know what I am doing. My wife is about to divorce me. I'll sign up for you to take my check, you give my wife enough to run the house on, and use the rest for debts. Don't give me any money for spending, no matter what I do."

The partners have seen people buy strange things and then get into a jam trying to pay out, but one of the queerest involved a ditchdigger's mania for a grand piano. They found among his bills an item of $700 for a parlor model.

"Who plays such an expensive piano as that?" Purdy asked.

"Nobody does, but I—I sorta imagine myself doing it," he answered wryly. "Besides, it sure looks nice around the house."

They saved it for him, too. Now one of his four children is taking lessons on it.

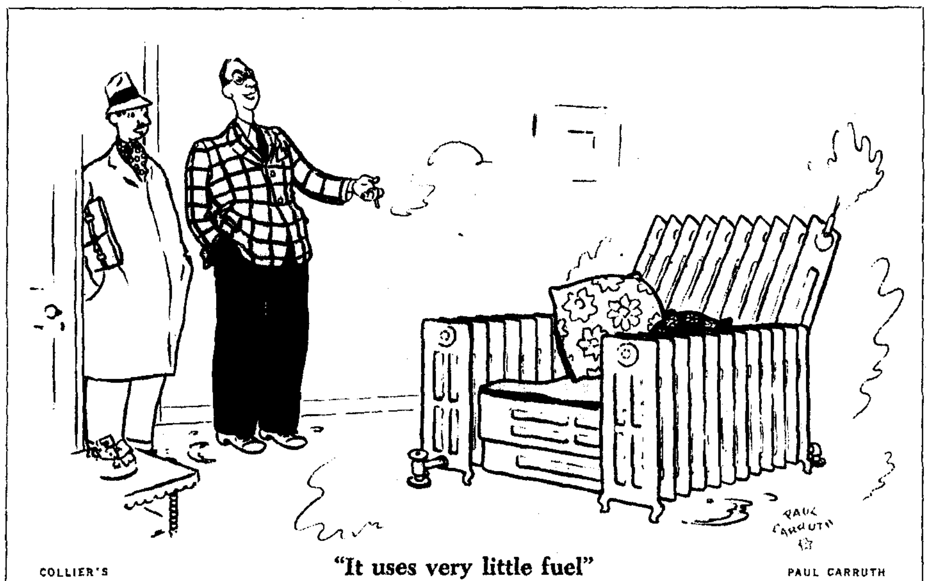
At this time, Morris and Bob have about 700 clients whom they are working out of the hole—at the cost of about a dollar a week, or a bit more, per family. Their charge is fitted to the case, covering cost and allowing a modest profit.

Stuck away in their files are many letters of appreciation. One policeman, whom the Credit Adjustment Company probably saved from both bankruptcy and discharge, always addresses his letter "Dear Friend," and signs himself, "Your Pal, Jim."

But the one Rouse and Purdy prize the most came from an auto mechanic who wrote that, having finally gotten out of debt, "I, with my family feel like new again," and closed with an added bit of cheer: "May I now remain in kind thoughts of you."

Something too big for him to keep secret, even from credit adjusters, remained, however, so he tacked on this postscript in bold, flourishing lines: "Please credit us, as of yesterday, with a 6 pound, 7 ounce boy."

THE END



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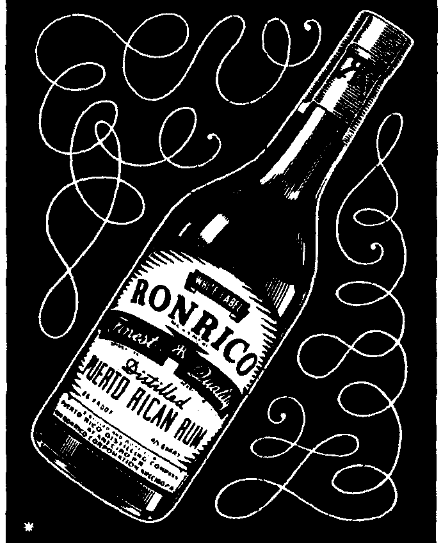

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Any Week

Continued from page 4

him. Moreover, there are no initiation fees or dues. "All we want," he said, "is to see that Baltimore becomes Baltimore again after the war. Maybe it was dull in spots. Maybe it went into a coma soon after sunset. Maybe it was smug. Maybe you didn't like it. That's okay. All we want is our Baltimore back again."

BEFORE we got out of Washington we had quite a pleasant day or two with the censors. The stuff we had fetched down for inspection had quite a few hot spots. But the censors cooled them down quite a lot. Nothing arbitrary about it, however. They always had a reason for deletion, modification and softening. "Now this, for example," the censor said at one place. "This can be written after the war, but you can't say it now. After the war, the things that are going to be published will keep folks awake for weeks on end. It's going to be awful." Then we asked him whether he'd then be trying to prevent publication just as a matter of habit. "I should say not," he cried. "I won't be here. None of us will be here. We'll all be home writing the stuff that can't be published now. Mister, I could tell you a lot of things that—"

THIS one's a little late, but we like it. There is a man in Washington who lost so much money betting that the Senators would win the American League pennant that he couldn't afford to take in any of the games in New York or St. Louis. But every day the Cardinals and Yankees struggled, he betook himself, peanuts and radio to Griffith Field, the local ball park and listened in, sitting behind home plate.

BY THIS time, of course, you've read that superior short story, Lifeboat, in Collier's, Nov. 13th. You may remember the by-lines: "By Alfred Hitchcock and Harry Sylvester. Based on an Original Screen Story by John Steinbeck for 20th Century-Fox." Just as we locked up the forms (or as we term it, "put the book to bed"), Mr. Hitchcock, who is directing the picture, telephoned to ask that the name of Mr. Jo Swerling be inserted into that already champion by-line. Of course it was too late to get Mr. Swerling in, so we're doing the next best thing. You might read the story again or at least the by-line, working in Mr. Swerling to suit yourself. Mr. Swerling wrote the shooting script for Mr. Hitchcock, and, had we been asked to name a man to write the shooting script, we couldn't have made a better choice. We hope that mends matters. W. D.

G.I. Babies

Continued from page 12

make a contract with a local civilian hospital to have the wives cared for there by a Navy doctor, and nobody is out in the cold. The bill can be paid under the Emergency Maternity Program. At an air station where a large percentage of the men have high technical ratings and are drawing flight pay besides, nobody has to worry much about Navy wives.

Now I would like to tell you about some G.I. fathers. There was a sergeant, a tall, nice-looking youngster, who was transferred to the paratroopers at Fort Benning, from another Southern camp. His wife decided to stay where she was till the baby was born, because she had made her arrangements at the local hospital, and the Red Cross chapter had agreed to lend her the money. When the time came, she wired her husband, and he got a furlough and made it there the same night, just in time to rush her to the hospital in a taxi.

But the night superintendent "knew nothing about" any loan from the Red Cross—the letter having been casually mislaid—and the hospital was the hard-boiled kind. The superintendent flatly refused to admit the sergeant's wife (who was twisting with pain on a bench in the hall) without payment in advance. There was no other hospital within fifty miles. Sweating, the boy said, "All right, I'll write a check."

Next morning he turned up at the Red Cross, to lay them out for letting him down, as he supposed, and his hands were shaking so that he could hardly light a cigarette.

Bouncing Check for Bouncing Baby

"I gave them a bad check," he said. "I haven't got any money, and I'm probably going to jail. But I had to do it to get her in the hospital." It is hardly necessary to add that he did not go to jail.

Something has happened to the time-worn conception of a father as a futile and slightly ridiculous figure in this emergency. There was nothing futile about the Navy dad whose wife had a premature baby. There wasn't an incubator in the city.

"I'll make one," said the Navy man, who was a carpenter's mate, second class. He did, and it saved the baby.

While the data are lacking to prove it, everything indicates that this is the marryingest army in history. The first World War never saw anything like it. While civilians have had a share in raising the marriage rate, there is little doubt that G.I.s are responsible for the sudden increase in very young marriages, as they are for the upswing in first babies. Both Army and Navy authorities are amiably inconsistent about wives. Though they frown on bringing the latter to crowded military areas, once they are there, domestic life gets every break, with overnight passes for married men three times a week or oftener.

You can't prove by statistics, either, that the Army and the Navy are producing offspring faster than the civilian population, but it is obvious to the naked eye around any naval base, airfield or camp. At one relatively small airfield in Florida, fifty-four officers' wives alone were having babies last August and September, and that is about the way it goes. At Gainesville, thirty miles from Camp Blanding, the ladies of the Red Cross motor corps were called out so often in the dead of night, to go roaring over the road to the Blanding hospital, that someone renamed them the Stork Corps.

When a blessed event takes place at home, some commanding officers consider it an emergency justifying a ten-day furlough. Others do not. The Navy has an ancient saying covering the case, which it loves to quote to a victim when the answer is no. "Son, you have to be there for the laying of the keel, but you don't have to be there for the launching."

More commanding officers are reported to be taking the lenient view, however, on the ground that no soldier who has just become a father is worth a hoot anyhow, until he has been home and seen his baby.

THE END

The wife of an Army corporal is about to give her baby a bath. She'll have to hurry, for the bathroom is shared by six families

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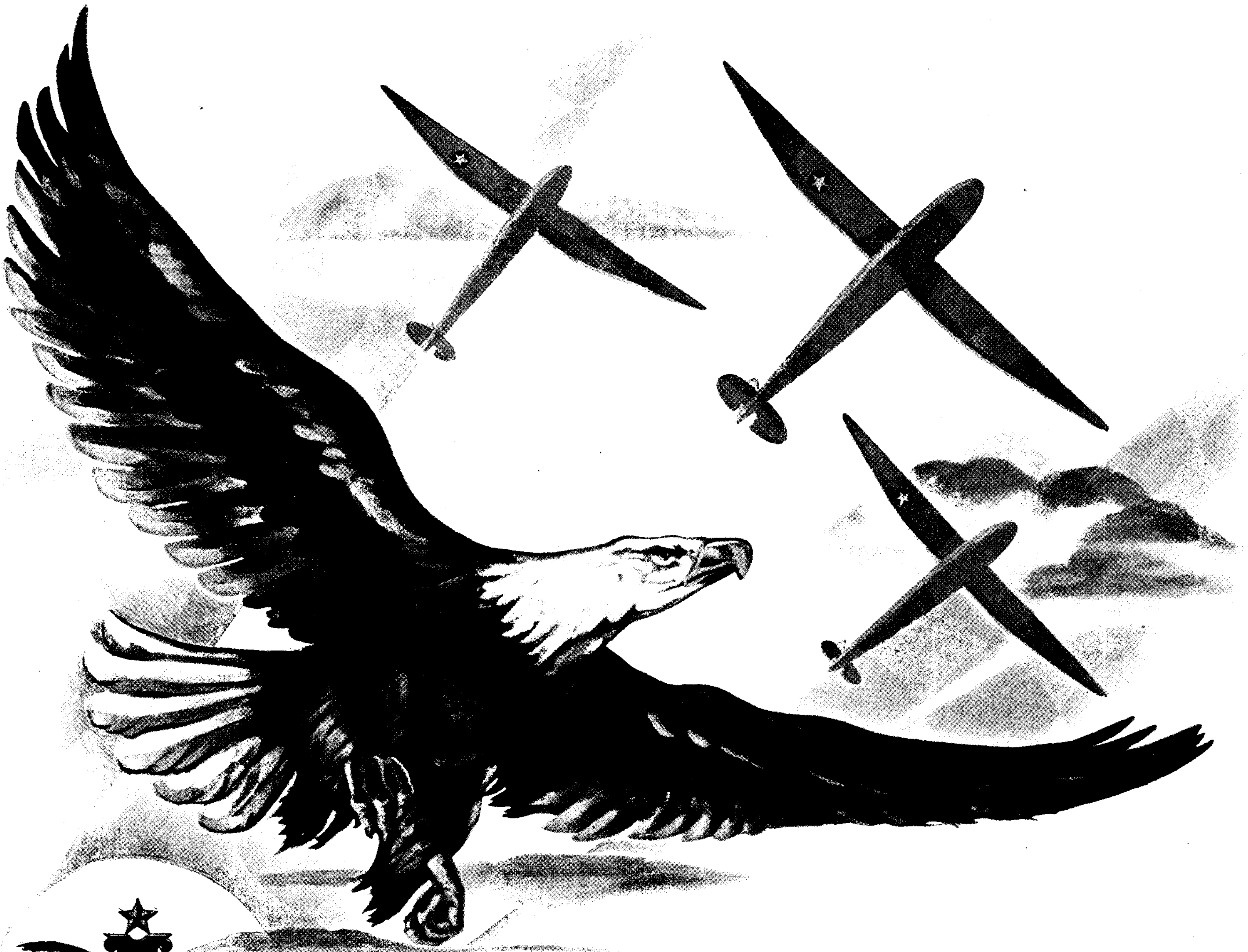
BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS



The 'A and Eagle' Has Learned to Fly

Impassable roads? Mountainous territory? An urgent need to move fighting men, supplies and even jeeps by air? Our armed forces have found the answer. It is one of the thrilling new developments of the war—the use of gliders, which are now being produced in imposing numbers.

* * *

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In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH ... SAINT LOUIS

The Statue in the Fog

Continued from page 21

through the open doors of the barroom. They were drinking beer and laughing, and they flirted with some of the German girls. The sound of their laughter followed me up the stairway to the foredeck.

The foredeck was wind-swept and empty. I went to the railing and looked down into the water. The ship was very fast; it trembled under the thin rope soles of my shoes like a huge living thing. I felt light and dizzy and almost happy. The clean, cold wind was like a caress on my forehead and hair.

Somebody said "Hello," and I turned round. It was the tall, dark fellow with the scar. He wore a black Marengo coat and a navy blue cap and he smoked a cigarette. I turned back to the railing without saying anything, and he waited for a little while, and then he said blandly, "Fine weather for November, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "Very fine weather."

"We're zigzagging," he said. "We're dropping time." He pointed down at the water. The two white waves from the bow were breaking and the ship turned in a sharp angle to the left. "Dodging submarines," he said and laughed.

"That's nothing to laugh about," I said curtly. "Do you mind if I sit down and read?" I went to a deck chair and opened a back number of the Bystander that I had brought with me. I had turned a few pages when a shadow fell across the page. I looked up and said, "Haven't you gone yet?"

"No," he said. "Do you want me to go?"

"I don't care," I said. "Only you're wasting your time. There are plenty of nice girls below, and I'm sure some of them won't mind a little flirtation."

"I know that," he said. "But it just so happens that I don't care for any of them. I've waited all this time for you to get over your seasickness and to come up on deck. I haven't spoken more than five words to anybody in those two days."

"I appreciate it," I said. "You can play with the other children from now on."

He sized me up, and then he smiled a little. He had a lean, dark, ruthless face and slate-gray eyes that were very cold. He said calmly and almost genially, "That won't do, I'm afraid. I'll go now, but I'll be up here again after dinner. Don't forget to bring your fur coat; it will be very cold."

"You're crazy," I said. "You're probably intoxicated. How many whiskies did you have before you came up here?"

"I had one," he said. "I might have a few more later on, but I have had only one up to now. And, by the way, I didn't introduce myself. I am Baron Stefan de Bolvary."

"I won't be there, of course," I said. "You know that I won't be there."

"We'll see," he said. "Maybe you won't, and then again, maybe you will. Goodby, Miss Mahler." He waited a little for an answer and then he went downstairs.

I READ a page or two of a story, and then I gave it up. "The nerve," I said aloud, and I almost cried with anger. Some Hungarian. Some cheap adventurer. Some shabby little rooming-house Casanova. Baron Stefan de Bolvary!

The gong rang for tea and I went downstairs. When I passed the barroom I saw the German girl and one of the Canadian sailors sitting on high stools by the bar. The sailor drank beer and the girl sipped from his glass and they laughed and seemed to be having a wonderful time. Everybody seemed to be having a wonderful time, and I hated everybody for it.

In the dining room the steward showed me to my table. It was a nice table for eight, and Doctor Meyerstein and the Czech couple and an elderly Irish lady with a clumsy redheaded boy and a demure dark girl were there already. Doctor Meyerstein said with a little smile, "The third officer inquired about you, Miss Mahler. You know the one who invited us for tea. Very nice fellow, he is."

"I also think he is a nice fellow," I said.

"You were not very friendly to him," he said reproachfully.

I said curtly, "I don't feel like being friendly to anybody just now, Doctor. Maybe I'll be friendlier when I get rid of that prison air in my clothes."

"You are very young," he said. "You're very young and very foolish."

After that he was silent and I also was silent. I finished my tea quickly and said, "Mahlzeit," and went out. When I passed the purser's office I saw through the glass door that the little officer from the Cunard House was inside. He held a long paper roll in his hand and he seemed to be explaining something to the purser. He had not seen me and I slipped by and ran upstairs; but suddenly I stopped and went back and waited on the landing until he came out. He smiled rigidly and touched the peak of his cap. I said, "Hello," and gulped a little, and then I said, "I wanted to tell you that I'm sorry, Mr.—what's your name?"

His face lighted up and he said, "Smith, Timothy Smith. It's a very ordinary name, but I get along with it. I'm glad, anyway, that you've changed your mind, Miss Mahler. There's a nasty little barroom brawl on, you see, and bystanders are liable to get hurt. We don't like to arrest innocent people, but it has happened and it will happen again, most probably. It's better, after all, than losing a cruiser or a transport or even the grubbiest little trawler in His Majesty's fleet." After a pause he added with a funny little smile, "Will you think that over occasionally?"

"Yes, I will," I said, and he touched the peak of his cap again and grinned and went upstairs. I stood for a moment and looked after him, and then I went below to the ping-pong room. The room was very hot and blue with cigarette smoke, and there was the short, dry crack of the little white balls and the sound of laughing and talking. Around the piano stood a few fellows of the refugee crowd practicing a song. It was something like God Bless You, America, and I thought it sounded awful the way they sang it. The pretty German girl stood near one of the tables and watched two of the Canadian sailors playing a game. She came up to me when she saw me and said, "You're always alone and you're looking sad. What is your name?"

"My name is Emily," I said.

"I'm Ingeborg," she said. "Why don't you stay with us and have some fun? We're having lots and lots of fun."

"I noticed something like that," I said shortly. "I'm not the funny kind, I suppose."

"YOU'RE silly," she said. "We all may be dead by tomorrow, and today is today. Did you see that floating wreckage in the Irish Sea?"

"No," I said. "I was down in my stateroom. I was seasick."

"It looked quite awful," she said. Her eyes were on one of the sailors who were playing at the table. He was a sunburned, lanky fellow with a big shock of black hair, and I remembered that he was the one I had seen with her in the barroom. She said wistfully, "He's handsome, isn't he?"

"Yes," I said. "Very."

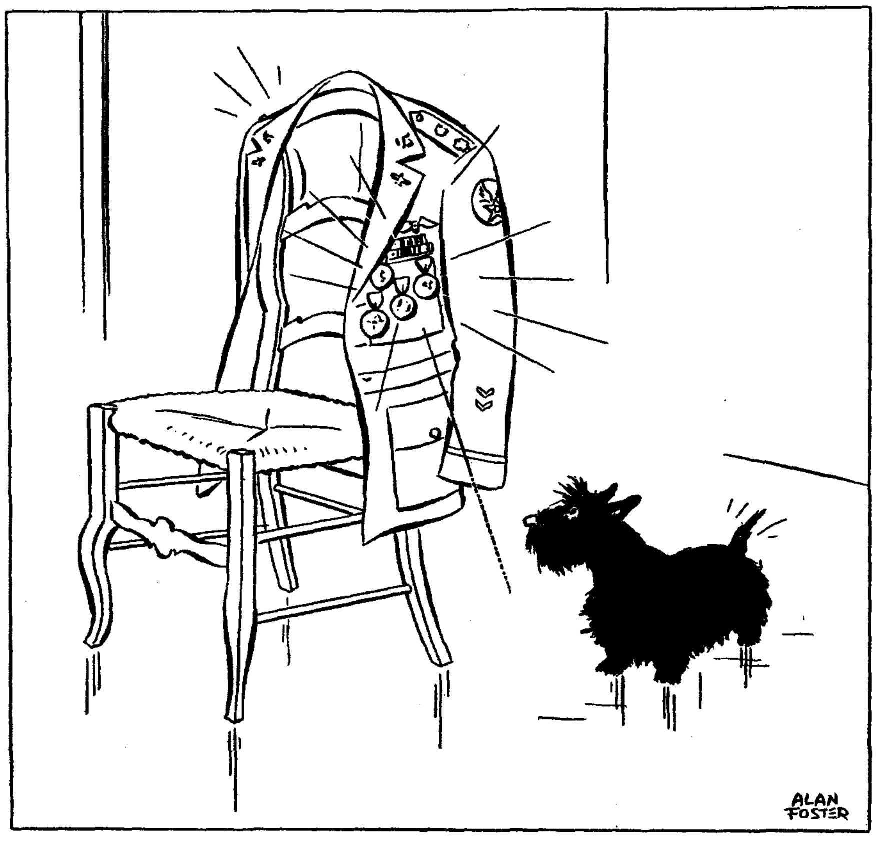
"We're in love," she said lightly. The sailor turned his head and smiled at Ingeborg and she answered his smile.

I said, "See you later," and went over to my cabin and lay down on the bed. After a few minutes I felt nauseated again and very unhappy, and I cried a little and then I felt better and fell asleep.

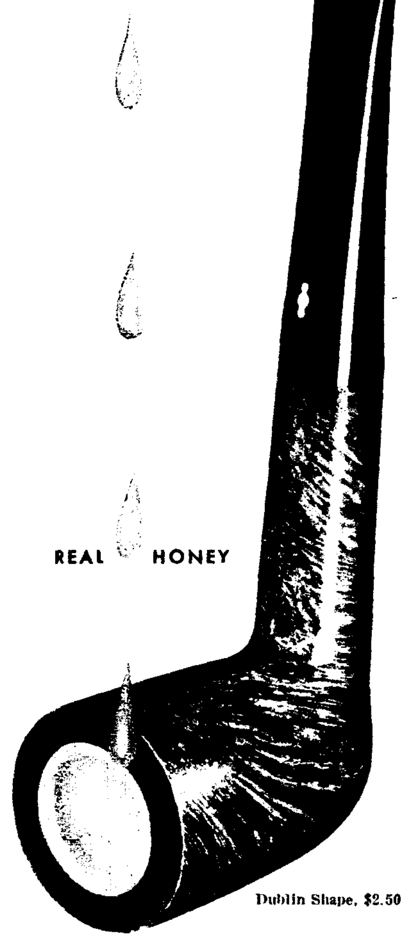
The dinner gong woke me up. I brushed my hair carefully and took out the best of what I had to wear—a light suit—and put some rouge and lipstick on. Then I went to the dining room.

Doctor Meyerstein smiled when he saw

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Elliot must be home"



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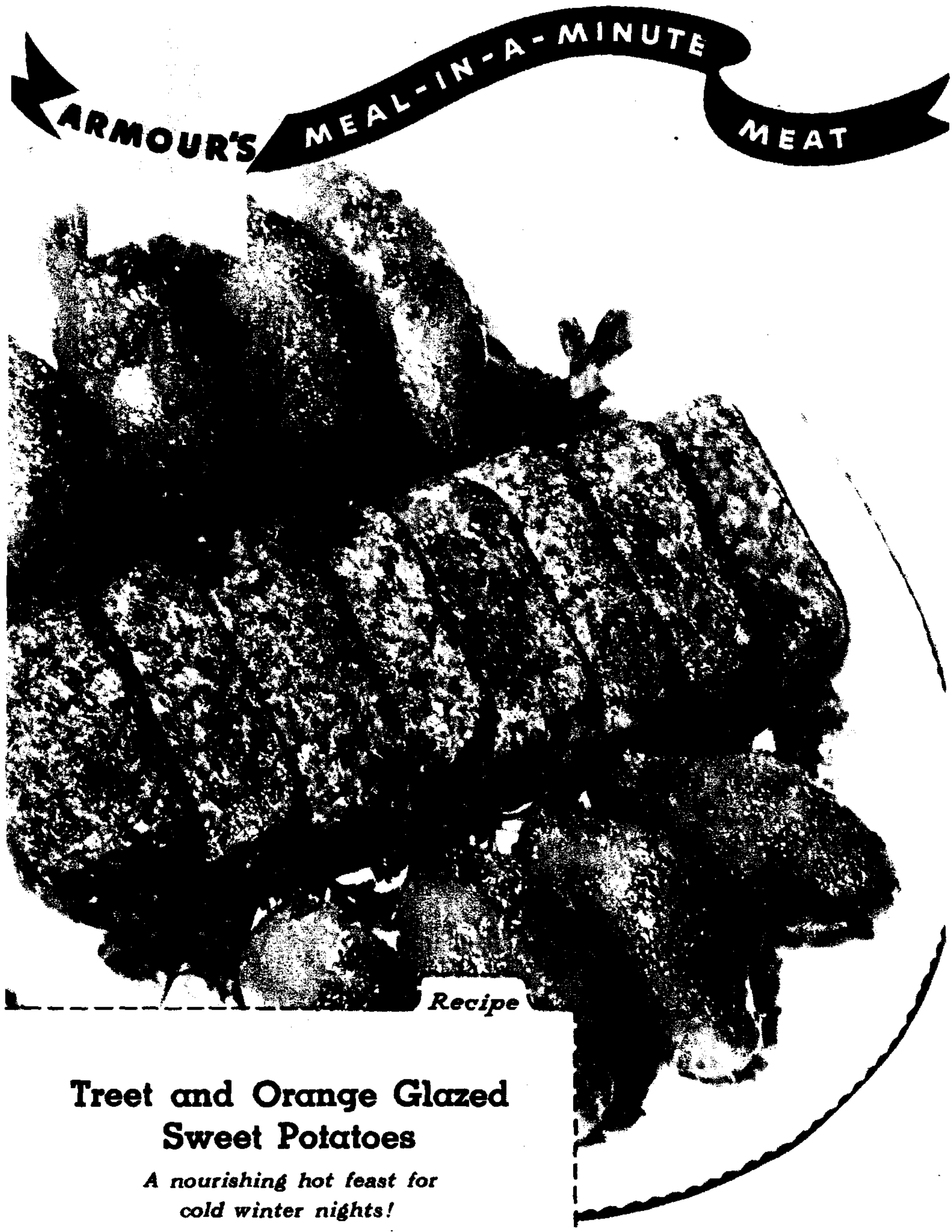

Treet and Orange Glazed Sweet Potatoes

A nourishing hot feast for cold winter nights!

Cold winter nights call for hearty meat meals! And here's one of the best. It's a big platter heaped with thick, juicy slices of tender Treet . . . with plump, orange-glazed sweet potatoes!

1 can Armour's Treet	½ cup orange juice
8 small sweet potatoes	1 tbsp. butter
¾ cup brown sugar	1 tbsp. grated orange rind
2 tbsps. dark corn syrup	

Cook sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender and then peel. Combine brown sugar, corn syrup, orange juice, butter, orange rind and simmer until thin syrup forms. Simmer potatoes in this syrup for ½ hour. Fry Treet slices 1½ minutes each side. Serve with sweet potatoes. Garnish with parsley.

You'll have a filling meat meal for 4 . . . that costs only a few points! And you'll give your family solid nourishment, too! For Treet's made of fine ham and choice pork shoulder meat, both rich in vitamin B_1!

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In Tin or Glass it's the same delicious Treet . . . America's ready-to-eat meat!

me; he said I looked lovely, and I said, "Thank you," and tried to be nice. When dinner was over I went back to my cabin and touched up my lips and took my fur coat. I did it like a sleepwalker, slow, calm and deliberate, and suddenly I knew that I would go up on deck, and that I had known it all along and that there was nothing I could do about it.

On deck it was almost dark, but there was a thin blade of moon, plunging westward between the silvery grill of the clouds. De Bolvary was sitting at the bow of the ship, close to the railing, and trying to read a newspaper by the light of a little torch. He held the newspaper and the torch under his coat so it couldn't be seen from the ship. I said, "You shouldn't do that. You'll have a lot of trouble if they find out. The ship might be sunk because of your silly torch."

"They won't sink this ship," he said. "They'll be damned careful not to sink this ship. She's got a cargo of gold in her belly, you know; it's most of the gold in the Belgrade National Bank and also some other gold."

"You're awfully well informed," I said. "Where do you get your story from?"

"Picked it up in the shipping office," he said. "Why don't you sit down? It's not a night to talk about torches and cargoes."

I SAT down on a deck chair and looked up at the sky. The sky was full of stars with a few long, drawn-out clouds, and the sound from the bow wave was very loud now. I said, "Aren't you surprised that I came up at all?"

"I probably should say yes," he said. He added after a little silence, "No, I'm not surprised. I was almost sure you'd come. I wanted you to come, you see."

"Do you always get what you want?"

"Mostly," he said. "It's just a question of how much you want a thing." There was the thin jingle of the bell in the wheelhouse, and then he said, "I want you very much, Emily."

I felt how my face grew flushed and I was glad that it was dark. I tried to keep my voice steady when I said, "You're a funny kind, Baron. You hardly know me and I don't know you at all. Do you always start your affairs like that?"

"You are not an affair," he said.

"There are plenty of rich girls in New York," I said. "Most of them don't mind having a little crown embroidered on their handkerchiefs, they say. Especially if a fellow of five foot eleven goes with it."

"I'm only five foot ten," he said, and I could hear by his voice that he smiled. "Also, I'm not so hard up as to peddle my so-called coat of arms, yet. It's old and thin and threadbare in places, but I just don't feel like peddling it, you see. Apropos coat, aren't you cold, Emily?"

"Yes," I said. "A little." He took a flat bottle from his coat pocket and unscrewed the cap and filled it. "Have a sip of that," he said. "It will make you feel nice and warm. It's French Cointreau."

The liquor smelled faintly of orange peels and it tasted sweet and sugary. I emptied the cap and gave it back to him, and he filled it again and drank it. He said, "Do you feel warmer now?"

"Yes," I said.

"Have another one," he said.

"Thank you," I said. "I guess I've had enough." He held the cap out to me and said, "Don't be a baby," and I drank it. Then he slipped the bottle back into his pocket and said, "Now about that marrying business. I'll marry when I like and not when I have to. I may be a greenhorn in America, but I've got a good job and I can make plenty of money on my own."

"Oh, yes?" I said. "What kind of job do you have?"

"I'm a drilling engineer," he said. "I've worked in the Ploesti oil fields under an American boss—he taught me the business and he taught me how to speak English. It would be funny if they couldn't use a good man somewhere in Texas or in Pennsylvania."

"I thought right away that you had an American accent," I said. My tongue was a little heavy, but my head was very light and I felt lovely and warm and cheerful. I said, "I rather like your accent, you know."

"That's very sweet of you," he muttered. "Did anybody tell you how sweet you are, Emily?"

"Don't," I said. "Please, don't. Don't, Stefan." He pulled me over to him and kissed me hard on the mouth. There was the sound of steps far back on the deck and the slam of a door, and everything was drowned out by the rush of the bow wave and by the thumping of my heart in my eardrums. I said, "You shouldn't have done it, Stefan."

"I had to," he said. "I'm crazy about you, Emily. Don't you feel anything, anything at *all?*"

"I don't know," I said. "I feel all funny and hot and cold and scared and ashamed of myself. I'll go below now."

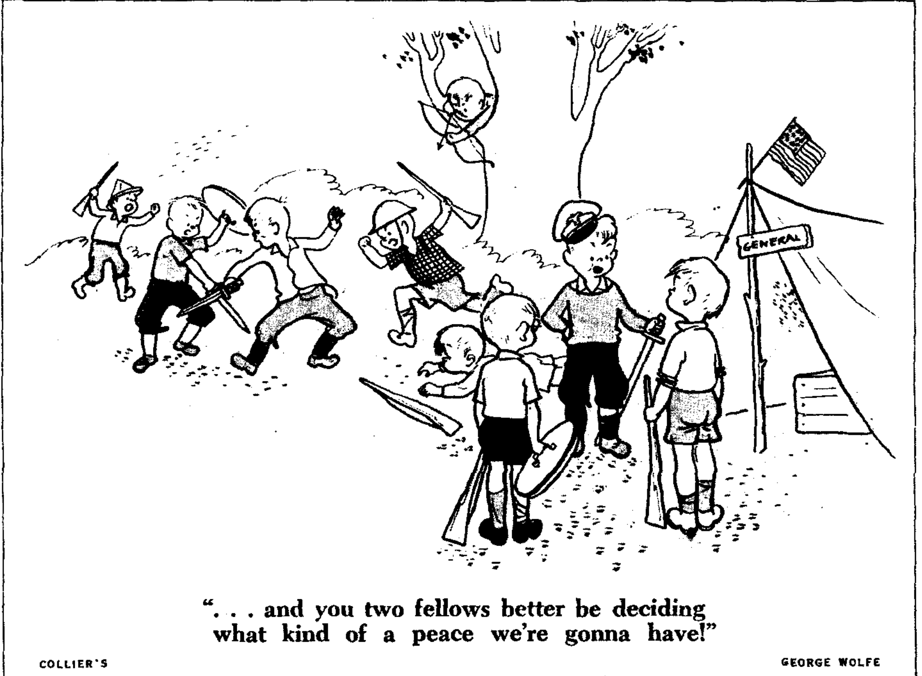
"All right," he said. "I'll stay here for a few minutes and then I'll also go below. Your cabin number is fifty-three, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, and then I realized what he meant and said, "You won't come, of course. Oh, for heaven's sake, you won't come."

"I will," he said thickly.

"I'll lock my door," I said and stood up. "I think you're a cad, Stefan. I think I hate you."

"I know you do," he said and kissed me again, and as he let go I slapped him hard



"... and you two fellows better be deciding what kind of a peace we're gonna have!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

across the face and ran downstairs. When I was in my cabin I locked the door and cowered on the bed. I was too scared to undress or put on the light. I sat there on my bed in the dark and trembled a little and was scared, and then I heard the sound of the door knob and the whisper of a voice outside. I slipped from the bed and said through the door that I wouldn't open it, and he pleaded and shook the doorknob a little and said I should open and he would be good.

I began to be afraid that the noise would wake up the other people in the corridor and I knew I would open anyway in the end, so I switched on the light and opened the door. He was very pale when he came in, and the scar on his forehead burned like an open wound. "Don't be scared," he said hoarsely. "I figured out everything while I was up on deck alone." He breathed heavily and looked at me, and then he said, "I'll marry you, Emily. I'll marry you as soon as we land in America. I know a little church in Hoboken near the German Seamen's Home, and we'll get married there. Do you believe me, Emily?"

"I don't know," I said. "There's something strange about you, Stefan. An hour ago you told me that you'd never been in the States before."

"It was a lie," he said. "Everything was a lie. My name is not Bolvary and I'm not Hungarian and I'm no drilling engineer. It's in my passport, you see, and that's all I know about it. I have a much better job, I'll keep you like a queen, and we'll have a big car and we'll travel all over the country and you'll help me in my work. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes," I said. "That will be very nice."

He bent down and kissed me again. The silence in the little room piled up, and there was the soft pulsing of the heat in the pipes and, very far off, the rush from a running tap in a bathroom. The noise of the sea outside had died down.

LATE in the night I woke up. The room was still dark. My temples were throbbing with pain, but the fog of the liquor had worn off and my head was clear and cold and alert.

It has happened, I said to myself. It has happened the way it does in a cheap novel, Emily. You've gone with a strange man, you didn't know his name or his trade or his country, and for all that you've gone with him. He might be a thief and he might be a drug trader and he might be a spy for all you know.

A spy, I said aloud, and suddenly I felt as if somebody had ripped a blind from a window, letting a gray, ugly light in from outside. It all added up, and once you knew it you were astonished that you hadn't known it all along. He was one of those spies or saboteurs or something dreadful like that. You read about them in the newspapers and you shivered a little and were afraid to turn off the light; and then again, you always had a feeling that it were not quite true and that no one could be so wicked and so ruthless and so fearless, and yet he was. He was going to the U. S. to do some dirty work, and he thought I might be good to play Mrs. de Bolvary and serve as a fence and smile and make contacts with useful people. It was all clear. It was dismally clear. All I had to do now was to stand up and walk out and go to the captain and give him up. It was the only thing I could do and I would do it, I would do it right away.

I didn't do it right away, though. I didn't do it at all. I stretched a little and yawned. For the first time since I could remember, I felt rested and at ease with myself; it was then that I knew that I wouldn't give him up and that I would rather kill him than give him up. The ship rose and fell gently in the ground swell. It was like a breath, the breath of a living thing that was very huge and strong and kind. I felt that I had a smile on my face when I fell asleep. . . .

I didn't see much of Stefan in the next couple of days. Now and again he sat for a few minutes on the arm rest of my deck chair, looking trim and handsome and aloof, and when I asked questions he smiled and said he did not want to be seen with me too often; that there were reasons and that he would tell me everything in New York. Most of the time I sat on deck and read back numbers of the Bystander, or I hung around the table-tennis room and watched the games.

A few times I spoke to Timothy Smith—he mixed a lot with the Austrians and he was nice and kind and funny. He told me that I reminded him of his wife—she had died a year ago and they had been a very congenial pair. The peculiar thing was that I did not look like her at all, he said; it was only something about my smile or about my way of talking or something else—it would come to him after a while. He also told me that he had once been an artillery officer in the Navy, and he expected to be called soon; that is, when they needed the old-timers again. We were very great friends.

THE second of December was a Tuesday and the eleventh day of the crossing. It was a cold and foggy day with snow flurries and sudden gusts of wind and choppy white-tipped seas. I sat at my usual place on the foredeck, my feet wrapped in a checkered blanket that belonged to Mr. Smith. The deck was empty except for me and Doctor Meyerstein, who stood at the railing, looking over the water and softly memorizing English words and phrases out of a little book.

In the afternoon the fog became very thick. It moved and drifted and formed absurd patterns over the swirling netting of the water, and suddenly something happened to it and it became very dense somewhere to the south, and there was a dark blotch and then there was a shadow and at last there was a ship. It was a small gray ship with the silhouette of a merchantman, but it was very fast. It poured fat brown billows of smoke from three stubby smokestacks and there were guns on its deck, and then there was a weak light in the gray, like a photographer's flash bulb going off, and an enormous pillar of water and foam rose before the bow of the Alexandra. The shadowy ship was now about a quarter of a mile off; it raced along our course and tried to cross it at a very oblique angle.

A man on the bridge signaled like mad and another man shouted orders through a megaphone and a black-and-white flag ran up on the foremast. There was the roar of the gun overhead and slicing through the roar came the thin stutter of a machine gun from the other ship. Holes suddenly appeared in the deck, as if the needle of a huge sewing machine had gone over it.

Doctor Meyerstein at the railing staggered and fell, the windows of the deckhouse exploded with the shrill cry of bursting glass and one of the men on the gun platform spun on his heels and dropped out of sight and the second man tumbled forward over the gun.

There was the sound of running feet behind me; they came from a small man who raced toward the gun platform. The man wore a white undershirt and uniform pants and slippers, and the ends of his suspenders dragged behind him on the deck.

It was the first time I had seen Smith without his Cunard cap, and a corner of my mind had a room for the thought that without it he looked like a little sandy-haired boy who is running after a cricket ball; but he was already up on the platform, then; frantically he spun the wheels of the gun around and sighted and turned a wheel again and fired. The side of the gray ship broke into a yellow and purple

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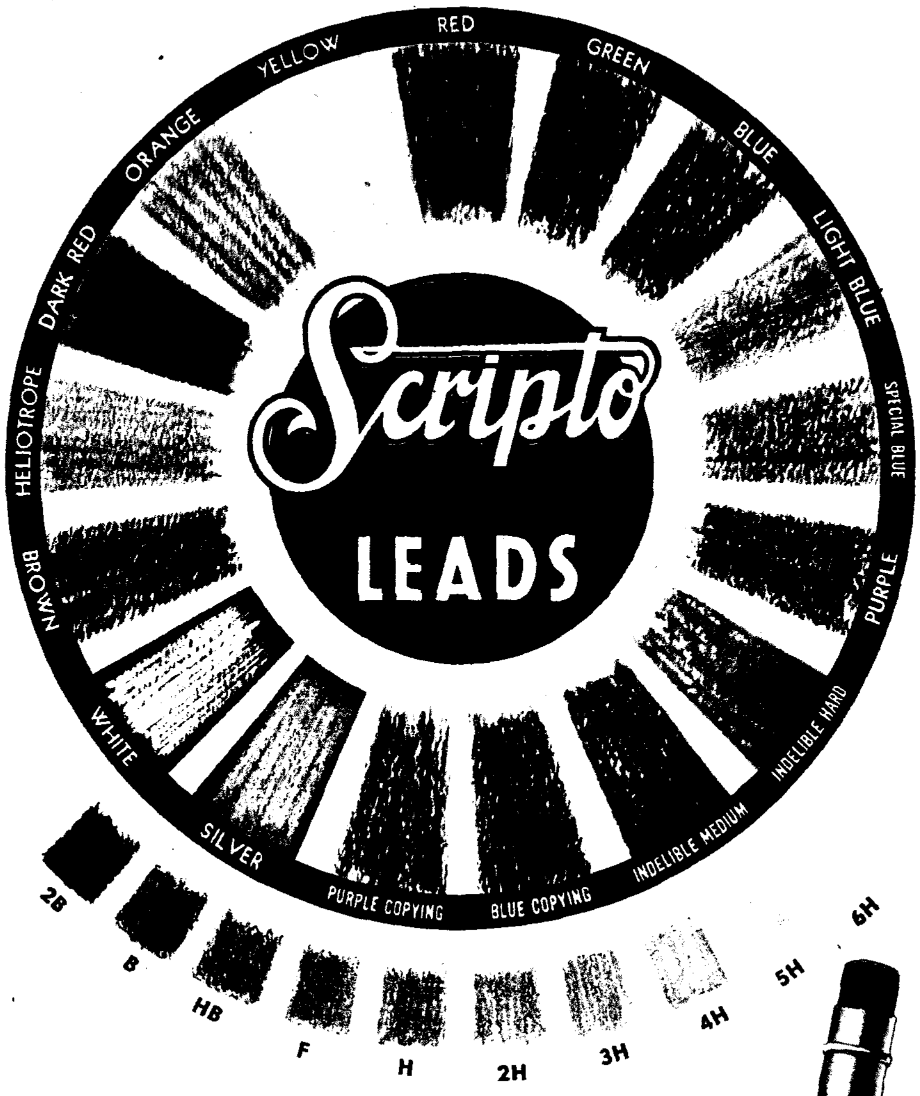

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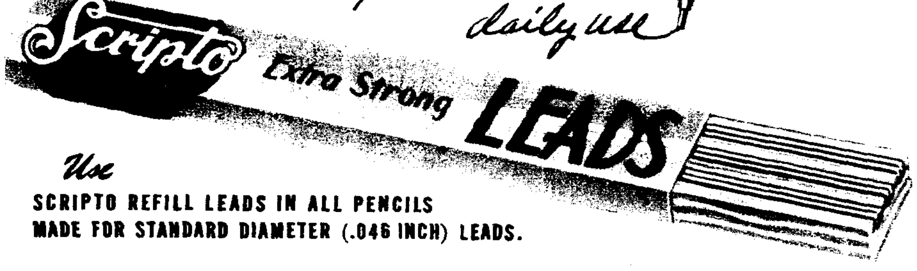

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light like an enormous Roman candle, and as the sound of the explosion rolled over the water it rapidly lost speed and became a shadow again, and a blotch of fog, and then it was gone.

I ran over to Doctor Meyerstein. He lay on his back now, his eyes were open and somehow astonished and tiny drops of blood were spattered over his face. He was not the first dead man I had seen, and I let him lie there and turned and ran to the gun platform. The gunner who had fallen first was also dead, but the second man was still breathing, and Smith leaned against the parapet and held his left shoulder and smiled rigidly with pain. I said, "Are you injured?"

"It's nothing," he said. "How're the two ratings?"

I knelt down and opened the wounded man's coat and cardigan. The shirt was dirty and stuck to the skin, and on the right side of the chest was a tiny hole with very little blood. I said, "He's got a shot through the lungs, I believe. The other one is dead, and Doctor Meyerstein is also dead. What about you?"

"It's nothing," he said again. There was noise down on the deck, the sound of whistles and bells all over the ship and the pale faces of passengers showed in the stairways. The officers shooed them back, and then the stretcher crew and the doctor came up. The doctor was very young; he wore a freshly pressed uniform and he was terribly excited. He said bluntly, "You better go down, Miss. This is no place for a girl."

"Don't be silly," I said. "I'm a registered nurse. Take the rating down first; he's shot through the lungs; he may have an internal hemorrhage." The doctor looked doubtful and confused, but the men caught on quickly and got the injured man onto the stretcher. Smith said he could walk by himself, but he reeled when he let go of the parapet and we had to help him down.

THE dressing room was way below; it was very tiny and it smelled of hospital and cigarettes. I helped the doctor dress the gunner's wound; we found the bullet between the cardigan and the coat, and the doctor said it was a nice clean shot and it was not bad at all.

Smith's wound was in the shoulder; it was not serious but it was very painful, and the doctor hurt him a great deal when he probed for the bullet. In the end he found it and we dressed the wound. The doctor grinned and said Smith had been a good boy and he'd get the Victoria Cross. Smith looked embarrassed and said, "Go to hell."

"All right," the doctor said and the grin spread all over his face. "I'll go for a spot of whisky first, though. You don't mind staying here for a while with the pretty nurse, do you?" He was not excited any more; he was jocular and happy that he didn't have to operate, and he whistled in the corridor when he went out.

Smith lay back and looked at me, and his eyes were very bright. He said, "I know now what it is."

"Oh, yes," I said. "I'm glad you know. What would you say it is, Mr. Smith?"

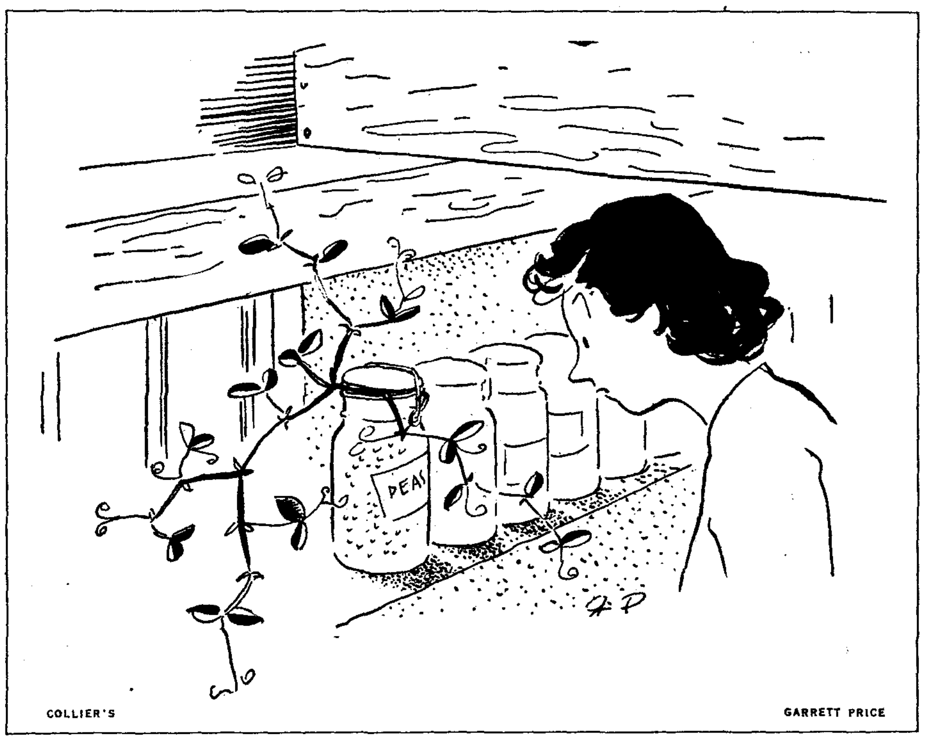
"You almost did it again just then," he said happily. "It's the way you raise your eyebrows when you ask a question or when you're annoyed, or without any reason at all. She did it the same way, exactly the same. It is a very graceful and senseless gesture, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Smith. Two good men died half an hour ago, and you're talking about the faces I make when I'm annoyed. I am annoyed right now, Mr. Smith."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Two men is very cheap, Emily. Two men is dirt cheap if you consider that it could have been four hundred men as well, and also a couple of hundred women and children, for that matter. You mustn't forget that I am an officer, Emily."

"I know you're an officer, Mr. Smith," I said. "I wouldn't have given tuppence for your life when I saw you crossing that machine-gun fire, just now. You know you looked funny in that undershirt and your braces dragging behind you. I'll know now what they mean when they speak on the radio of gallantry in action. Why do men do such things, Mr. Smith?"

"Why do men go out and suffer and fight and die?" he said softly. He looked down at the blanket and played with the fringes and smiled a little. "For king and country, maybe," he said, and his voice was apologetic. "Oh, I know it's all cant and stuff and nonsense, but it's so hard to forget, you see. And then, it's not really His Majesty that I mean; it's also cricket and fair play and the lawns that go down to the Thames and the Magna Charta and a decent world for little girls like you who run about with big eyes that are full of tears they have forgotten how to shed. It's a lot of things that go with it, and maybe it's not so silly as it seems when everything is said and done."



COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

The man with a chest wound on the next cot moaned a little and tried to turn over and I went to his cot and made him comfortable. When I came back Smith's eyes were closed and his face twisted a little as if he had pains or fever. I said, "Are you all right, Mr. Smith?" but he didn't answer, and suddenly he started up and smiled a little and said, "Millie, darling—" and dropped back into his pillows.

"Mr. Smith," I said. "Can you hear me, Mr. Smith?"

THE face on the pillow did not move and the half-open eyes stared up to the ceiling. For a moment I stood still, and suddenly I grew panicky and opened the door and ran out into the corridor. At the foot of the stairway I met the doctor and the captain. The doctor said, "Anything the matter, Nurse?"

"I don't know," I said. "Please come quickly, Doctor. I'm afraid Mr. Smith is in a bad way."

The half-smile was still on Smith's face when we came in. The doctor lifted his hand and let it drop, and then he opened the shirt and put the stethoscope on his chest. His face was gray when he looked up. "Dead," he said. "Thrombosis, probably." After a little pause he added weakly, "He was all right when I left him, wasn't he, Nurse?"

"No one is blaming you, Doctor," the captain said. He stepped up to the cot and took off his cap. His head with the short, iron-gray hair was bent slightly as if he were dozing or as if he were praying, and then he sighed and closed the eyes of the still man with his handkerchief and pulled the blanket over the face. The doctor said, "There's nothing one can do about a thrombosis, you see. They strike like lightning in the night. There's nothing one can do about them."

"Of course," the captain said. His voice was friendly, but his eyes were far away, and he said as if he were thinking out loud, "I wonder where that raider came from. . . . It must be from the Canaries or the Cape Verde Islands. . . . They're refueling U-boats there, they say."

AFTER a few seconds he added, "They didn't want to sink her if they could help it, of course. They must have very full information, and they must have a fellow right here on board ship. Some of those nights were pretty dark; they'd have lost track of us if they hadn't had someone on board. They're very good. They're bloody damned good, the Jerries are."

There was a long silence after that and the thumping of the engines seemed suddenly very near and very loud. I had a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach, and my head was a crazy kaleidoscope of colors and pictures; there were the yellow flames of incendiary fires, and sick people, jumping out of their beds in hospital gowns, and the green of the lawns by the Thames and the chalky white of the Dover cliffs, and the pale yellow serene face of Mamma when they had taken her away. And then there was another face; it was the dead face of a man with the name of Smith. He had been a friendly little man and I had killed him. I had killed him as if I had used a kitchen knife or a rope or a hammer. I heard myself say with the voice of a stranger, "Yes, they're very good, the Jerries are."

"There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this," the captain muttered. "They've got somebody on board ship, of course."

"They have," I said. "I know who it is, Captain."

"You do, do you?" the captain said. His voice was steady, but the heavy lids of his eyes flickered a little and his face looked flushed. He asked, "Who do you think it is, Miss?"

"His name is Stefan de Bolvary," I said. "He travels on a Hungarian passport. The passport is false, and the name is also false. I've seen him using a torch at night. He also knows of the gold of the Belgrade National Bank. He goes to America to blow some oil wells or for some other sabotage work. I do not know much about that. He said he would tell me in New York."

The captain turned to me and his eyes went over my face searchingly. He said, "You must have known this man very well, Miss."

"Yes," I said. "I knew him very well."

"It's none of my business, of course," he said. "Only I saw you quite a few times with Smith, and I liked Smith, I liked him quite a lot, you see. Doctor Levy, will you run an errand for me?" The doctor nodded, and the captain said, "Go up to Mr. McGregor and report to him that there is probably a German agent on board ship. His name is de Bolvary. And I'd like Mr. McGregor to have this fellow arrested at once and taken down to the hospital under guard so that he may be confronted with a witness. Have you got that straight, Doctor?"

"Yes," the doctor said, and went out quickly. The captain stood with his back toward me, breathing heavily. After a long silence he said, "He was a very good man, Smith was. He was one of the best. I wish you had talked a little earlier, Miss."

"I also wish I had talked a little earlier, Captain," I said. There were heavy steps outside, and Stefan came in, escorted by two huge sailors. He looked careless and arrogant and almost amused. His face twitched a little when he saw me, and he said in his high, brazen voice, "What is this all about, Captain? I'm afraid I shall have to complain to my consul in New York."

The captain looked at him for a few moments and then said slowly and almost amiably, "Do you really think your consul can help you?"

Stefan looked around. For a second he reminded me of a lithe, dangerous animal that has been driven into a corner, the panther in the zoo standing up in a corner and mewing and showing his teeth. Then he stepped up to me and slapped me hard across the face with the back of his hand. "Jewish bitch," he said. "Filthy, rotten, Jewish bitch."

THE day was quiet and warm and hazy when the ship steamed into the shallow green water of the Narrows. The sky line was only a jagged, fantastic silhouette without much reality, and the statue on Bedloe Island came out of the yellowish gray for a moment and looked big and silent and pathetic and plunged back into the amber-colored fog. There were orange peels and empty oil cans floating on the water.

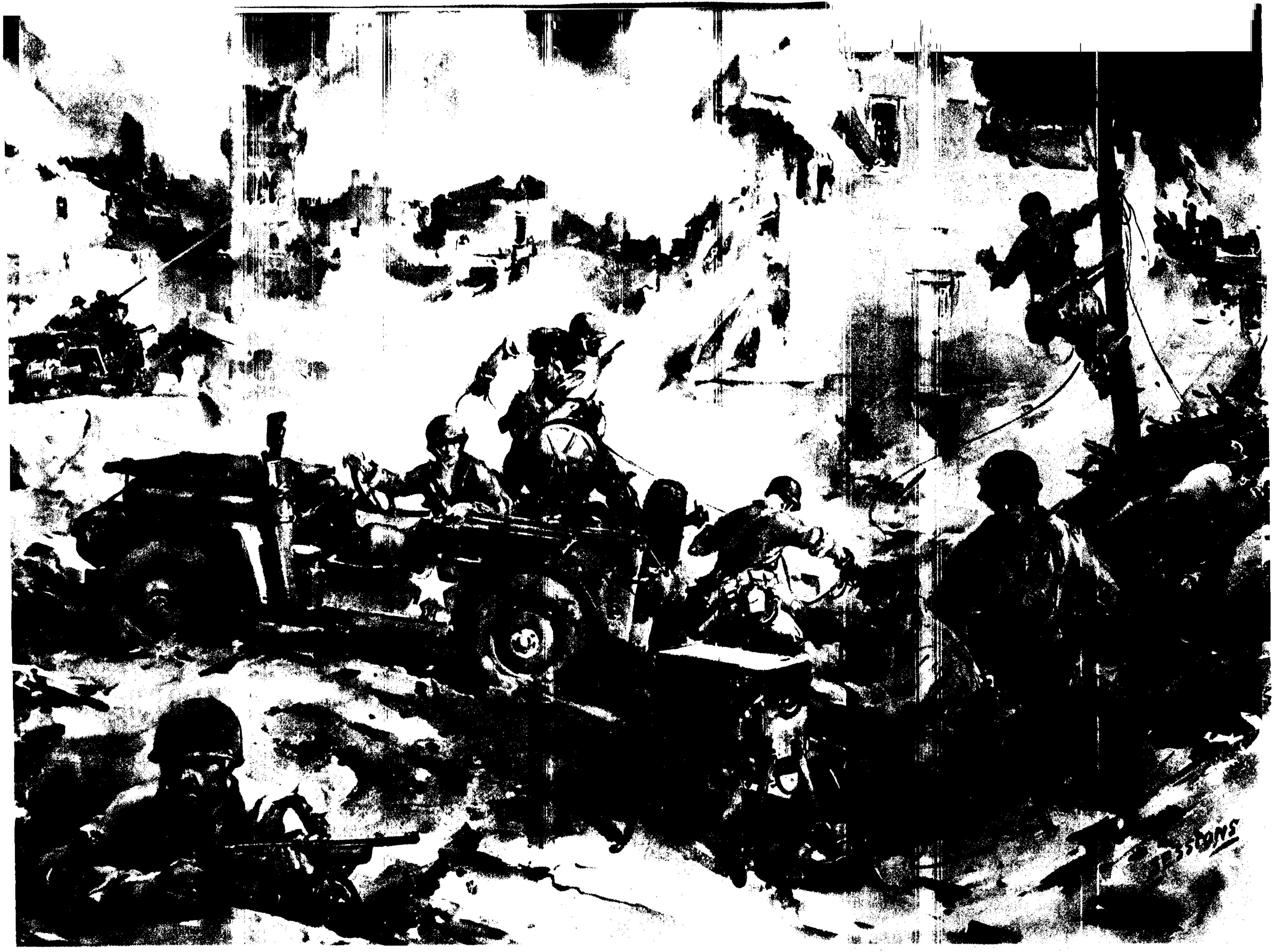
The men of the Berlin crowd stood at the bow of the ship, and suddenly they began to sing the song they had practiced down at the piano. They sang it solemnly and off key, and when we passed the island a few of them knelt down on the dirty deck and raised their hands toward the statue, and all the time they kept on singing with their throaty, cracked old men's voices. I still thought that it sounded awful.

Uncle Charles and Aunt Malvina stood by the letter M in the pier shed. I recognized them from the pictures they had sent me, but my aunt looked much fatter and older and she wore a crazy little hat with a veil. She said, "My *poor* child!" and kissed me on the cheek, and Uncle Charles also kissed me and cleared his throat and said, "Hello, our little Englishwoman. How's the war going on the other side?"

"Don't talk about the war again," Aunt Malvina said. "All I hear about is war, war, war. How about showing Emily Broadway and Fifth Avenue and Rockefeller Center? Wouldn't you like to see that, Emily?"

"I'd love to," I said bravely. Aunt Malvina answered something, it sounded like the rush of water from an open faucet and everything was a blur of faces and flags and streaking-by motors, and I leaned back into the cushions of the car and slept.

The End



A true incident from the battle at Kasserine Pass

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

SIGNAL CORPS UNIT BEATS RING OF DEATH

IN JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

1st Lieutenant . . . . , U. S. Army Signal Corps, as a result of the following exploit during the victorious drive on Bizerte, was "awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action, outstanding leadership, courage and initiative." His report states:

* * *

"Our post was right up there in the front line—and our job was to keep communications open between staff headquarters and the units in action.

"We were damned short of transportation vehicles, but with three tough little Jeeps and a couple of trucks we had fought our way up front to S—— through an inky blackout and a mass of traffic the night before—Tuesday.

"At about 1900 hours (7 P.M.) on Wednesday night, a heavy artillery duel could be plainly heard from our message center. Bombing and strafing were continuous. Our wire layers and repair crews were under enemy fire all the time—but we kept the lines open.

"Then reports coming through showed things weren't going so good out there. It looked like our little town of S—— might be encircled, and us with it, at any moment.

"At about 2100 hours (9 P.M.) some French soldiers came to us for hand grenades to blow up the civilian switchboard they had been operating and to go out with us when we left.

"But our Corps Signal Officer told them to put the switchboard out on the sidewalk and that we would pick it up when and *if* we left.

"Things got worse out there so I sent most of our wire crews and messengers back. Just enough of us stayed on to keep the message center going.

"We had just started to cut our circuits when an ammunition dump about a hundred yards from us blew up with a loud roar, showering us with sparks and shrapnel. We thought we had caught a direct bomb hit. But when we found out what it really was we kept right on working.

"Finally, at about 0300 hours (3 A.M.), we completed our cutover and were loaded to pull out. We gave our over-burdened Jeeps the gun and they got going. As we left, the whole sky was aflame, and the ammunition dump continued to explode. We were so nearly surrounded that we could hear the machine gun fire only a few hundred yards away.

"It was up to the Jeeps to take us through the only gap left in that ring of death. As we came up to the French Telephone Co. building we saw the switchboard on the sidewalk. We loaded it on the hood of my Jeep and, with this added burden, we beat it out of there through a veritable inferno.

"It was nip and tuck all the way, and if our Jeeps had failed us, even for a moment, our goose would have been cooked. But they didn't fail and we arrived at headquarters, back of the lines, about 0445 hours (4:45 A.M.) with all of our equipment and personnel and only minor casualties."

* * *

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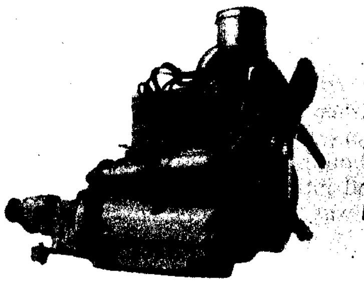

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EBERHARD FABER

Kate the Great

Continued from page 24

and once picketed the White House on behalf of birth control. There are five children in the Hepburn family—Katie, Dick, Bob, Marion and Peggy—so nobody could accuse Mrs. Hepburn of being hypocritical in her crusade.

The only strange part about the family affection is that when Katie is away from home, she never writes the folks and they never write to her. There is considerable expensive telephoning, and when she gets within homing-pigeon distance of Hartford, she takes off for the family manse like one possessed.

What made her an actress was her sense of inferiority, which manifested itself at Bryn Mawr in a desire to wreck the institution. She wore dirty clothes, yowled in a raucous voice and endeavored to upset the faculty by insult. To this day, Bryn Mawr doesn't like Katie and she doesn't like Bryn Mawr. She felt she was not beautiful and she desired to be noticed. She played in the varsity shows and, on graduation, set out to get a job in summer stock. She went with a young man named C. Ludlow Smith, who was later to be her first and—as yet—only husband.

Edwin Knopf gave her a job, but Kenneth Macgowan, the director, told her she needed more grooming and turned her over to Frances Robinson-Duff for coaching. She also took dancing lessons from Mordkin. Knopf then offered her a part in The Big Pond, which he was producing on Broadway, and it was here that she first showed the independence that was to make her famous—and often cordially detested. She didn't like the interpretation put on her role and told all and sundry with her usual bluntness and left the cast.

The same difference of opinion cropped up when she was given a job in Art and Mrs. Bottle, starring Jane Cowl. Not only did she object to the way they were directing her part but she had a series of loud asides dealing with Miss Cowl's derelictions. She was shown the door as usual and then appeared in five plays that will never go down in theatrical history.

Toast of the Town

Just how that should aid her progress in the theater is not clear, but she turned up eventually with the leading role in The Warrior's Husband. She was in at $79.50 a week and the morning after the opening she was the toast of the town. When movie talent scouts came rushing breathlessly around to her dressing room, she had only two words to chitchat for them.

"Fifteen hundred," she said.

"But we know what you're making," they protested. "You're making seventy-nine fifty. We'll give you five hundred."

"Fifteen hundred," Katie repeated.

To all inquiries she answered the same. They came back with a thousand, saying, "Now, be sensible; this is a fortune." She answered fifteen hundred. They said twelve fifty; she said fifteen hundred. They finally settled for fifteen hundred.

"Just got the thing fixed in my mind," she explained later. "Couldn't get it out."

With success, her troubles began. She was now a celebrity and subject to the attention of the press. They asked her strange, personal questions; she gave them strange answers. When they asked about her husband, she replied promptly, "Yes, I'm married and have six children. Three colored."

That fixed her with part of the press.

From then on, if it got anything at all, it got worse. When lady fan writers inquired about her love life, she asked about theirs and intimated that they had none. But she was making one smash picture after another—A Bill of Divorcement, Morning Glory, Little Women—and the worst publicity in the world had no weight against that success. Then she went back East to do the stage play, The Lake.

In Washington, she realized that as a stage actress she suffered slightly from the aroma of limburger. She asked the management to release her from the contract, and not to bring the play into New York. They came into New York, and the New York critics walked over her in hobnailed boots, three abreast.

Even so, the play ran for twelve weeks, and Katie got better as it progressed, but the humiliation would have been enough to ruin any less courageous girl. It did have the effect of making her cautious, and there were critics who even hinted there might be a streak of yellow in her make-up when she tried again in the Theater Guild version of Jane Eyre and refused to come into New York with it. She said it wasn't right, and the Guild people finally agreed with her.

A Candidate for Oblivion

Betweentimes, she was back in Hollywood ruining her career. She continued her feud with the press, and the pictures she was making did the rest. So when she finally divorced herself from the place, it looked like the end for Katie. Since she had never had many intimate friends, her departure from Beverly Hills was something in the nature of a week end spent in a vault—very little excitement.

Then came The Philadelphia Story and resurrection. On the road it was a riot, but she had her eye on New York and decided that the best thing to do was treat it as another road town. Accordingly she took a room at a hotel and hid away from everybody including her family.

"This is Wilmington," she kept assuring herself. "We'll be out of here by tomorrow."

She arrived at the theater to find Shubert Alley filled with flowers, but she merely remarked that the people in Delaware were very gracious, and hypnotized herself right out on the stage. She bowled the hard-faced critical gentlemen over and soon began fighting her way out of the theater every night, beset by the usual maniacs with programs and pencils.

During the intervals recently in Hollywood in which she was having her eyes pulled up cockeyed to look Chinese for her new picture, Dragon Seed, she was living her normal life. This consists in driving a car whose gears make as many complaining noises as a Bronx butcher out of points, and in practicing her newly acquired charm—which means that she talks amiably to anyone within an area of three blocks, smiles at directors who insist on the nineteenth take and looks so kindly on stagehands and grips that some of the feebler members of the craft have feared she was about to attack.

She is one of the hardest-working actresses in the business and will wear everybody in the studio to a nubbin before giving up on a scene. She is entirely without a sense of humor, but she is also a smart girl. She watches very carefully in conversation and when the speaker shows by a glint of the eye that the wow is about to come, she breaks into merry laughter. Even if sometimes misplaced, it is better than no laugh at all.

As we have said before, she is Papa's girl, and all other phases of her personality are incidental. She has made a legend of herself because she has courage and determination and doesn't give a damn. Also, she's a pretty good actress.

THE END

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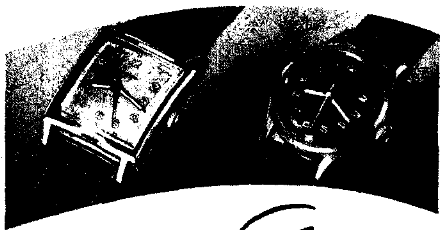

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They Brought Me Back Alive

Continued from page 20

gave me healed up in a month or two, so that the scars scarcely show at all.

We had decided to spend the summer in Taxco, an exquisite little 17th-century village a hundred miles south of Mexico City. By the time we reached there, we had acquired, in addition to the ant bears: two fawns only a week old who had to be fed from a bottle every four hours, day and night; a mother and daughter kinkajou that looked exactly like Teddy bears with long tails; a red-bellied squirrel that refused to live in a cage and bit every one of us; a baby ring-tailed cat that cried bitterly every time it was left alone; and six four-foot lizards that refused to eat unless you offered them a banana in such a way that they thought they were biting off your finger in accepting it.

When we finally settled down in Taxco, I fondly hoped that all the animals would go into cages and our troubles would be at an end. I regret to say that the only cage we had all summer was an elderly bird cage that the ant bears smashed the first day, trying to get inside to see what it was for. We kept the squirrel in it for a while, but he either crouched miserably in a corner or else went round and round in a series of aimless circles that made me fear that he was stir-crazy. So we kept him loose around the house. He loved that.

Playing Hide-and-Seek

Whenever Dan or I appeared, he would run to us, scamper up our legs (he was death on silk stockings) and then play hide-and-seek through our pockets. He always left his big, fluffy tail hanging out, and it always was a fresh surprise to him how we found his hiding place. He had a habit of grabbing a handful of my hair and then rolling up in it on my shoulder quite as though it were his own personal property.

The kinkajous were very tame but very determined. We had to put guards on the table legs to keep them from joining us at meals. Then they hung down from the rafters by their tails and grabbed things. The big kinkajou loved to play with our servant's children and never objected to being dressed in dolls' clothes or to attending innumerable dolls' tea parties.

But enough was enough, and in the evenings she liked to go down to the local cantina where the men gave her highballs. That animal could kill a bottle quicker than anyone I'd ever seen. She would come home to supper absolutely pie-eyed, fall into the butter, and then go out and try to fight with the jaguar cub chained underneath our mango tree. We would have a terrible time with her until she finally passed out. The next morning she would do nothing but hold her head and moan. If I offered her a nice breakfast of hot cereal she would scream and try to bite me.

The baby deer were very sick when we got them, and the little doe rapidly got worse. I was determined to pull her through. Since then, I have had a baby of my own, and when anxious friends flutter around me with suggestions and warnings, I just smile gently. Raising a human baby is nothing to raising baby fawns. No one in the world knows the correct formula for Mexican baby deer and I had to find it in an Indian village with one dying on my hands. I tried everything I could think of, but nothing seemed to agree with them. Finally, they got so discouraged with me they refused to eat, and I didn't blame them.

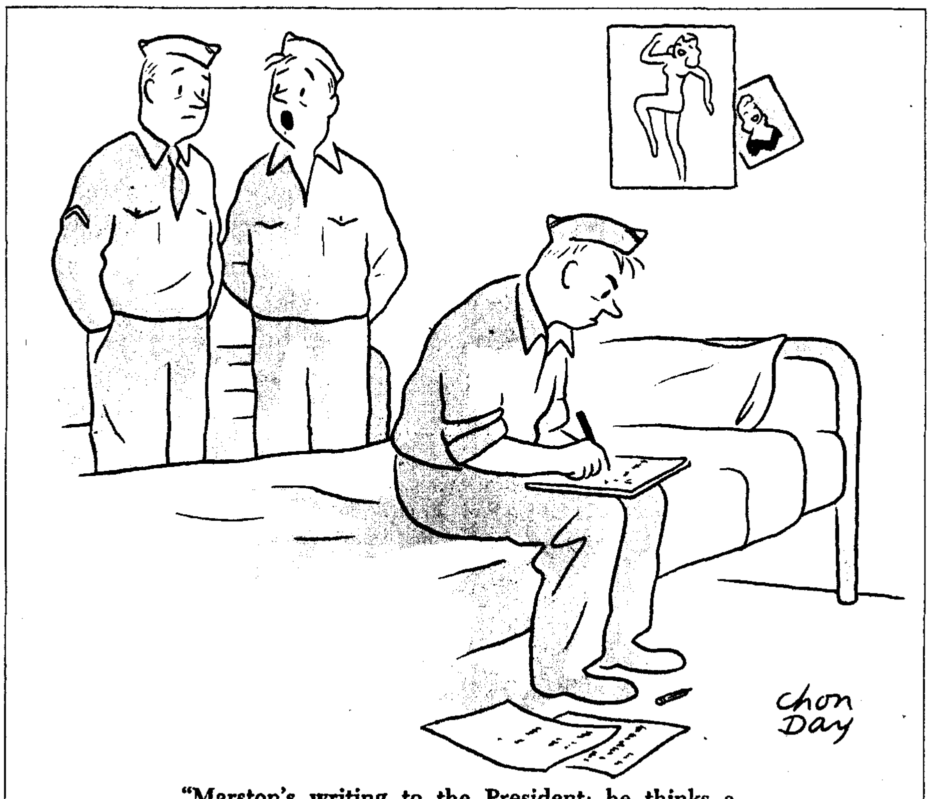
Dan, who has a scientific streak, spent most of his time over our charcoal-burning stove, distilling cow's milk for the babies. By the time he'd finished, our kitchen looked as though it were about to give birth to Frankenstein's monster or a high grade of moonshine. But nothing came forth that did the fawns any good.

Finally Maria, our old Indian cook, drew me aside. "Señorita," she told me, "there is a wise woman here who acts as midwife and knows babies. Let her see the little ones."

The wise woman appeared the next day, looking like something the Better Medical Bureau and John Steinbeck have dedicated their lives to abolishing. She examined the fawns, which were by this time too weak to stand.

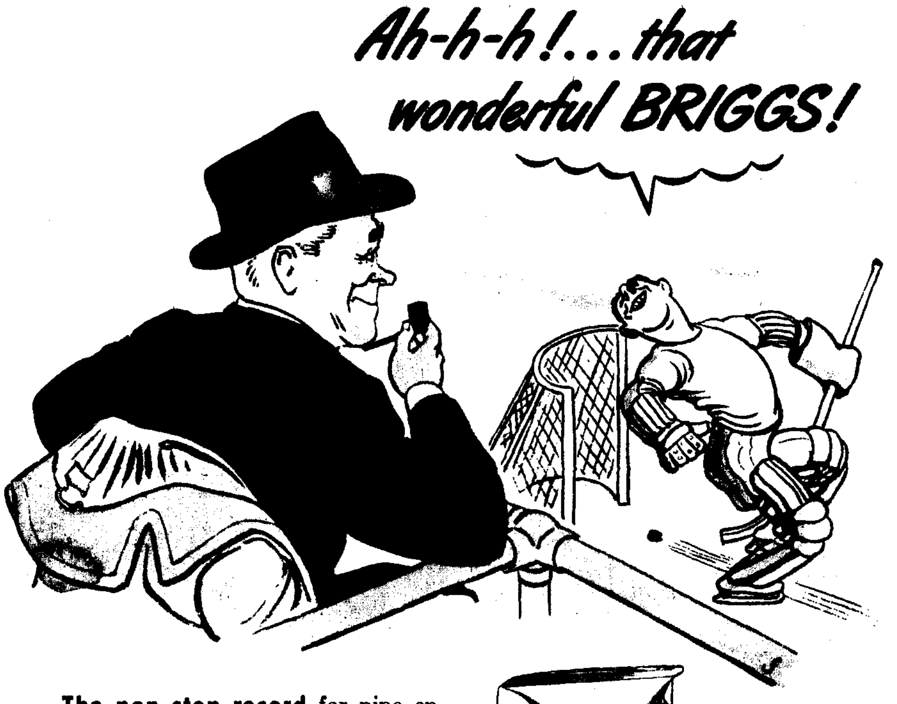
"Give them half boiled goat's milk and half manzanilla juice, and they will live," she pronounced.

Manzanilla is an herb that gives off a



"Marston's writing to the President; he thinks a sergeant has too much power for any one man"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY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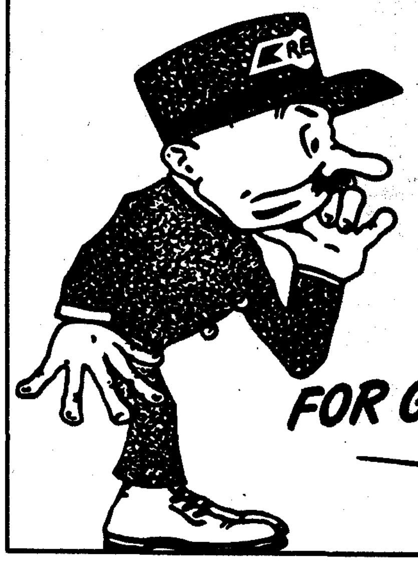

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sickly brown juice. With the gravest doubts, I followed her advice and a week later the fawns were strong enough to totter out on the lawn and eat my last good shirtwaist which was hanging upon the line.

In order to get the animals we wanted, we had to buy a great many that were no earthly good to us and caused us more trouble than the really valuable ones. All we could do was to tell the mountain Indians that we wanted live animals. Trying to explain to them just what kinds of animals was much too complicated and only confused them. Finally we bought everything alive anyone offered us, to encourage them.

By this method we acquired a red-tailed hawk—identical in every respect with the red-tails found three miles from New York City; a short-tailed hawk which is far from being a collector's item; and the bone crusher.

The bone crusher arrived at five o'clock one morning in a large wickerwork basket, guarded by three woodcutters, who described their capture of him in the same terms Sindbad would have used in referring to the roc. Not knowing what a bone crusher was, we took the basket into an empty room and shook him out. Out fell a very dilapidated Audubon's caracara, looking as though he'd been through a harrowing experience.

No Love for the Bone Crusher

Audubon's caracaras are about as rare in Mexico as turkey buzzards are in Mississippi, and we wanted one as much as we wanted a hole in the head.

I never could get really fond of the bone crusher. But I was sorry for him because our two hawks seemed to pick on the poor creature so constantly. Every day we could hear the bone crusher screaming for help out in the patio and we would rush out to find the hawks trying to take his supper away from him. We always came to his rescue until one day I happened to watch the procedure from our patio window.

The hawks always flew down at five o'clock to the kitchen for their suppers, which consisted of two big pieces of meat. Then they would carry their food off to their blocks to eat it. About this time the caracara would appear, walking absently around, humming to himself and looking everywhere except at the hawks. After a while, he would happen to stroll nearer and nearer to one of them. Then he would suddenly shoulder the hawk off his supper, grab the meat himself and begin to scream for help.

The most curious part of the whole business was that I am sure the bone crusher had morally convinced himself, by the time help arrived, that it really was his meat. The reproachful looks he threw at the hawks who were trying to get some of their own supper back couldn't have been put on.

I am glad to say that our houseboy, Antonio, developed a love for the bone crusher which passed human understanding. Fortunately, the bone crusher warmly reciprocated it, and when we had to leave for the States, we presented the bone crusher to Antonio. When last heard from, both were doing well.

At last, the time had come for us to go. We had corresponded with several animal dealers and got a list of prices. Dan and I carefully checked over the list one evening.

"Well," Dan began, "the best price we've been offered for the squirrel is twenty-five dollars."

"Dan, you aren't thinking of selling the squirrel!" I screamed. "Think how miserable he is in a cage! Oh, we must keep the squirrel! You know he bites other people and locks his teeth in them so he has to be cut out. Strangers wouldn't understand him."

"Poncho and his baby sister are worth fifty dollars," Dan continued.

"They're worth a thousand dollars!" I said indignantly. "I didn't raise them from babies to see them sold off. Who would take them for walks and scratch their backs? I'll never part with Poncho and the baby."

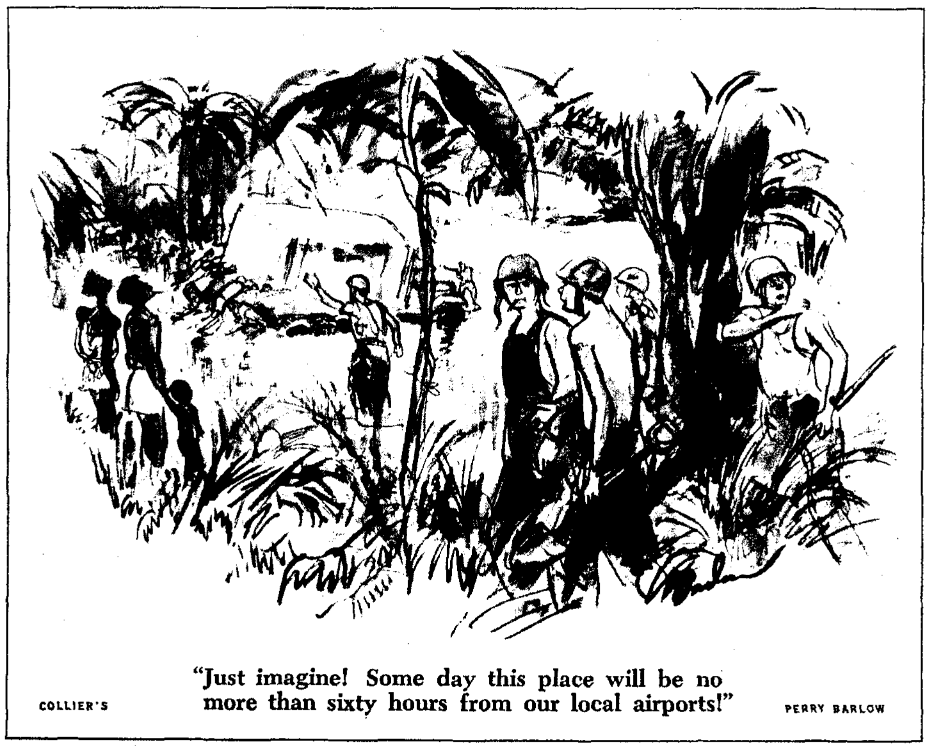
"Fortunately, we'll make a nice profit on the deer," Dan went on hurriedly.

I was in tears by this time. "How could you be so brutal as to want to sell my darling baby fawns?" I sobbed. "You know the little doe still has tummy aches sometimes, and I'm the only person who knows what to do for her. You'll be wanting to sell the sweet little kinkajous next."

Well, folks, come up and see us sometime. We've given up our apartment and moved to a farm in the country where the animals could have more room. We're open until five daily, and children under six are half price. Please feed the animals; heaven knows we can't afford it.

Naturalist friends have assured us that some day our little guests will hear the call of the wild and leave us forever. Our friends don't say when. All I've got to say is that if our guests don't hear the call soon, they'd better supply their own ration books. Ours won't stand the strain much longer.

THE END



"Just imagine! Some day this place will be no more than sixty hours from our local airports!"

The Week's Work

Dorothy Black

THIS is Ladies' Day in the Week's Work department, presenting four women contributors to Collier's. You may have noticed that feminine by-lines appear in our pages with increasing frequency. This is not so much a matter of editorial intent, as an inevitable trend. With women doing more of everything in what used to be called a man's world, they naturally are producing more written words—the kind of words Collier's is happy to print.

Elsie McCormick, who wrote Your Throat (p. 16), was a newspaper reporter and columnist for years before she took to free-lancing. She has worked in thirty-one foreign countries and has interviewed a list of celebrities that range from Eamon De Valera to the 77th descendant of Confucius. With regard to the 77th descendant, she says, "After a long cross-country trip and much mulling over of the philosophical questions I wanted to ask, I discovered that the descendant was only two years old."

Miss McCormick wrote for money when she was eleven, turning out a school column for the San Francisco Daily News. Her first job after graduation from the University of California was serving on the courthouse beat for the Oakland Post-Enquirer. "After covering thirteen murder trials in rapid succession, I decided to turn to gentler pursuits," she says, "and thus joined the publicity staff of the Interchurch World Movement." The IWM sent her to Europe and then to China, and then went bankrupt. She worked on the China Press for two years, then came home to a job on the New York World.

Now she and Marshall Dunn, the man she married while she was in China, have their lives so pleasantly arranged that they are able to spend a few winter months in a New York apartment and the rest of their time in their country home in Westport, Connecticut.

ABOUT Dorothy Black, who amuses you with Another Woman (p. 15), we know little, but that little makes us salute her with respect. In spite of the sober background of her life in wartime England, she turns out her usual quota of light-hearted short stories and still does her full share of war work. She has two daughters. Her only son was killed early in the war soon after he was commissioned from Sandhurst.

Jule Mannix

OUR third woman writer, Jule Mannix (They Brought Me Back Alive, p. 20), is something you won't be able to believe unless you try hard. Here's how she tells it, "Before I married Dan and found out what it's like to live with assorted wild animals, I was working as an actress and model in New York. The first night I met Dan, I told him I thought I'd like any animal except a snake. 'What's wrong with snakes?' said Dan. 'Hold this.' He handed me a three-foot corn snake he had in his pocket. I took it before I realized it was alive. Curiously, the moment I touched its smooth, warm skin, I lost all fear of it.

"After Dan and I were married, that snake and I became great friends, only I still didn't like it the time the snake climbed into bed with me to get warm.

"Dan and I were both born and brought up on the Philadelphia Main Line, but we didn't meet until I was doing radio parts in New York, and Dan was working in a carnival as a sword-swallower. We went to Mexico and started collecting animals and writing and lecturing about them with motion pictures. We sold our first story, about hunting mountain lions with bows and arrows, to Collier's.

"Dan is in the Navy now, a lieutenant (jg) doing photographic work. We have a baby girl to add to our collection, and I'm training a kinkajou to take care of the baby, while I write."

Two Mannix technicolor movies, Eagle Versus Dragon and The Diver and the Devilfish, will be released soon.

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH (G.I. Babies, p. 11) is one of those amazing wife-mother-careerist personalities who accomplish a great deal with apparent ease. She and her husband, Henry F. Pringle, also a well-known author, live in Washington with their two small children and their housekeeper, Mamie. Mamie is "the most important member of the family," who takes care of everything while the two writers chase around the country on stories.

"I still want what I've always wanted," Miss Smith says. "I want to live west of the Mississippi, in the country." Two Western vacations netted two books for Miss Smith, one done in collaboration with an elderly pioneer woman, A Bride Goes West; the other in collaboration with an old pioneer cowboy, We Pointed Them North. . . .

A. P.

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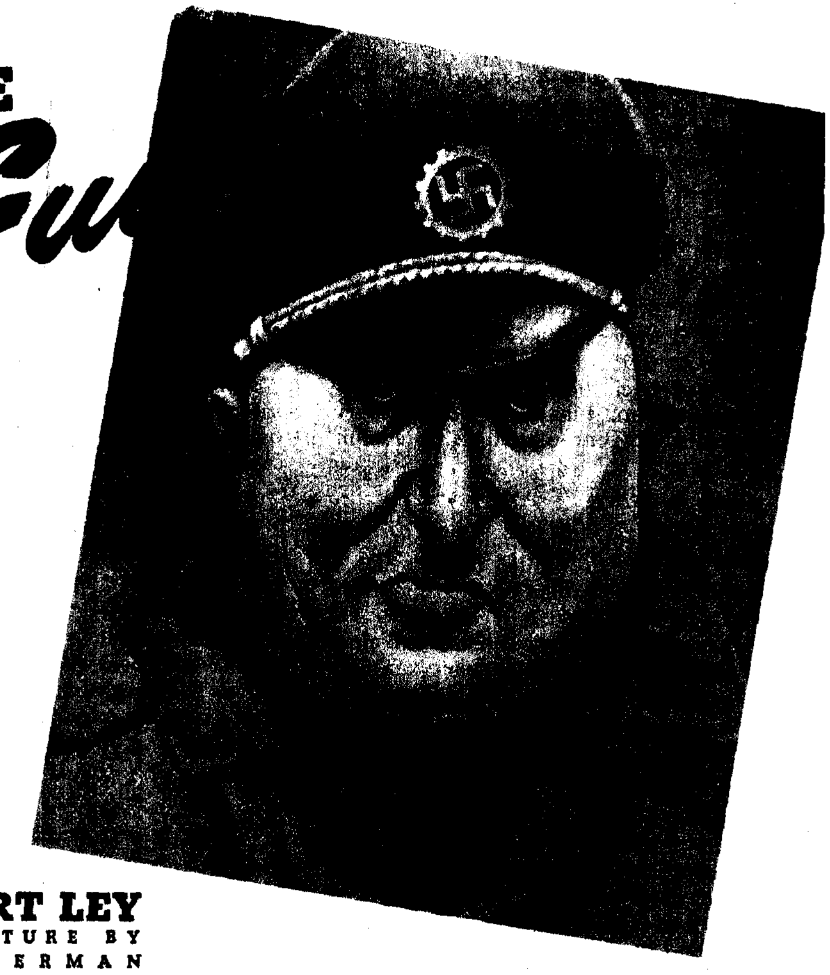


ROBERT LEY
CARICATURE BY
SAM BERMAN

XVIII

IN THE years before Hitler, Robert Ley was the drunken, dissolute publisher of a gossip sheet in Cologne, picking up a precarious living by blackmail. Today he is head of Germany's so-called Labor Front with power of life and death over every worker in the Reich. Ranking fifth in the Nazi hierarchy, the erstwhile keyhole peeper is topped only by Goering, Himmler and Goebbels. More than 25,000,000 men and women sweat under his iron rule, as much slaves as though they wore chains, and forced contributions reduce their beggarly wages to a starvation level. The monthly "take" from the Labor Front is conservatively estimated at $75,000,000, and while some of it goes to finance Strength-Through-Joy projects, the larger part sticks to the fingers of Ley and other Nazi higher-ups. It is not only "dues" that have to be paid, but each worker is mulcted regularly for the upkeep of the Winter Relief Fund, the Organization to Combat Want and similar schemes designed to rob the German pocket of every possible pfennig.

When Hitler ordered the dissolution of all unions, and an end to unionism itself, workers were told that it meant freedom, security and dignity. Robert Ley, an expert in spying and extortion, soon taught them the facts of life as lived under the New Order. One of his first acts was to take over the Bank of German Workers and Employees, confiscating deposits. The funds provided for old-age pensions and sick insurance were swept into the treasury, and each individual union was looted to the last penny. Hours were lengthened, wages lowered, and a system of espionage, operated by Ley's own private Gestapo, watched both factories and homes to see that none of his drudges shirked or murmured. Ley's shameless swindles would have earned him a prison term in any other country. Shortly before the war, he announced that plans had been perfected for the manufacture of a *Volkswagen*, a People's Car, to be sold at so low a price that even the humblest citizen might have his own automobile.

Every worker was ordered to subscribe for a *Volkswagen*, paying weekly installments under pledge that it would be delivered at some not too distant date. Millions were collected, and that was the end of the People's Car. Not one was ever made, and the troublesome few that asked questions were quickly clubbed into silence.

After a twelve-hour day, workers are driven like cattle to mass meetings, for Ley is second to none in his "love for the Reich" and his devotion to the Fuehrer. Weaving, staggering, thick-tongued, for he is always half-seas over, the master of the Labor Front rants for hours at a time, and woe to the unhappy wretch who does not "heil" enthusiastically and at the top of his voice. A doctor's certificate is the only excuse for failure to attend these nightly meetings, and heavy fines and clubbings are the punishment for trying to escape Ley's drunken ramblings.

A "crying souse," Ley's maudlin sentimentalities are worse than his brutalities. Every day a bunch of wilted flowers is placed on a stand in each shop—Strength Through Beauty—and any malcontent who is not properly impressed runs the risk of a heavy fine. *Kraft durch Freude*—Strength Through Joy—was another of Ley's conceptions. Seashore resort hotels, taken over from the owners, were turned into "week-end rest houses" for German workers, and one huge hostelry, able to accommodate 25,000, was built on the Baltic Coast. Two large ships for cheap cruises were also put at the disposal of the Labor Front, and cut-rate tickets at theaters and motion-picture houses were another proof of the Fuehrer's solicitude for the happiness of the working class.

Fine on its face, but like every other Nazi project, a gyp in practice. It soon developed that the "restful vacations" were really school periods for Hitler Youth, where they were taught that they owed their parents nothing, and military and gymnastic drill periods for the elders. Workers returned from these "happy week ends" more dead than alive, and Goering, responsible for production, profanely called on Ley to pipe down on Strength Through Joy. Soon the ships were handed over to the navy, and the hotels and pleasure resorts fell into the possession of Nazi leaders who now operate them for private profit.

Like Joachim von Ribbentrop, Robert Ley boasts that there is no blood on his hands. Between hiccups, he sobs abounding love for his fellow men. Maybe he has not taken life, but his swindles and extortions, his organized and systematic enslavement have driven helpless millions down to an animal level. Remember him! ★★★

Hotel Berlin—1943

Continued from page 23

eat? A glass of water?" Tilli asked; she was afraid the old lady might faint, then and there.

"I'm well. Don't worry about me, Tilli. You're a good child. And still so pretty," Frau Baruch said, searching in Tilli's coarsened face for the young girl she had known.

"How's Papa Baruch?" Tilli asked. "It's a long time, isn't it? Almost ten years."

"Yes. Almost ten years," Frau Baruch said, and there was a pause. "Papa is very sick, Tilli. That's why I come to you. You're the only one who can help us."

"You need money?"

"No, child, no, Tilli child. I wouldn't come here for money. You know what will happen to me if I'm caught—without the star—out of bounds. I wouldn't risk that just for money," Frau Baruch said.

"WHAT'S the matter with Papa Baruch?" Tilli asked. "What can I do for him? Visit him? It's not easy, you know."

"Papa has a cancer of the stomach and he can't die. We can't get medicine, Tilli; we can't get a doctor. There are no Jews left in Berlin. Maybe there are a dozen or two, but we don't know them. We're the last Jews. You don't know what that means! There's no one to help poor Papa. He lies there and screams with pain. By day, by night, he screams many hours, until he is too weak to scream. He faints for a while, and then the pain wakes him up again and he screams. If he could rest! If he could sleep! But we have no medicine. I don't want to complain to you. I don't want to bother you. But, Tilli, you were always such a good, kind, helpful child. I had to come to you. Remember when Sim had scarlet fever? A grown-up man and scarlet fever! You fought with the doctor when he wouldn't let you into the room, and you stayed with Sim and helped me nurse him, and you played the clown and made fun for him all the time. Sim never laughed so much as he did when he had scarlet fever. He talked about it often."

"And I didn't catch it," Tilli said; "there was nothing to it. I had it as a child, and you don't get it twice." She smiled softly as she wandered back into the past; she could hear the clicking of the stones as she played dominoes with Sim on his bed table and spoon-fed him his milk mush, and teased him because he had grown a red beard during the sickness.

"You cared a lot for Sim, didn't you, Tilli child?" Frau Baruch said. "I know much more about you than you think. He talked so much about you. He was so much in love with you, he couldn't keep your name out of the conversation for half an hour. He asked me whether I would mind if he married you. 'You will marry her whether I mind or not,' I told him. 'Go ahead and marry her and don't ask questions.' But Papa was against it. You know how Papa is; he wanted Sim to marry a Jewish girl. He picked daughters-in-law all the time, but Sim didn't even look at them. He wanted you. Maybe Papa was right. Where would you be today if you had married Sim? But I didn't see that far. I only wanted Sim to be happy. He would have been happy with you." Suddenly she was afraid of having said the wrong thing. "You won't hold it against Papa that he didn't want Sim to marry you?" she asked anxiously. "If you could see his suffering, Tilli child! It is worse than Job had to suffer."

Tilli shook her head. She had loved Sim and she had always liked his mother. She hadn't cared much for Papa Baruch, and he hadn't cared for her at all. Why doesn't he make an end of himself, if it's that bad? she thought.

"He is too weak," Sim's mother said as if Tilli had asked the question aloud. "We haven't even a window to jump out of. We live in a basement. You can't imagine how weak he is. He has asked me to kill him, not one time but a thousand times. But how can I kill him? I am a coward, Tilli. Maybe I am a coward. I can't take a knife and cut his veins. I could never kill a chicken. How can I kill my husband? If we had medicine, yes. If I could make him sleep—and sleep myself!"

"Can't Rosa do something? Can't she get a doctor to come?"

Frau Baruch stared at Tilli; her mouth was working again silently, and the twitch in her face grew worse.

"Rosa? Don't you know about Rosa? They sent her to Poland," she said at last.

"When?"

"It's seventeen months and twelve days now. We've never heard from her. We hope she is dead."

Leave me alone, Tilli thought rebelliously. I don't want to know all this. I don't want to hear about all this Jewish misery. It's your misery, not mine. I have my own problems.

"I don't want to take up your time," Frau Baruch said, with the sensitivity that comes with suffering. "I only came to beg you for some sleeping pills. I remember you used to take veronal once in a while. I didn't think it was good for a young girl like you. But I remembered it in my need and I told Papa I would find you and beg you for some. It wasn't easy to find you, but you'd be surprised how many people are kind to us old Jews—when they dare, that is. I got your address at the last place where you lived. I haven't seen Papa since this morning. It's very bad that he is alone, screaming with pain, all day long, all day long. But I promised I would bring him some sleeping powder so that he could sleep a few hours. I couldn't come home without it, you see that, Tilli."

"But I haven't got any veronal. I—I'm tired as it is and I have to stay up late anyway. I'm sort of—sort of a social hostess in this hotel. Look after the officers who come on leave, you know. No, I don't take sleeping powders any more."

"I see. But couldn't you get some? I can't, but maybe you could get them in a pharmacy."

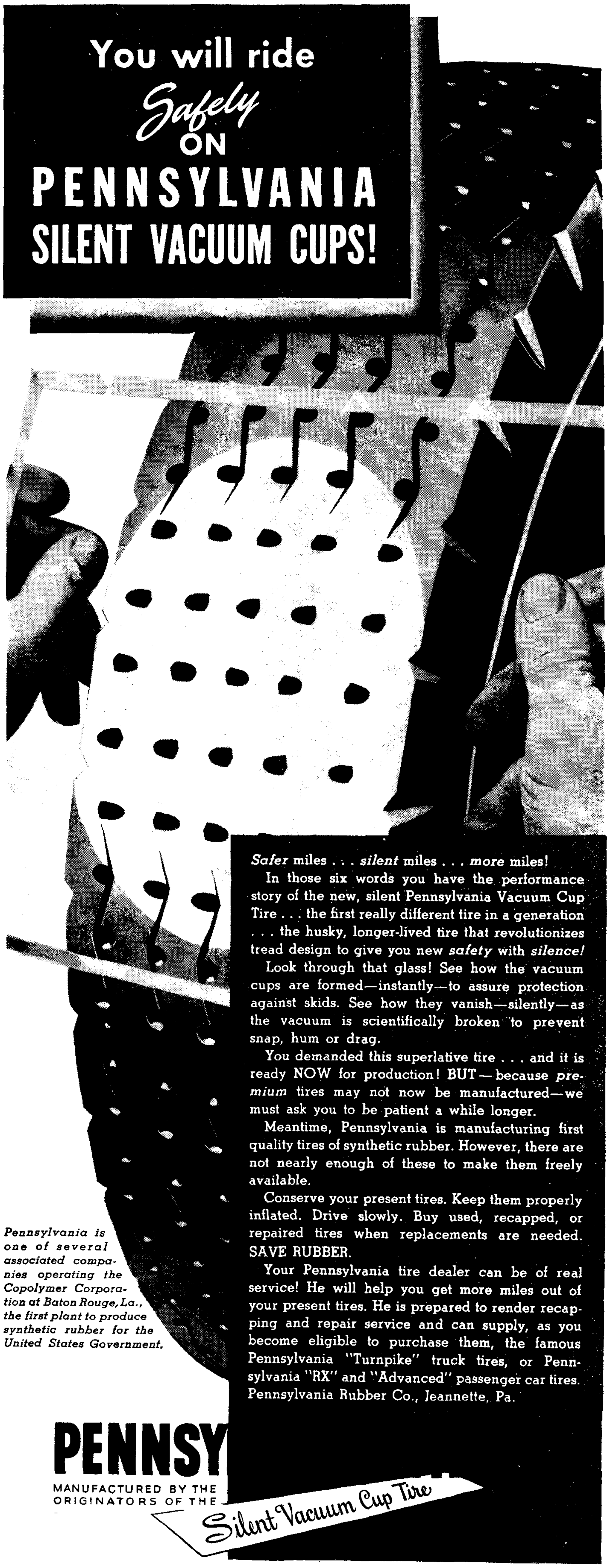
"I might ask the doctor to write me a prescription. They're terribly fussy now before they let you have anything like that. I suppose they need a lot of medicines for our soldiers. But I might try and talk to the doctor."

"Tilli, Tilli, if you would do that for us! If Papa could sleep! Oh, my good, good child, I knew you wouldn't turn us down!"

WHEN Frau Baruch had started out on her expedition, she had promised herself not to complain, not to cry, not to make a scene. She had been beyond crying for a long time.

"I brought you something, too," she said and tried to smile and behave like the fine old lady she was. "I thought you might like it. It's a picture of Sim when he was three."

"Thank you. That's sweet of you," Tilli said and took the photo. It was a faded snapshot of a baby, sitting on a lawn, with a big Teddy bear in front of him. While Tilli looked at it without any emotion, a chain of thoughts began to reel off in her mind: Yes, I think I can get veronal from the doctor; maybe I can get as much veronal as she needs—enough to put them both out of their misery. Poor devil! Poor Mamma Baruch! It's terrible what they're doing to them. I'm glad Sim didn't have to live through it all. It's better the way it is. They would have sent him to Poland,



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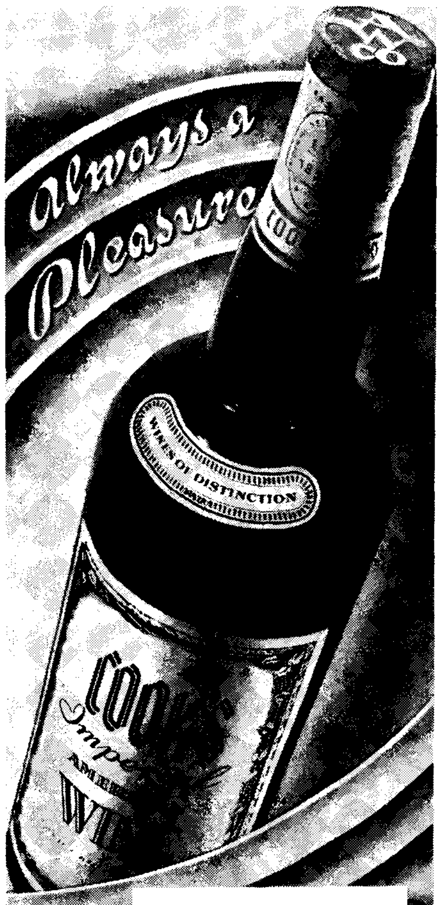

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too. Now let's see. What about Rosa? What about it? If I get them the veronal, that's a very great thing I'm doing for them. I'm sticking my neck out a mile. They can do something for me, too, can't they? Did she take all her shoes along to Poland? I'll bet she didn't.

"I'm sorry to hear about Rosa," she said. "But maybe it's only half as bad as you think. Some day you'll hear from her and everything will be all right."

"About the veronal, Tilli," Frau Baruch said. "I have a long way to go home. I'd like to get there before it's completely dark." The way stretched ahead of her beset with dangers, like a dark moor she had to cross.

"I liked Rosa almost as if she were my own sister," Tilli went on, following her trend of thought now with the persistence of a hungry shark. "We're very much alike in many ways. Same size, same taste. We could always wear each other's dresses and everything."

"How much veronal do you think you could get? It will take a lot to kill the pains and make him sleep."

"Did Rosa take all her things with her? They don't allow them much luggage when they take them to Poland, I understand."

"If he could sleep tonight—you don't know what it would mean. If he could be without pain for a whole night!"

"I would try to get you enough to keep him out of pain most of the time."

"Tilli child, if you do that for us, God will bless you."

TILLI gave herself a last push and took the jump. "Tell me, Mamma Baruch, don't you have some of Rosa's things left? Dresses, hats, shoes?"

"What? What did you say, Tilli child?" Frau Baruch asked, at a loss. "Rosa's things? No, there's nothing left. We—we had to sell them piece by piece. You know, even two old Jews like us have to eat. I kept a lock of her hair. That and the photo I gave you are all that's left of the children."

"Well, it doesn't matter," Tilli said, and Frau Baruch looked at her wonderingly. Tilli sagged a bit as another hope went up in smoke. Then she pulled herself together and patted Frau Baruch's emaciated hands. "I'm glad you came to me; I really am," she said clumsily, and, under the mask of grease paint and hard, reckless living, there appeared for a moment the face of the girl she had been twelve years ago. She couldn't have expressed what it was that caused the transformation—that someone came to her for help, that someone trusted her to be kind. It was a nice compliment, in a way, wasn't it? She thrust the shoes out of her mind.

"Wait here; lie down a little, be comfortable," she said. "I'll go and see about getting something for our Papa. And don't get impatient and don't be frightened. I'll see that you get home safely."

All *right, sucker, she told* herself as she went out to find the doctor. Go ahead and be noble. Go and violate the drug law, put your head under the ax to help an old Jew! And he didn't even want me to marry Sim!

•

"FEELING better now?" the doctor asked, as he limped into Geoffrey Nichols' room. It was the hour between dusk and darkness, but Nichols had not turned on the lights. He was sitting in his deck chair in the loggia, the rug pulled up to his chin, his cold hands resting quietly on his knees.

"Yes, thanks. Quite well," he said.

"Did you rest some after the drops I gave you?"

"More or less. I was sitting out here, thinking."

The doctor fished under the rug for Nichols' wrist and checked his pulse. It was thin and irregular, but not much worse than usual.

"Think you are in good enough shape for your broadcast?"

"Of course."

"You had quite a bad attack this noon, you know."

"Yes. But I feel really well, thank you. I had a bit of excitement this morning but I'm perfectly well now."

The doctor switched on the light and examined Nichols' face. "I'll give you a little shot to pep you up for the broadcast," he said.

He put his kit down and brought out the syringe, broke the ampule and carefully drew the clear liquid into the hypodermic. Nichols peeled off the rug, got up and came into the room, closing the wooden door to the loggia. He pulled up the sleeve of his housecoat, and the doctor drove the needle into the pale flesh.

"Now lie down for a few minutes," he ordered.

Nichols stretched out on his bed and watched the doctor packing up his paraphernalia. "Stay a few minutes, Doctor," he said. "There are a few things I wanted to ask you."

"I can't stay long," the doctor said, pulling a chair up to the bed. "I've got to look after our poet. He started one of his famous four-day drunks this morning and needs medical care and the admonitions of a friend, or he'll break every piece of furniture in his room, and his neck, too."

Nichols chuckled. "It's his easy method of running away from himself," he said.

"Johannes Koenig seems to be proud of it. 'I get drunk, at least,' he told me. 'But Nichols does it when he's sober.' "

"Meaning I do what?"

"Accept things as they are, I suppose."

"I did a bit of thinking today," Nichols said, looking up at the ceiling. "I tried to clear up some fundamental issues; it appears I've been driftwood for a very long time. Today I began to wonder about the current—whether it's as strong as I thought."

"You're not a very healthy man, Nichols; I don't believe your heart would stand swimming against the current."

Nichols sat up and fastened his gaze on the doctor. "How long would you say I can go on living with this heart of mine, Doctor?" he asked.

"Frankly, I don't know. I don't know, Nichols. Maybe you'll have a coronary embolism tomorrow. Maybe you'll live to be seventy."

"HAVE you seen many people die, Doctor?" Nichols asked.

"Yes, many. I was in the last war, you know. I'll get into this one, too."

"I never saw anyone die. It's rather a handicap for a writer. Tell me, Doctor, how is it? Is it bad?"

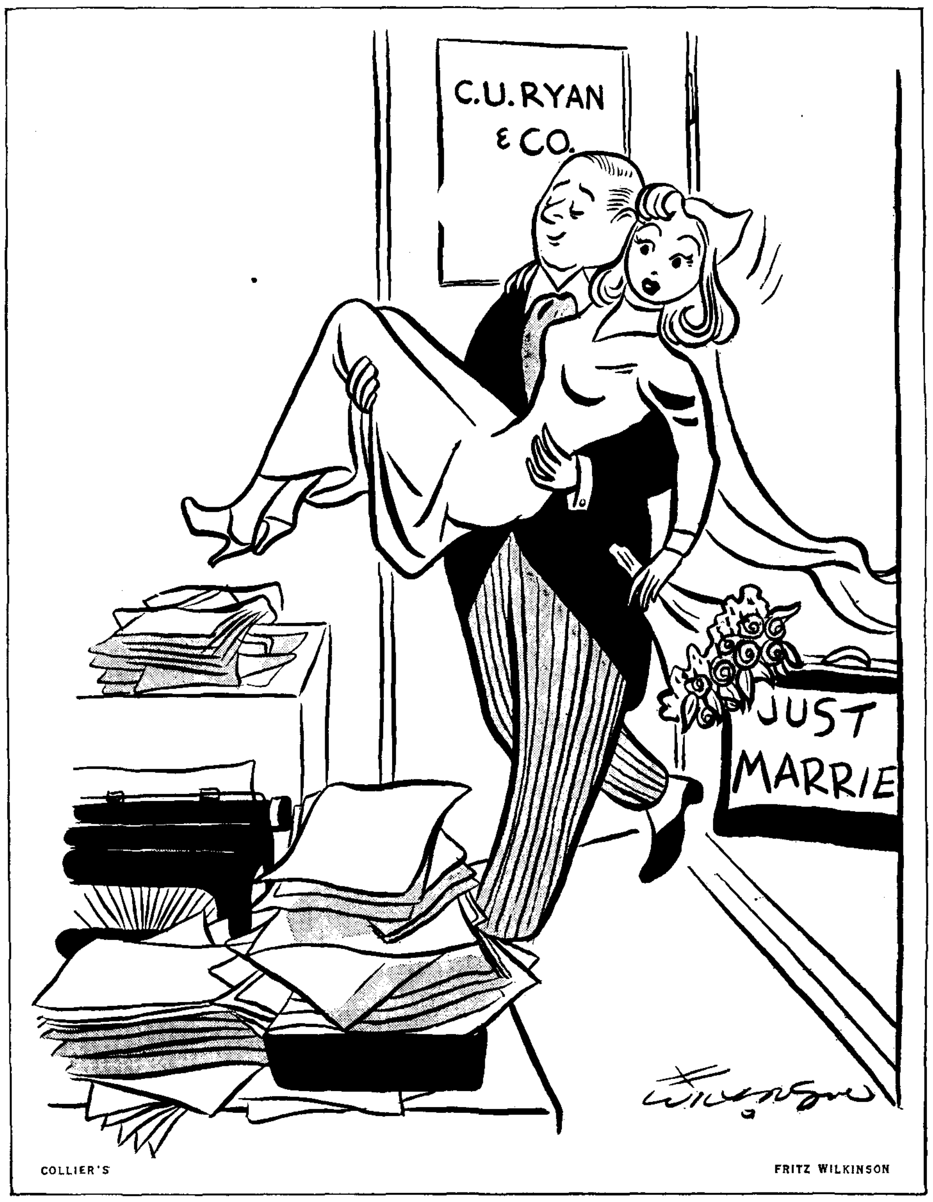
"Yes, bad enough. But mind, Nichols. Death isn't ever as bad as life. No comparison. No comparison at all. Anyone who can stand the hazing and skinning life gives you can take death like a pleasant sedative."

"Odd. I never looked at it from that point of view," Nichols said and lay back again. The injection began to take effect and he felt at ease. He smiled up at the ceiling as he remembered something. "I seem to have frightfully overrated the pleasure of being alive, ever since I was a boy of twelve. You know, I won the hundred-yard dash at St. Swithin's, and fell down in a dead faint five yards beyond the tape. I've never made a dash since."

"Endocarditis, of course. But with good care, you can live to be seventy."

"Yes. That's what the sages of Harley Street told me. It seems to be an international slogan. But it's curious what such a dictum will do to a boy."

The doctor fiddled with his kit and pretended not to listen. He had known many Englishmen; long ago, before the other



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war, in India; in Nairobi, too. It was rare for an Englishman to make confidences about himself, and he was anxious not to disturb Nichols.

"The only fight I ever had after that was the fight against my own heart. Kind of a sporting proposition, you know. I couldn't swim, I couldn't sprint, I couldn't join the crew, no soccer; they didn't even let me play cricket. The only sport I had was to bring my heart to heel, knock it down, win out against it. Other boys simply lived. But if I managed to live, it was something to be proud of. It sounds easier than it was, really. No games, no fun, no cigarettes, no tea, no coffee. No excitement, no excess of any kind. I lived inside a cocoon—but I lived. When I fell in love, I thought that would be my end, it was such an outrageous excess and excitement. I was afraid of it and tried to take it only in small doses. Naturally, the girl got tired of me and soon chucked me. I survived even that. But I was proud of myself when I had kicked even love out of my life!"

He closed his eyes, and the doctor hoped he would rest for a little while. He got up and tiptoed to the door; but Nichols began to talk again.

"I was in Vienna for some treatments when the war started. They took me prisoner and made this comfortable little deal with me. I accepted it because I had made up my mind to live to be seventy. I had my own war. If I could manage to survive in captivity, as the zoologists call it, I would win my war." He opened his eyes and gave the doctor a round, friendly grin. "And, after all this, you come and tell me that life isn't worth the trouble of living, Doctor?" he said wryly.

"It's not how long a man lives. It's what he does with his life that counts in the end. Length is only relative. What you do with it is something absolute," the doctor said, speaking more to himself than to his patient.

Nichols thought this over for a few minutes. "Yes," he said then. "Right, Doctor. That sums it up rather neatly, doesn't it?"

AFTER the doctor had gone, Nichols remained lying on his bed, thinking. From time to time he chuckled, amused by the pictures that his mind reeled off. Shortly after six, Adolf had visited him and given him a complete description of Martin Richter's successful escape. It was a beautiful joke and it was his joke, his idea, his inspiration. Lying on his bed, he went through every move of it, savoring the irony, the audacity, the mischievous triumph of having snatched the fugitive away from under the nose of the Gestapo. They kill their intellectuals but they scrape and salute before a doorman's uniform, he thought, laughter running warm through his body. I made a dash again and I won again, he thought. Now let's look at this moronic script.

He pulled the pages toward him and began to search for the crack in Wiedemann's rhetoric, the toe hold he needed for doing what had to be done. The only thing that detracted from his enjoyment was that he couldn't share the joke with anybody. It ought to make an amusing chapter in my memoirs, he thought. Except that there will hardly be time to write them. No, hardly, after tonight, he told himself, still laughing softly. He felt exceedingly well and the injection was only partly responsible.

At half past eight, the three technicians from the Deutschlandsender rumbled in and began to rig up their console and string their line and fill the room with buzzing activity. Wiedemann arrived a few minutes later, wildly excited, as usual. Poor Herr Wiedemann, although he had nothing to do but sit and listen, suffered violent attacks of stage fright before each broadcast.

"Calm down, my dear fellow, calm down!" Nichols told him. "A broadcast isn't as important as all that."

"Don't underrate yourself, Nichols. Yours is a very important broadcast; and it carries a grave responsibility for me."

"If you will excuse me now. I must dress," Nichols said, amused, and retired into his bathroom. He shaved, brushed his hair back, slipped into his dinner jacket. Ordinarily this was rather a strain on his heart, but tonight he was oblivious to it; it was amazing how unimportant that sick heart of his had become.

Captain Schreber had meanwhile arrived, one of Goebbels' men; he was the actual director of the broadcast, a bouncing ball of a man, spreading kindliness and good cheer, both somewhat constrained tonight. There had been a terrible accumulation of bad news today, and the Deutschlandsender, after chewing it thoroughly, was suffering from indigestion. The Propaganda Ministry, losing its head for once, had given divergent and confusing directions, a few blunders had been made and there was a whispered rumor that Goebbels' sphere of influence was going to be clipped.

LIKE most Germans, Captain Schreber was overworked, creaking under the strain of too long hours and too little sleep, combined with poor nutrition and a constant gnawing, chafing anxiety. Making a mistake was dangerous for a man in his position. It might cost him not only his job, but his head as well. Yet, in the growing confusion and bewilderment of recent weeks, it was almost impossible to know what was a mistake and what wasn't; who was in and who was out. In other words, whom to fawn upon and whom to kick in the shins.

"Well, is our star in good voice tonight?" he asked, bouncing around Nichols, patting his shoulder and trying to warm him up for his task.

The microphone was tested and all preparations made in an ensuing miniature bedlam. It was as if, with these five men, the whole nervous outside world, pregnant with catastrophe, had broken into Nichols' cloistered cell.

Only five minutes before the beginning of the broadcast did the clamor subside. Nichols, who had remained calm, got up and straightened the pages of the manuscript.

"Everything ready?" Schreber asked the technicians.

They nodded, taking their places at the controls.

"Ready, Nichols?"

"Yes. Ready, Captain."

"And don't forget to raise your voice when you say: 'If ever the day should come—' You know where?" Wiedemann implored in a hoarse whisper.

"Right."

Schreber watched the hand on his wrist watch. Four minutes to nine. Nichols stepped behind the microphone. Silence. Attention. One minute to go—fifty seconds—forty . . .

Only during those last ten seconds before Nichols began to speak, did his heart give him trouble. It was like a fierce, small animal rearing inside his chest, ready to leap.

"Attention! *Go!*"

"As on every Wednesday and Saturday, we bring you an old friend, our guest and your compatriot, Geoffrey Nichols," Schreber waded into the announcement with his heavy accent. "With the discerning and understanding eyes of a writer, Geoffrey Nichols is observing the everyday life of Germany and reporting to you firsthand what he sees and what he thinks about us. This is Geoffrey Nichols speaking from the Hotel Berlin, in Berlin, to England."

Schreber stepped back, and Nichols brought the microphone up to his own height.

"Once again I am speaking to you, an

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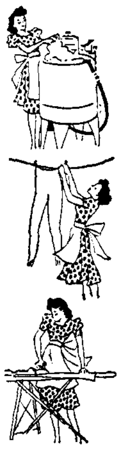
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Englishman to Englishmen, to warn you against the propaganda lies your press and your government are spreading. Germany is as strong as ever—"

From the Hotel Berlin to England. England! Where was England? What was she in this hour? This fortress, built by nature for herself against infection and the hand of war. This happy breed of men, this little world . . . No, I don't know England as she is today, but she must still be as Shakespeare saw her, or she would have quit long ago. This happy breed—*this little world* . . . How does it go? This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England! Yes, I am an uprooted expatriate but, taken all in all, I'm of the same breed. . . .

THERE was a light fog over the Channel and the water was choppy with hard little wavelets but, a few hundred feet above, the air was clear and pure, translucent with the radiance of the rising moon. Over there was England. This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England. From over there they came, small and black and swift, like moths passing against the gleaming disk of the moon. Through the fog and the water and the moon-soaked night he could see England now, the country that was his, the people he had known long ago and the new people brought up in this war whom he did not know; except that they were England, and he was England, too, and so they were made of the same stuff— These thoughts flowed through Nichols' mind during the minutes it took him to rattle off the hollow phrases of the manuscript. Captain Schreber shoved his wrist with the watch under his eyes and Wiedemann signaled him frantically to slow down. There were seven minutes more to go on the broadcast; he dropped the page he had finished to the floor and tore into the next one, slowing down and raising his voice.

"Do Mr. Churchill and his friend Roosevelt really believe the morale of the Germans could be broken by air raids? Do they tell you that Germany is sinking? That the German people are getting tired of the war? Do they believe this country is like a groggy prize fighter whom a few hard punches will knock out? Do they really and truly think the German people will give up the fight before they have won a total victory in this total war?" Geoffrey Nichols took a deep breath and flung himself high and far into space. "Yes, yes!" he cried. "This is a sinking ship, it's going down! Keep flying, keep coming, keep hammering at them. All this is true! Hit them—hit them hard! They're almost finished! A few more blows and we've won!"

He had counted on the shock and he had counted correctly. It took Schreber and Wiedemann several seconds before they were able to co-ordinate their reactions to the unexpected and unbelievable; enough seconds for him to send his message. To make their confusion complete, the air-raid sirens began to shriek just then; there was one on the roof of the hotel, and its screaming was so loud and sent such shivers of vibrations through the walls of the building that everything was drowned out in the infernal noise. More and more sirens, a frantic chorus of wails and screams and shrieks, a symphony of panic.

Nichols held the microphone close to his mouth and kept telling the truth to England, while Schreber and Wiedemann yelled at each other, yelled at him, tried idiotically to tear the microphone away from him, to pull him away from it. One of the technicians jumped into the melee and shot his fist into Nichols' face; it was like looking into a flashlight while something exploded inside his head. Then the blood began to flow warmly and almost pleasantly from his nose, his legs gave way under him, and he hit the floor. The sirens howled madly, stampeding the city into fear and flight.

Then there was blackness, shot through with streaking green, yellow, and orange stars, and Geoffrey Nichols had begun to travel homeward. . . .

The air raid was on in all its fury. Blasts and explosions, the insane, shattering noise of the barrage, the monstrous voice of destruction. Hail of shell and shrapnel and cascades of broken glass; blue, yellow, orange, red flames bursting into deadly giant flowers, geysers of dust and debris shooting high up into the sky. Walls crashing, pavements melting in the ferocious heat, mains and pipes and tracks torn from the ground like bloody twisted guts. And, over it all, the mobile dome of searchlights, the annihilating fireworks of tracer bullets and cannon bursts, where, thousands of feet above, the air was turned into a compact battle ground for the fight of mythical monsters.

The people of Berlin, huddled in their insufficient shelters, felt very small and terribly frightened. They had gone through air raids before and had taken them fairly well. But this was different and horrible and of a merciless finality. Being small people, they did not realize their own responsibility for it; they were not aware of having unleashed the raging beasts of war themselves, of having set off the fires which were consuming them now.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

A new Manhattan melodrama

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

●

A story which runs its crimson course through every stratum of New York society, from Park Avenue to Broadway, from the Battery to the Bronx. Excitement in four long parts in

ROMANCE IN THE FIRST DEGREE

The air-raid shelter of the Hotel Berlin enjoyed a special reputation; in fact, it was on account of this bombproof shelter that some of the wealthy and privileged of Berlin had given up their residences and moved into the hotel. The shelter was decorated like a rathskeller, with painted beams and vaults, benches and tables. Drinks could be ordered, and a phonograph, turned on full blast, was doing its best to drown out the menacing uproar outside. But somehow the spurious coziness and faked gaiety of the place made it the more sinister, the longer the raid lasted—and it seemed to last forever.

AS THE planes came on, wave after wave, and the bombs dropped closer and closer to the heart of the big, sprawling city, more and more people crowded into the shelter. Soon there were not enough benches and chairs, and they crouched on the floor and huddled on the stairs which led to the door, while new arrivals stumbled in and picked their way across the legs and arms of the others. The Rumanians, expelled from the bar, entered in one body, bringing bottles with them to nurse their high spirits along. They were so preposterously gay and silly, so demonstratively unaware of the danger, that everyone hated them.

Three crazy-eyed people who were rushed in from the street brought a gust of panic with them. A badly dressed man and two women, they were obviously not the kind that belonged in the Hotel Berlin. They had been overtaken by the raid on their way home, after leaving a sick child at a hospital. The younger of the two women was hysterical and could not stop babbling.

UP ABOVE, outside and all around and everywhere, was the *crump-crump* of distant bombs, the horrid whistling of others close by. There was the iciclelike sound of shattered glass, the dull, enormous crash of crumbling walls. And in the breathless, sudden, ominous silence before the explosion, the clicking of chips could be heard and the brief, monotonous calling of hands from the table of some persistent poker players.

The hotel doctor and Oberleutnant Kauders arrived together at the peak of the raid.

"Get down there! Get the hell down there! Don't be a fool! Take cover!" the doctor said, angrily pushing the remonstrating flier down the steps.

"But I have a date with her. Are you sure she isn't in her room?" Kauders asked shakily. He had somehow managed to make his way from the nearest Underground station to the hotel to keep his date with Lisa Dorn.

"Perfectly sure. She's in the theater and you can bet your life she won't return before the raid is over."

"But she told me she'd wait here for me. Why did she go to the theater?"

"Because she's an actress. It's where she works."

"Why didn't she tell me she had to go to the theater?" Kauders asked stupidly. "I would have gone with her."

The doctor left him and made his way toward the hysterical, whining woman; without much ceremony he grasped her arm and gave her an injection. She yelled once, high and shrill.

"Shut up," said her husband. "Shut up or I'll have to beat you."

She stared at him without recognition, and he put her head on his lap with an embarrassed, coarse tenderness. Soon she began to cry and after a little while she grew quiet.

Kauders strode over the tangled limbs of the crowd; the older woman made space for him at her side without interrupting her prayer. He shrugged and sat down on the floor, leaning his back against the wall and stretching his legs in front of him. The fury of the raid seemed to subside and for a few minutes there were no more bombs falling in the vicinity.

Plottke announced loudly: *"Heil Sieg!* We sent them home with their tails between their legs!" He dried his face and disappeared into the emergency washroom.

The last to arrive down there were Tilli and Sim's mother. Tilli had her arm firmly linked into the dazed old lady's arm as she led her down the steps. The two of them had stuck it out in Tilli's room as long as possible, but Herr Schmidt, in his authority as an air-raid warden, had sternly ordered them into the shelter.

"I shouldn't have stayed so long. I shouldn't have come down here with you," Frau Baruch whispered wretchedly. "I should have gone home. I shouldn't be here. I should be at home. I should be with Papa. Oh, please let me go."

"Don't be crazy," Tilli said. "How do you think you'd get across the town in a raid like this? Be quiet. Easy, easy. Here you're as safe as in Abraham's bosom. Guaranteed bombproof. Come on! Don't be such a rabbit!"

FRAU BARUCH shrank into herself, trying to make herself small, invisible if possible. What terrified her was not so much the horrors of the bombing as the density of the crowd in whose midst she found herself after years of utter isolation.

To make up for Frau Baruch's cowering, Tilli was brazen and aggressive. "Come on, let us through, please," she said, steering the trembling little bundle of fear with her.

"Would you please push up a little," she asked a pale young girl sitting on a corner bench. "There's still some room left. Thanks. Come on, sit down," she said to Frau Baruch and forced her into the narrow space. "Don't be scared. That's fine. I'll stay with you. There."

She hitched herself up on the edge of the table, but was discovered by the Rumanians who, by now, were totally and completely, although rather charmingly, drunk. They picked her up with great Rumanian cries of joy, carried her into their own corner and placed her on the lap of their senior officer.

Left thus alone, Frau Baruch's trembling grew uncontrollable. She held her hands tightly clenched in the pockets of her jacket. The left one held the tube of veronal, the right one clutched the yellow star. That was how Gauleiter Plottke, returning, found her.

"Excuse me," Frau Baruch mumbled, paralyzed with fear, and got up to make a place for him.

"It's all right; I can sit somewhere else," the great man said, with a politician's shopworn friendliness.

But Frau Baruch, muttering terrified apologies, made an effort to disappear, creep away, hide in a mousehole, erase herself. He saw only her back, and it was, possibly, the meek and frightened subservience in the bearing of this old, tired, Jewish back that caught his attention.

"Why don't you stay here? You aren't afraid of me, are you?" he asked, slowly walking around her to examine her.

A little strength and dignity came back into the old woman now that she had to face the worst.

"Thank you, Herr Gauleiter," she said, quietly looking into his eyes.

Plottke stared at her for a moment and

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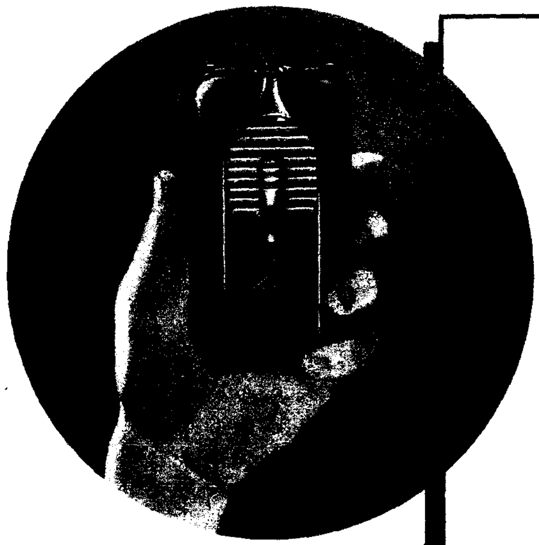

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E. F. McDonald Jr.

President,
Zenith Radio Corporation

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★

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then he slapped his thighs. "I thought I recognized you. Frau Baruch! The Jewess Sarah Baruch," he said. "And how does Frau Sarah Baruch get in here? I'm asking you how you dare to come in here?" he inquired and his voice grew louder and louder. "This is unbelievable! This is preposterous! This Jewish impudence surpasses everything! You dirty, Jewish swine, how did you get in here? Answer when you're spoken to!"

Frau Baruch's wrinkled lips worked and at last they produced a small sound. "The air raid," she mumbled.

A few people had become interested in the reason for the Gauleiter's shouting. The young girl on the bench said petulantly, "Ach, let the old Jew go. It's not worth getting angry, Heinrich. Come, sit down here."

But the Gauleiter was raging, unappeasable as an irritated hippopotamus. All the pent-up fear of the last half-hour, all the fury he had carried with him through the day exploded and struck out at the defenseless old woman.

"Let her go?" he cried. "Let her go? This vermin, this bad smell, this piece of dirt! Don't you know the law, you, Frau Sarah Baruch? How dare you break it? How dare you leave your district? Where do you get the nerve to push yourself into the same shelter with Aryans? Why don't you wear your yellow star? Leave me alone!" he shouted, as von Stetten, stepping behind him, muttered a few placating words in his ear. "I don't care what impression I make upon our foreign guests. All I care about is to get this town cleaned up; but they're like rats, these Jews. Chase them from one hole and they crawl out of another. Can we never get rid of them? But I've caught you, Sarah Baruch, and you'll get your punishment and you won't feel like gallivanting around in the Hotel Berlin when we're through with you, I can promise you that."

Suddenly Tilli shook off the hands of the Rumanians and came over, placing herself between the crushed tiny figure of Sim's mother and the roaring, trumpeting Gauleiter. She still held a half-filled bottle in her hands and she had drunk just enough to reach the aggressive stage—the stage at which soldiers and sailors pick a brawl, and girls of Tilli's kind feel like telling the truth, once and for all.

"LISTEN to me, Schnucki," she began under her breath. "That's enough. It's enough, Herr Gauleiter, and if you don't lay off this miserable little wretch of a woman, I'll tell you a story—I'll tell everybody a story. If you have forgotten how you took off your cap and scraped and bowed before her, I haven't. It was 'gracious Frau Baruch' here, and 'Thank you, Herr Baruch' there when you were nothing but a stock clerk at Baruch's Department Store. Remember when they caught you stealing skins from the fur storage? You weren't so big then. You cried and whined and promised to be a good boy. And Sim went to the old man for you and asked him to give you one more chance and keep you employed. What a chance he gave you, poor Sim! What a chance!

"When your gang came to power, you killed Sim, yes, that's what you did; you killed him, not the straight way, as a decent murderer kills a man, but by your own crooked methods. You blackmailed him into signing his name to a contract that made you the owner of Baruch's. And then you sent him to the concentration camp and had him killed there. A post card and a little box of ashes, that was all that was left of Sim after you were through with him. That's how you started, Herr Gauleiter, that's how you earned your first hundred thousand. You've blackmailed and cheated and swindled and murdered your way to the top!

"Listen, everybody, listen to me," she called out, very loud now, for the air raid was rising to a new pitch, as if it had held its breath for a brief pause and came roaring in now with doubled strength. "Your Herr Gauleiter is a common thief and a murderer. He has cheated everybody, he even cheats the Party and the Reich; he has sent hundreds to the ax and some day, soon, he'll die under the ax himself. I'm laughing at you, Schnucki; go ahead, glare at me, yell at me, shake your fists at me, have me arrested, have me killed, too. I don't care!"

SHE came out of her mad, nihilistic trance and stared, almost surprised, at the bottle in her hand. "There!" she said, as she flung it into Plottke's face with an oddly nonchalant gesture. It hit with a dull plop against his forehead, splashed some darkish liquid over his sputtering face and his uniform and broke with a crash on the floor. Tilli suddenly flung her arms around Frau Baruch's frail, trembling person, dropped her head on her shoulder and burst into convulsive sobs.

"Come on, Mamma, let's go. let's get out of here," she said brokenly.

A narrow lane opened before them as they went to the stairs and up the steps and out of the shelter. Plottke only made a brief commanding movement with his head and one of the ever-present Gestapo agents slipped after them to arrest them.

Plottke wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Poor girl," he said with a laborious smile. "Drunk and crazy from shock. Some people simply can't stand an air raid. They go crazy. She belongs in an institution."

All through this scene, the bombs had fallen, incessantly and always nearer, in a steady, mounting, rising, growing, inescapable crescendo. It was as if the fears, the hatred, the wrath, the despair, the consternation and the hopelessness of the doomed country were compressed into the crowded space of this shelter. Voices surged and rose and fell, faces grimaced, fists threatened.

Plottke lowered his head and pushed it out against the menacing crowd like a cornered bull in the ring. He could not understand what they yelled at him, the bursts were too close, too frequent, too deafening, but he knew what it was, anyhow. He knew what a mob was; he had been part of the mob himself. And at the same moment he also knew that he would never get away—never—that he would have to pay for everything; the hair stood on end at the nape of his neck and there was a coldness as if the ax were coming down even as he thought of it. . . .

Suddenly Otto Kauders began to talk. He had been sitting next to the praying old woman all the time, just as oblivious as she was to the goings-on around him. As the ground beneath them lost its consistency and became fluid, rocking in waves like the sea, rearing, shaking, shivering, the flier began to perspire. Sweat oozed from his pores, covered his burned skin with stinging salt, dropped in great, heavy beads onto his hands, ran in streams from his armpits and his loins and down the backs of his legs. He took his head between his hands and began rocking back and forth, summoning all his will power to hold onto himself. But he couldn't. His nerves snapped and broke, those overworked, overstrained nerves of a stupid, immature animal hero; it was like a dam bursting, like a flood sweeping him away, it was like falling again, falling and falling and falling, and he was stripped of all strength and couldn't hold onto himself any longer.

"I can't stand it," he groaned. "I can't stand it! Stop it, you hear me! Stop it! It's unbearable, it's inhuman! Stop it, you swine, stop it! This is too much, too much. Who can stand such a thing? No, no one can stand it! I can't stand it! I can't—"

"Come on, come on," the doctor said. "What's the matter with you? Have you never been in an air raid?"

Kauders gazed at him with white eyes, that were glazed with abject horror. He shook his head, his mouth hung limply open. "Air raid?" he said in a queer singsong. "Yes. Many air raids. But not like this. I was always upstairs—fighting. Three thousand meters up. Duck in a cloud. Keep on his tail. Let go with a burst. Give it to him. Get it, too, sometimes. But give it to him good. Never like this. It's fun upstairs. But this is terrible. It's terrible, it's terrible!" he cried, and his voice cracked. "You know something, Doctor?" he whispered with a queer secrecy. "I never knew it. Never knew how a bomb sounds when it comes down. Never heard a bomb. I'm a fighter. I can't stand it down below."

HE STOPPED as another one came down, howling directly overhead like an evil, malicious, scornful animal. The sudden silence, the breathless second, the knowledge that this was it, that this was the end. And then the deafening roll of the explosion, tearing at the roots of the world, clouds of dust, settling slowly, the acrid smell of destruction, the choking fear; and afterward, the surprised realization that they were still alive and the shelter was still standing and the planes still coming in, again and again.

Yes, my boy, thought the doctor. This is how bombs sound when you're on the receiving end. That's the bill we pay for our glorious blitz. That's what you young daredevils cooked up for us. The flier was talking again. He was crying now, sobbing like a child. The doctor picked up his limp, clammy left hand and pushed the sleeve back.

"The swine," Kauders sobbed, "dropping bombs on us! Women, children, civilians, all bombed. My father, my mother, dropping bombs on them. They'll kill my little dog at home, too, the swine! Kill everybody down here—no fight! I can't stand it. Stop it! I can't stand it! I can't stand it! I can't stand it! I can't stand it—"

He screamed now, unbridled, galloping off into the mad relief of a nervous breakdown. The doctor wanted to push the needle into his arm before Kauders could stampede the whole shelter into a panic, but the flier broke away from him and stumbled up the steps, shouting, "I can't stand it here! Let me out! I can't stand it! I don't want to die in this rathole! Let me go! I can't stand it!"

The roaring, the whistling, the silence, the burst. And with the next bomb, the lights went out. Black. Nothing. In the darkness, there was one long, high scream; the flier's sobbing. The old woman was praying monotonously: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." The howling, screaming fall of the next bomb. And in the second before it dropped, in the deadly quiet, a voice, strangely calm: "That's the end. We are all trapped. Not one of us will get out alive."

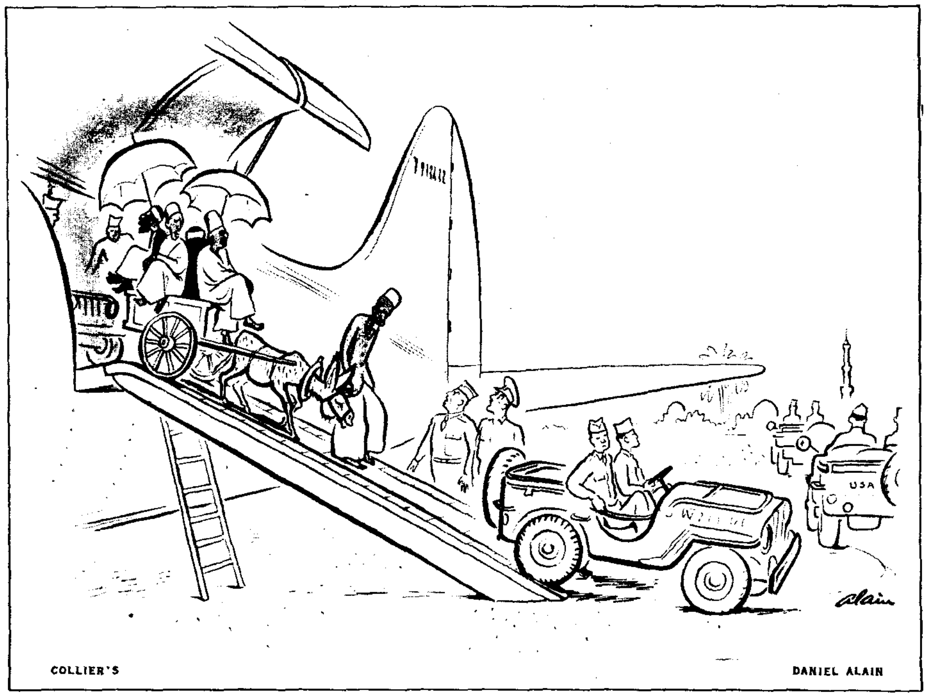
THE air raid was over. Berlin began to crawl out of holes and shelters, to count the casualties, dig out those buried under debris, line up the stretchers, call for the ambulances, amputate smashed limbs, pull sheets over the dead, close dangerous streets, evacuate toppling buildings, cart wounded to the hospitals, bandage, nurse, console and record; Berlin also began to cry, to wail, to scream, to run in circles, to go insane, to flee, rush, escape.

A stunned population stared up into the flaming sky flickering with the restless flares of the conflagration and making a farce of their efficient blackout. They were numbed, dazed, amazed at being still alive. Also, they were convinced, now that they had lived through it, that they could not face another raid; that it was more than human endurance and fortitude could stand; that, surely, nobody could be expected to survive another night like this; and yet, in the dark undertow of their minds, they were equally convinced that this was only the beginning, that from now on every night would be like this one. . . .

The Hotel Berlin was still there, although a fire had eaten into the two upper floors of the new wing, and a bomb had damaged its façade. The concussions had cracked some of the sumptuous pillars in the lobby; the glass roof had come down in shards; there was not a window left in the whole building, and a hot draft blew bellows of dust and smoke in from the street.

Another bomb had dug itself into the sidewalk near the back entrance, and the explosion had done considerable damage in the personnel shelter and had flooded the wine cellar with the contents of broken bottles and burst barrels. But the fire had been checked, the personnel shelter been evacuated and, with some effort, the hotel's own generator had even been coaxed into giving enough electric power to keep the emergency lights functioning.

In the dust and smoke and the choking smell of fire and explosives, a shapeless crowd milled around the desk, shouting, pushing, gesticulating, swearing. Those who wanted to get away from the accursed city at all costs, those whose rooms were burned out, those whose belongings were destroyed in the holocaust. Ahlsen was a nervous wreck, unable to cope with the situation. But old man Kliebert had summoned the forsaken dignity and presence of mind of a former mayor and, support-



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ing himself as best he could on shaking knees, he tried to clear up the muddle.

Schmidt stood like a rock in the clamoring uproar. "Sorry, there won't be any trains leaving in the morning," he repeated, the receiver clamped between ear and shoulder and using both hands to handle the crowd. "Sorry, there won't be any trains leaving, Herr Gauleiter; sorry, there won't be any trains, Herr Dahlin—"

"The animals are trying to get into Noah's ark," von Stetten said to the doctor, who was bandaging the head of one of the pageboys who had been hurt in the personnel shelter.

"WHAT'S that?" the doctor asked, concentrated on his task.

"The deluge. They hope to get away and wait for the dove with the olive branch on top of some Mount Ararat. One might also say that the rats are leaving the torpedoed ship."

"There, Adolf," said the doctor, making Pageboy Number 6 comfortable on a stretcher and proceeding to the next case. The stretcher-bearers inched forward in a slow procession, carrying the gravely wounded out to the ambulances and leaving the slight injuries in the doctor's care. Another line of stretchers was, in the meantime, moving down the service stairs and out through the debris of the back door, their sad, silent loads immobile under sheets and blankets; for even in the midst of catastrophe the Hotel Berlin held stiffly and proudly to its reputation for tact and discretion. The doctor left the slight concussion case and bustled over to a deep chair where he had deposited a nervous breakdown.

"How do you feel now, Oberleutnant?"

"Fine! If I could only get something to drink—"

"I'll see that you get something," the doctor said and bustled on to a fractured arm. His hands were warm, his mind clear, his fingers sure and nimble, and even the stiff leg did not seem to hamper him in the least. He was happy tonight, was the doctor. At last he belonged, he was busy, an important person, a man greatly needed and appreciated. Merrily he inhaled the stench of disaster in which he felt at home, as he had not been at home since another disaster, twenty-five years ago, had torn him out and thrown him into the trash heap—flower, fruit, root and all.

"Ah! Here you are! I've worried myself sick about you," von Stetten said, rushing to the revolving door, which miraculously had remained undamaged, and through which Lisa Dorn entered. She was hatless, and her hair hung down in great disorder; she had a smudge on her face and looked disheveled, but not frightened. There was a kind of intangible radiance about her. Yet her eyes were red and smarting from the smoke and glare of the burning streets through which she had passed; in the dim light, she peered at Stetten and through him.

"Worried about me? Why, Baron?" she said absorbedly. Her gaze searched the lobby, trying to penetrate the shambles, and reluctantly returned to him.

"You are a very valuable property of the state, don't you know that?"

"Am I?" she said, with a fleeting mockery in her voice. "Am I? Really, Stetten?"

"Yes. If only so much as the tip of your little finger were hurt, it would be a great national loss," Stetten said. He tried desperately to find a transition from their usual banter to the sad event he had to bring to her knowledge.

"Never worry about me. I'm tough," Lisa said. "We had a wonderful performance, all through the raid. We kept them in their seats, yes, we did, and our theater still stands. They even sent us home in one of their old busses. But what happened here? It doesn't look too good."

"That's why I waited for you. Your room is burned out. Gone. *Kaput.* You can't sleep here; they don't know what to do with all their guests. I thought I might take you to my apartment. It seems to be intact. I'm a trustworthy bachelor, you know."

"My room? Burned out?" She smiled. "All my Parisian dresses? What a pity!"

"I'm afraid so, Lisa. There's something else I must tell you."

"Looks like a third-class waiting room after an earthquake," she said, still searching the lobby. There were people on stretchers waiting for the ambulance, others slightly injured, in the doctor's care. Others, unharmed, had fallen asleep, exhausted, on chairs and sofas, and yet others began resignedly to roll up on the beds and mattresses the hotel had improvised on the floor of the lobby, in the bar, in the empty, unused Yellow Pavilion. All elegance had gone out with the broken windows, and the Hotel Berlin was nothing but an emergency station, a bivouac close to the front lines.

Lisa went to the desk where the crowd was giving up its siege and receding. Janitor Schmidt was in process of peeling off his hotel uniform.

"Did you see Oberleutnant Kauders? Is he around?" she asked.

Stetten, who had followed her, said, baffled, "Kauders? The young pup who had a nervous breakdown? What's he to you, Lisa?"

"I had a date with him," Lisa said, and Stetten could see that she was miles away. He shook his head wonderingly. Women are funny animals, he thought.

Schmidt attended to the last of his duties before leaving the hotel and becoming a soldier once more. "Oberleutnant Kauders is over there, in that chair behind the pillar. He seems to be resting, Fräulein Dorn. And here is a letter for the Fräulein and a dozen roses. They're a bit wilted, but I had no place to keep them, seeing that your room burned out, Fräulein Dorn. And I'm sorry about Herr Koenig, but I couldn't do anything with him. You know how he acts when he's a bit under the weather. In his bed, like a log. I tried to get him out of his room and down to the shelter, honestly, I did, but I couldn't. So it happened."

"What happened?" Lisa asked, with the wilted roses dangling from her hand.

"He got burned pretty badly; the ambulance took him off just before you came in. Not much hope for him, Fräulein Dorn."

"What a pity!" Lisa said; there was hardly any emotion in her voice.

SHE carried the roses with her as she walked quickly across the lobby; the letter was tied to them with a bit of wire, but she did not seem interested in reading it. Kauders slept; his mouth was open, and he looked like an unfinished doll before the hair is put on. Lisa shook him and he woke up. It took him a few minutes to find himself and to recognize her and then he pulled himself together with an almost audible snap.

"You're a nice baby!" he said. "You stood me up! I thought you would never come."

"Well, here I am. There was an air raid, you know."

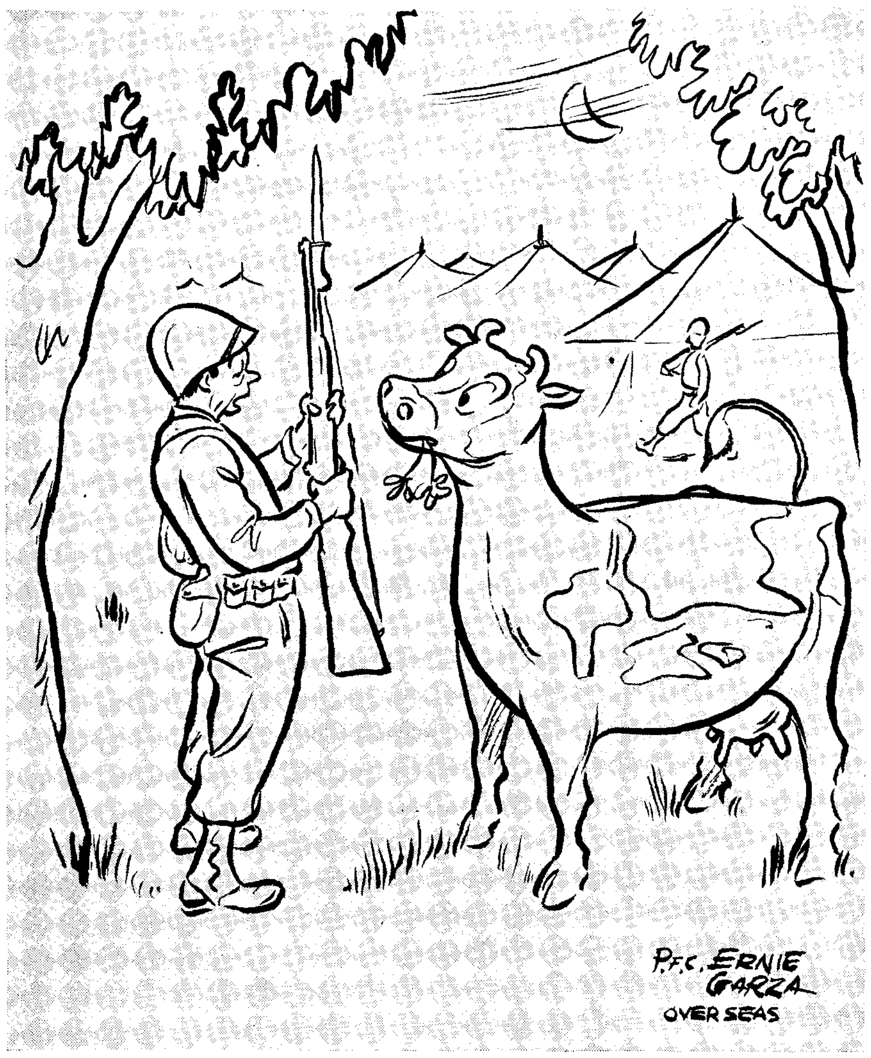
"Yes. Here you are, and that's the main thing. You know what you promised me. Now we can—"

"Tell me first: Did you get rid of him?" Lisa asked. She had asked nothing else since the moment this stupid boy had taken Martin Richter through the revolving door out into freedom; all through the performance, all through the raid, through the drive home, through the flaming inferno, nothing but: Did you get rid of him?

"Rid of whom?"

"You know. That Rumanian. Captain Donescu. Did you get rid of him?"

"Oh, him! And how I got rid of him! Took him first to Kathi and made him a



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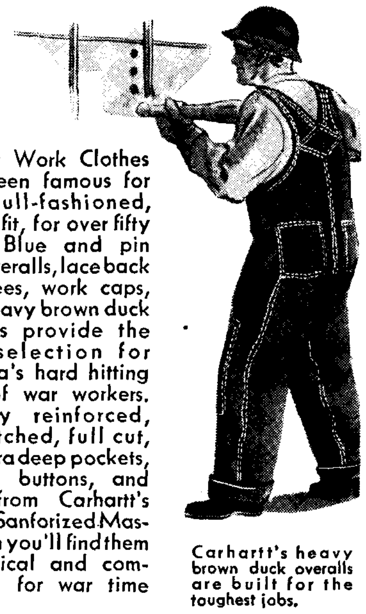

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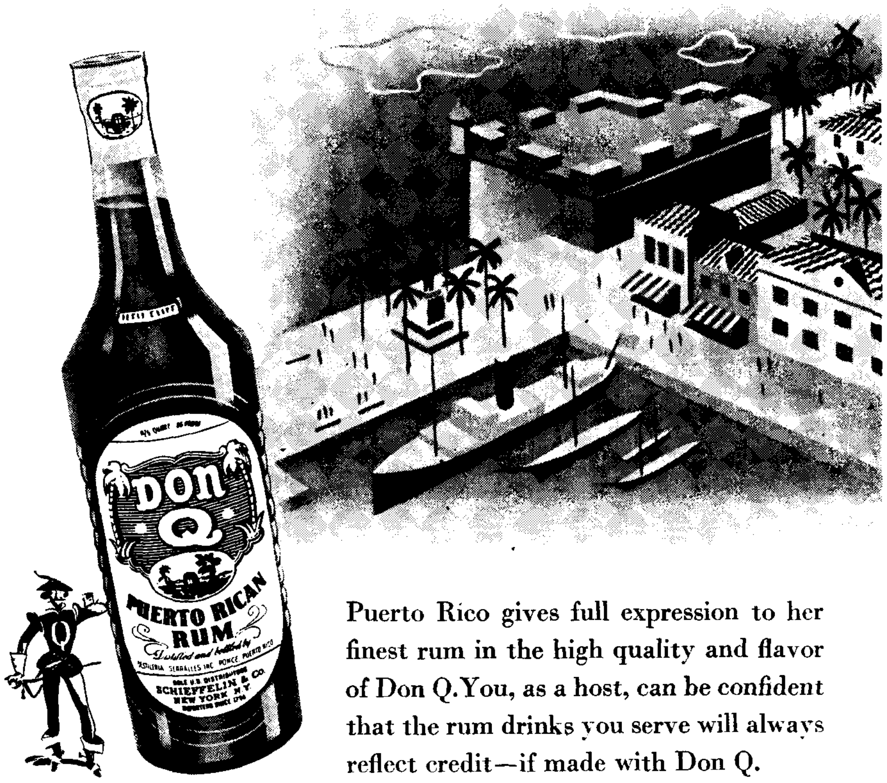

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bit tipsy; I hoped he would stay there with the girls, but he stuck to me like a burr. Finally I managed to lose him in the Underground."

"Where?"

"In the Underground. Station Potsdamerplatz. Jumped on a train and left him standing on the platform. Clever, what?"

"Very clever! Oh, you're wonderfully clever! I really didn't think you were as clever as all that. Left him in a crowded station—in the Underground! Why, that's marvelous. I think—I think I must give you a kiss for it," Lisa said, pressing down an urge to sob or laugh or make a fool of herself.

SHE had to hide her face somewhere, let off steam, do something. She dropped the roses, put her arms around the boy's neck and kissed him, kissed fervently his obnoxious face. Kauders, who was not used to such high-voltage kisses, sighed and went limp under their impact. He was still collecting his countenance, shaking like a leaf, when Lisa walked away from him and forgot his very existence.

Stetten had picked up Dahnwitz's wilted dozen roses; it gave him a queer feeling to know that the roses were still there, while the man who had sent them had been dead for many hours. "The letter, Lisa," he reminded her gently.

"What? Oh, yes, the letter. It's from the general, you know; I know by heart what's in it."

"I think you'd better read it."

Martin got away, she thought. He got away. But where is he now? If something happened to him in the air raid—but no, *nothing can happen to him, nothing will,* nothing must! She saw him as distinctly as though he were standing before her. I'm a great hand at surviving. The statistics are in our favor. Lean, purposeful, flame of a blowtorch, man-arrow. Life had whittled him down to the core, nothing was left but the essential, the true, hard, innermost kernel, and this kernel was invulnerable.

The urgency in Stetten's voice reached her nerves at last, and she turned away for a moment from the dear vision, left it alone and returned to the devastated lobby of the Hotel Berlin. "What did you say, Stetten? Did anything happen to Arnim?"

"Read the letter first."

She opened the letter and read it. It shocked her but it did not reach her. It only touched her with a small chill, and a detached regret, and there was a faint stir of gratitude and a dim pity. She even smiled as she thought: All my old men are leaving me tonight.

Stetten, who had been ready to catch the fainting girl in his arms, was disappointed but also impressed. Brilliant countenance, he thought. Good pedigree, after all. "Poor Arnim," he said.

"Poor Arnim," Lisa repeated.

Kauders sailed up to her and put his arm in hers. "Lucky my room didn't burn," he said, trampling in on her mood. "Lucky there's a bed left where you can stay tonight, darling!"

"Leave me alone," she said, shaking him off.

"But, baby, you promised—"

"I've just received a very sad message. Leave me alone, Leutnant," Lisa said, shoving him away.

Her whole attention was focused on Pageboy Number 6 whom she had recognized only at that moment. He was lying on a stretcher, his head was thickly bandaged, and he was making some grotesque signs to her. She went quickly over to him and knelt down at his side.

"Adolf, you poor boy. Are you badly hurt?"

"No. I'm fine. The main thing is that we have enough bread at home."

"He's a bit delirious. Concussion," remarked the doctor, who took the expression on Lisa's face for consternation.

Adolf nodded his aching head and collected all his strength. "My father phoned me right after the all-clear," he whispered. "He said they're all well there, and there's enough bread at home." He closed his eyes and bit his lips. "I'm not a sissy," he mumbled. "I'm just damned dizzy, that's all. I want to go home. . . ."

"A bit delirious. But he'll snap out of it soon," the doctor repeated.

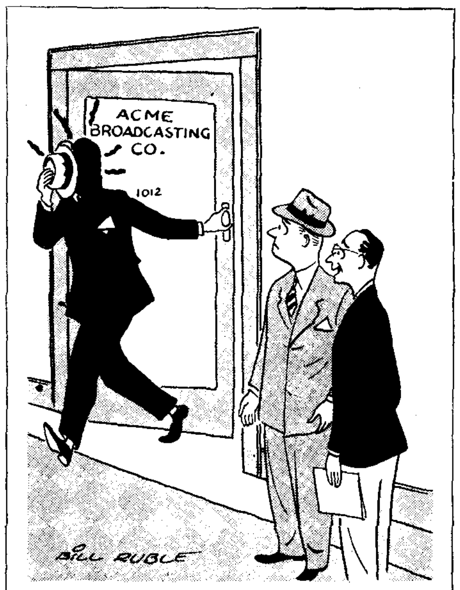
Lisa kept kneeling at the side of the stretcher, holding onto Adolf's soiled, scratched hands. "It's all right, Adolf, it's all right," she said. "It's all right, you're all right, everything is all right now." She had gone through all the danger, the fear, the tearing anxiety, the raid, the seven hells of this day and this night without cracking; but the joy, the relief, the happiness that suddenly struck her made her feel faint.

"Where do you live?" she asked the boy.

"Reinickendorferstrasse 89," he mumbled. "My father says they didn't get any bombs in the neighborhood; I want to go home."

"Can he go home, Doctor? Or is he badly hurt?"

"He'll simply have to go home," said the doctor. "There's no space in the hospitals for light casualties. The question is how to get him there."



"That's Mr. Crithby—he sings the radio commercials"

COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

"Never mind. I'll get him home. I'll take him home myself. Of course, I can, I'll get a car somehow. Reinickendorferstrasse 89. At last my Red Cross training will be good for something."

Adolf grinned dizzily, his hands were clutching hers like the claws of a half-tamed little animal.

I'M COMING, Martin, Lisa thought. I'm coming to you. I'll be with you. I'll be with you once more before we have to part again. Every hour, every minute she could still spend with him were of a fantastic, unbelievable, almost unbearable preciousness, as time can only be in the face of death. I'll hold your hand, I'll look into your eyes, I'll touch your hair, I'll hear your voice, I'll talk to you and you will talk to me; we are still strangers but it is very important that we learn to know each other better. So much time, Martin! The night is not over yet, and there are hours and hours and hours for us to be together before you have to leave me, and leave me again and again. Reinickendorferstrasse 89. Maybe a cellar. Maybe a shack. Maybe a ruin. It will be our paradise in any case, Martin, my beloved.

"Stetten, you must be a good Samaritan and let me have your car and chauffeur to take this boy home. Reinickendorferstrasse 89, that's not so very far, is it? We'll get through somehow. I'll drop you off at your place first and then I can go on in your car, can't I?"

"Nonsense, Lisa. You stay at my place with me, and my chauffeur can take the boy home afterward. Doesn't that make better sense?"

"No, it doesn't. I'd—I'd rather be left to myself tonight; you must understand that, don't you? And I'd rather keep myself busy and pretend that I'm doing something rather than sit and brood."

"At your command, Lisa," Stetten said formally. It sounded like the ghostlike echo of Dahnwitz's way of talking; the caste was stronger than the individual. "But where will you sleep?"

"I won't sleep. This is no night to go to sleep," Lisa said impatiently.

KAUDERS pushed his shaking body into the foreground. "I protest," he said. "I won't let you go out on the street; you'll stay in my room if I have to carry you there bodily."

Lisa simply brushed him aside. "Don't be a pest, Kauders," she said, holding Adolf's struggling fingers firmly and assuringly in hers. "Lie still, Adolf, I'll take care of you. Oh, doctor, I think the boy is fainting."

Janitor Schmidt had completed his change of costume. Now he was a mouse of a civilian and in the morning he would be a soldier. "Well, goodby and see that the Hotel Berlin is still here when I come back. *If* I come back," he said, handing his keys, his cap, his register to old man Kliebert. He looked once around the lobby. "It's not what it used to be," he muttered. "I wonder if it will ever be the same."

His glance took in the revolving door through which at that moment the telegraph woman entered—men's shoes, ragged uniform, steel helmet—as calmly as if she had not gone through hell and fire to deliver her wires. "Telegram," she said, holding her pad up to him.

"I'm not here any longer," Schmidt answered.

Kliebert signed and scanned the single telegram she put down. "Telegram for Kauders, Oberleutnant Kauders!" he called out.

"Kauders—here," the flier answered with military snap, clanked up to the desk and read the wire.

"O dammit all!" he said when he was through with it.

"Bad news?" the doctor asked, with a trace of pleasure.

"Got to report for duty immediately. Oh, dammit and curse it and confound it! They don't give a man time for anything. Three days isn't too much, is it?"

Nobody asked the telegraph woman for news; because the blazing, blasting, burning, catastrophic news was self-evident; but she reported it anyway. "They say eighty thousand are dead tonight. They had to put the Fuehrer in a strait jacket. Stalin says if we kill all the Bonzen, we can have peace. In France they're having a revolution." She shuffled toward the door with her queer, automatic motions and stopped halfway, as if she had suddenly remembered something else. "And they didn't get Richter," she said. Suddenly a strange transformation took place in her face. It twitched and moved and came to life as if by a strange magic. "And they didn't get Richter!" she repeated, and her voice, too, became the voice of a living human being and began to ring as she hit her left palm with her right fist in a gesture of curious wildness. "And they didn't get Richter! And now they won't get him ever; no, they won't get him. They won't get Richter!"

There was a baffled silence as she disappeared, and Herr Schmidt said: "Plemplem. Not quite right in the attic."

As he walked toward the door, he stumbled over the picture, the Fuehrer's heroic-looking portrait, that had come off the wall again. He gave it a good kick that pushed it out of his way. "Let someone else hang you," he muttered. It was his farewell to the Hotel Berlin.

Otto Kauders had paid his bill and clicked his heels as he said goodby to Lisa. He had pushed his nervous breakdown 'way back into his subconscious, together with that awful moment of bailing out, together with all the shocks and jarring fears and damages he had suffered; he was a hero again, a thoughtless machine with perfectly functioning reflexes but with its wires worn thin and its final disintegration close at hand and inevitable.

"Now we have a room free for you, Fräulein Dorn," old man Kliebert said hopefully. "If you'd care to take Number twenty-seven for tonight—and tomorrow we'll find better accommodations for the Fräulein. Also, our insurance will take care of the loss of valuables that occurred in the fire."

"No, thanks," Lisa said. "Don't bother. I think I'm moving out. For good. It's lucky I have no luggage to drag around, isn't it? Good night."

"I have my car outside, Lisa, if you please," Stetten said. He held the door open for the doctor who transported Pageboy Number 6 through the narrow path in front, where the debris was cleared away.

The boy slept now under the influence of a sedative. The doctor bedded him on the seat and, when it was done, he looked at his hands. They began to feel empty again, now that everything was done, all bandages made, all casualties attended to. His great night was over. He fastened his eyes on the burning sky. His leg felt very stiff now; he was a lame man, out of step with the time. Well, there will be more air raids coming, he told himself, and there was more hope than apprehension in it.

As Lisa walked out through the revolving door, she knew that she left behind everything that she had been before, and that she would never return to the Hotel. No more Parisian dresses, no oranges with her supper, no milk for breakfast, no extra rations, no privileges, no favors from the heads of the crumbling Party. Oh, Martin, you took me out in the nick of time, she thought. And if it should happen that we have to fall, at least we will fall together and on the right side of the barricades.

STETTEN helped her politely into the car, and she placed Adolf's bandaged head on her lap and leaned back.

"As soon as I know the details about poor Arnim's funeral, I'll let you know," said Stetten.

"Yes, please. That's very kind of you."

"At what address can I reach you?"

Lisa wondered for a moment if in this destroyed city there was still such a thing as an address. "As long as the theater is still standing, I suppose you'll always find me there," she said.

Stetten gave no answer and when she looked at him he had fallen asleep in the deadly exhaustion that was the lot of an old-school German diplomat.

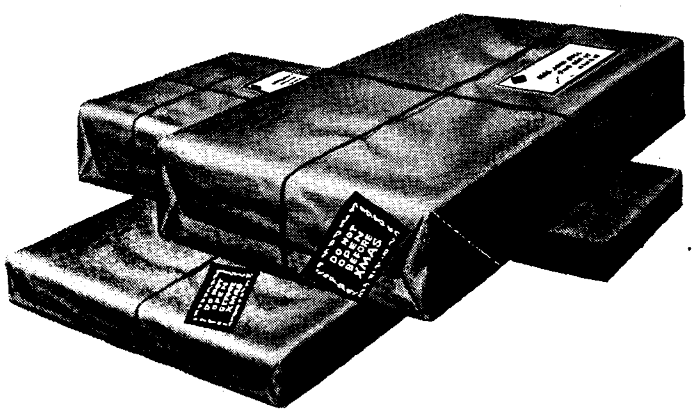
"We'll first drop Baron von Stetten at his place and then we'll try to go through to Reinickendorferstrasse 89," she told the chauffeur. With a little smile Lisa wondered whether this shiny, long Foreign Office limousine had ever before touched the proletarian quarters where she was going now. Slowly, laboriously, the car picked its way through the gutted streets of the ruined city. The sky was bright with fires, but above its black ceiling of smoke and dust, there was somewhere the first trace of the coming dawn.

Somewhere in the destruction of this night was the hope for better days. Somewhere in this burning Sodom lived the few righteous ones for whose sake God would forgive all the wicked.

"I'm coming, Martin," said Lisa Dorn.

THE END

Send your Christmas Gifts before...



DEC. 10th

Because of the limited equipment and the heavy burden placed on all transportation services, the Office of Defense Transportation is urgently requesting you to *ship your gifts and packages before December 10th.*

Help us keep the vital transportation lines of the nation flowing smoothly over the Christmas period by shipping before December 10th.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

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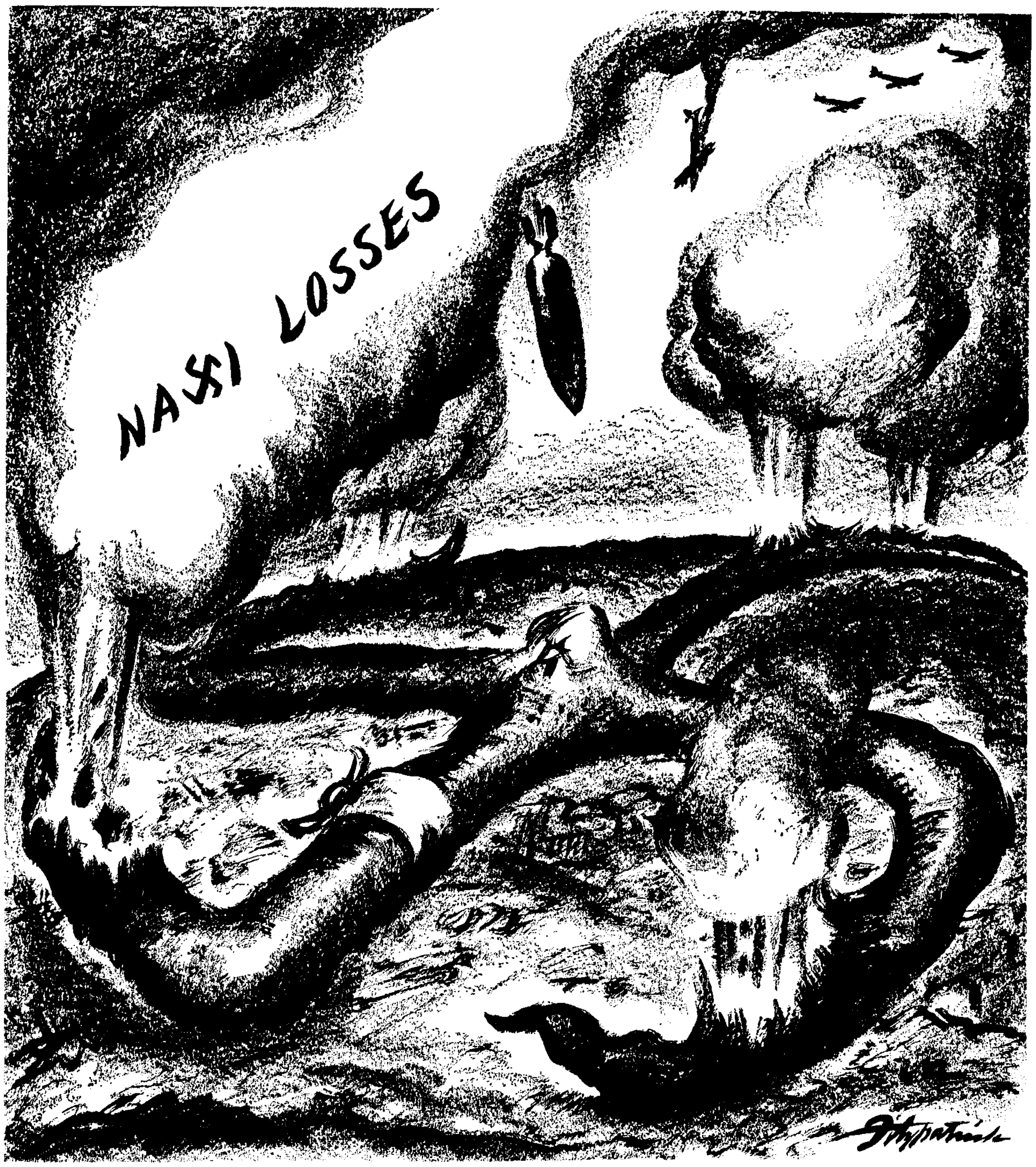


THROWING OUR BOYS AWAY?

FEW pieces of war news since Pearl Harbor, we suppose, have shocked Americans as much as the recent word that our 8th Air Force, based on Britain, had lost 60 big bombers in one raid on the German city of Schweinfurt. That meant a loss of 593 American flying men—though many of these must have come down alive somewhere.

As the Allied winter air war on Germany proceeds, there will be comparable if not greater losses of bombers and men. It is a grim prospect; but there are several facts in connection with it which all of us ought to know. These facts, incidentally, come from General H. H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

They concern the extreme care with which these raids are planned. Our boys, contrary to some people's impressions, are not simply tossed hit-or-miss at Germany aboard Fortresses, Liberators and extra-tanked fighter planes.

When the R.A.F. or the U.S.A.A.F. picks a target for tonight or today, it is done on the advice of a special committee of persons who were well acquainted with German industries before the war—former salesmen, consuls, investment bankers, refugees and the like—and with the aid of reconnaissance photos recently taken over Germany and of reports from spies and underground anti-Nazis now in Germany.

Crews are briefed with minutest care. Weather conditions are taken heavily into account. Probable losses are calculated in advance. Every plane is tuned up to watchlike efficiency before the take-off. No avoidable gamble is taken with the lives of our boys.

The aim is to deliver blow after blow after blow at key points in Germany's industrial organism—at the aircraft and rail facilities of Leipzig, at Hannover's synthetic rubber works, at Dueren's nonferrous metal plants, at the huge industrial ring around Berlin, at Kassel's airplane and locomotive factories, at Frankfurt's chemical, electrical and rubber works, and so on.

Schweinfurt was one of Germany's two chief production centers for ball bearings, essential ingredients of innumerable war machines. For our 60 bombers, the Army Air Forces command insists that we got the wiping out of Schweinfurt as a ball-bearing producer for months to come.

There is obviously little comfort in all this for the family that loses a beloved member in this air war. But there is at least this consolation: that the U.S.A.A.F. is not throwing our boys away recklessly, and that it is dealing to German industries such injuries as could be achieved by land armies only at incomparably greater cost in men and materials.

WILD DOGS OF BUCHAREST

A PITIFUL news item comes from Bucharest, capital of Rumania. It seems that packs of wild dogs are roving in and around that city, a danger to people and a burden to themselves, and that the authorities have had to start an extermination campaign. They are dogs who used to be pets, but were turned out by their owners as the food shortage tightened its grip on Rumania's throat.

Food prospects in the United States for the nex few years are not too cheerful. Already in our large cities there are occasional reports of pet dogs or cats kicked out by their owners because ration cards are not issued for pets.

We suppose persons who will do such a thing to a pet split up mainly into two groups: heartlessly cruel rascals, and misinformed persons who think tame dogs and cats can easily slip back to wild life

There's nothing much you can do about those in the cruel class. For the information of the other group it should be stated that dogs and cats cannot take to living off the land any more easily than people can; that to turn one of them out is to break its heart and condemn it to a miserable, harried and probably short life

If you really cannot feed your pet (you probably can; look into the numerous kinds of prepared pet foods now obtainable), you can at least do it the kindness of taking it to a reliable veterinary or the nearest A.S.P.C.A. office for a painless ticket out of this world. Or, if it is a young dog and meets the specifications, you can give it to the Army through the Dogs for Defense organization.

Dogs and cats have been among the human race's best friends since before the human race began writing history. Any person who lets one of these animals down now seems to us a pretty shabby sort of person.

NATIONAL COMMUNITY CHEST

THE American people have done a splendid job of raising money for numerous groups needing relief in the exigencies of the war, and for the USO's "homes away from home" for American soldiers Appeals have been made separately hitherto, though so that it seemed as if every time you turned around you were tapped for another entirely deserving cause

This year, 17 service and war-relief agencies have pooled their appeals in one campaign to raise $125,000,000 for what is best described as a national community chest. Its name is the National War Fund, as you probably know by now; and it is thoroughly worth while. Contribute to this fund wha you can, either outright or earmarked for your favorite agency or agencies, and you'll put your war-relief money where it will be most efficiently used

Participating agencies are the USO, United Seamen's Service, War Prisoners' Aid, U. S. Committee for Care of European Children (in this country) Refugee Relief Trustees, and the various organizations for dispensing war relief in Russia, China, Britain, Greece, Poland, Yugoslavia, France, Belgium Czechoslovakia, Holland, Norway and Luxembourg The USO, incidentally, is slated for the biggest share of the $125,000,000—$61,227,000, as against $34,000,000 last year.

We recommend generous contributions to the National War Fund, and hope it may raise more than the total sum it asks. Contributions are deductible on federal income tax returns—and, perhaps more comforting than that, are warranted to give you a warm feeling around the heart.

"Glad you dropped in, Ted...

DRY Paul Jones... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

PAUL JONES' *dryness*, like the dryness of fine champagnes, is a quality which brings out the full measure of Paul Jones' rich and delicate flavor. It is a quality you will appreciate, next time you try Dry Paul Jones.

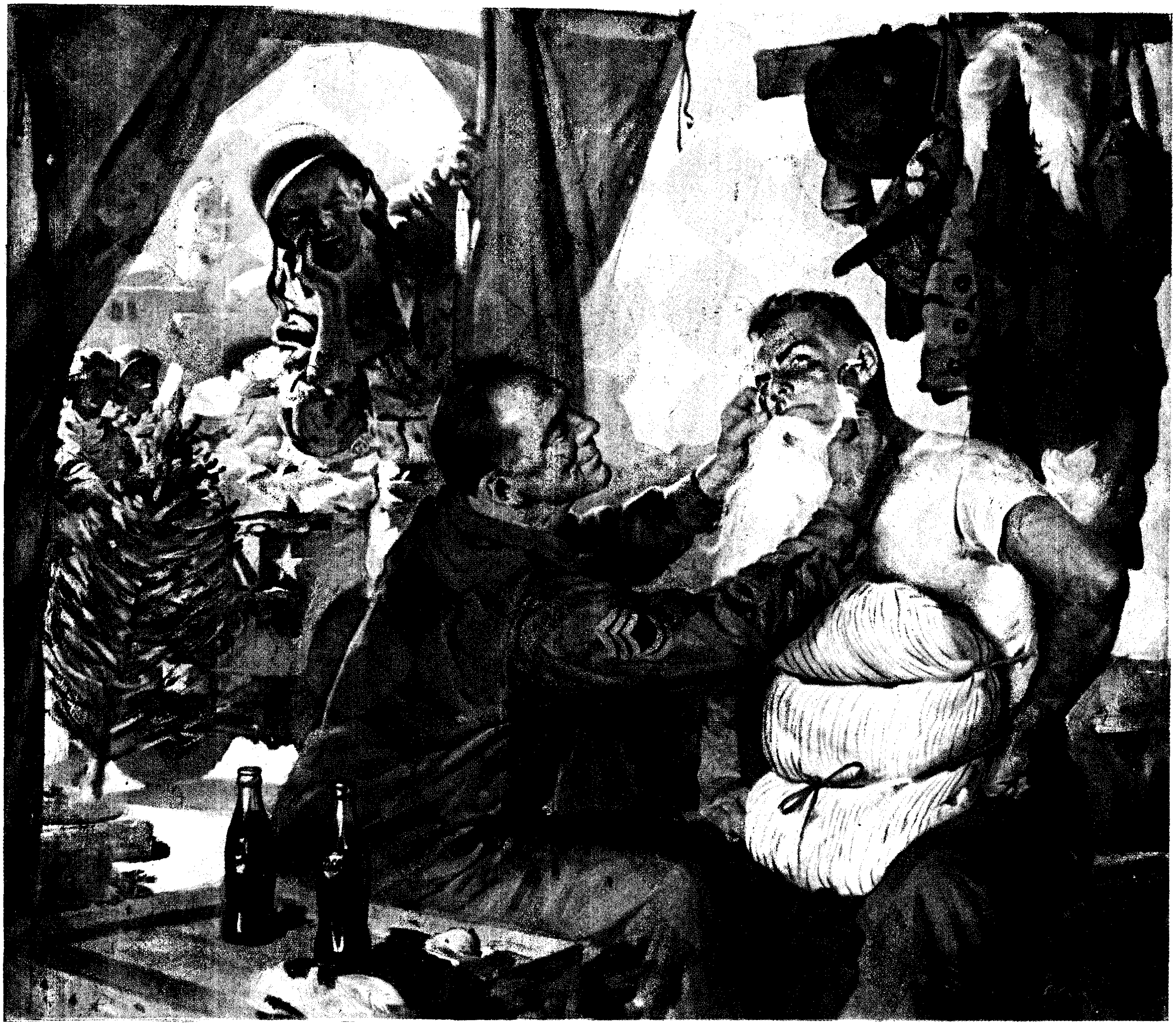
Occasionally, your dealer may not have Paul Jones. If this happens, please be patient.

We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Our distilleries are now in the production of alcohol for war uses.

(Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Have a Coca-Cola = Merry Christmas



. . . or how Americans spread the holiday spirit overseas

Your American fighting man loves his lighter moments. Quick to smile, quick to enter the fun, he takes his home ways with him where he goes . . . makes friends easily. *Have a "Coke"*, he says to stranger or friend, and he spreads the spirit of good will throughout the year. And throughout the world Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,*—has become the high-sign of the friendly-hearted.

* * *

Our fighting men are delighted to meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when". Even with war, Coca-Cola today is being bottled right on the spot in over 35 allied and neutral nations.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

Coca-Cola
-the global
high-sign

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